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OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

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ANCIENT GENTILITY AND MODERN
OPULENCE.

I HAD been absent from my home nearly two years; and, having some business to arrange with my banker, I took the advantage of a fine morning to ride to the county-town of C—, from which my residence is distant about ten miles. The sun shone brightly; the air, though cold, was clear and bracing; and I have seldom felt myself in better health or spirits than when I alighted from my horse at the house of Trueman, my banker, and (I may add) my friend. His character is most honorable and upright, and he is generally esteemed in the neighbourhood. When he had carried on business for many years as a mercer and draper, with such success as to acquire opulence, he entered into partnership in the county-bank, and is now at the head of the firm. His manners, though not refined, are raised far above vulgarity; his mind is liberal, and his purse is ever open to the claims of distress. His wife is a handsome woman, and agreeable in her deportment and behaviour; and to his family, consisting of a son and two daughters, he has given an excellent education. While his style of living is judiciously consistent with his wealth, he carefully avoids any appearance of parade, and all affectation of splendor.

After I had transacted the business
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on which I came, and had been satisfied that I had a very considerable balance in my favor, I was taking my leave; but Trueman would by no means allow me to depart so soon. "You must (said he) come up stairs, and take some refreshment; our luncheon is on the table; one o'clock is the time; and by that hour I always feel myself tolerably ready for it. We do not dine before five; but I assure you we do not make it so late from any attempt at fashion; for, when we kept a shop, we always dined at one; but, as our bank is kept open until four, it gives me time to settle every thing, and to sit down comfortably to dinner, knowing that business is then concluded for the day, and that I have nothing to do but to enjoy myself with my family." We now entered the room, in which were his wife and daughters, and partook of the refreshments of a well-stocked table. The smiling faces around me, and the hearty welcome I received, gave zest to every thing; and I felt my heart dilate with pleasure, to see the opulence and comfort that were displayed around me,—the rewards of a life of industry and integrity. After a little general chat, Mrs. Trueman enquired whether I had lately called on my friends the Aspinsals. I replied that I had not had an opportunity of seeing them since my return, but purposed calling on them that morning. "I wish," said she, "that you would endeavour to find out how

we have offended them; for I am sure that they have taken a strong dislike to us. I would wish to show them every mark of respect; for I never can forget that in the life-time of their father, and when my husband and I kept a shop, they were kind and liberal customers to us; and, when the ladies drove into the town, they would come to our house, and were never above speaking to me in the kindest and most affable manner. Twenty years have made a great difference in their situation, as well as in ours. You know that, when their father died, he left them very small fortunes; and, as they quitted the hall when their brother and his wife came to reside at it, they could only afford to take a very small house here, where they live in a very economical manner, with only one female servant. My situation has been much more changed. From the excellent character and unwearied industry of my dear husband, he has been enabled to place me in a rank of life very different from that to which I could formerly have aspired; he can afford to keep several servants, and to give me the comfort of a carriage, without the slightest imprudence, or the least injury to the future prospects of his children; but, if I know myself, I have never presumed at all upon this. I think it due to myself and my husband, not to be mean or cringing to any one; and, at the same time, I avoid the manifestation of that pride and arrogance which wealth too frequently engenders. I have always behaved with the greatest respect to those whom I know to be my superiors by birth and education, and I have particularly shewn marked deference to the Misses Aspinall, because they have sunk in the world as I have risen. Pray, Sir, ask them in what we have offended; for they will hardly deign even to return the courtesies of myself or my daughters. We have never presumed to expect them to visit us; but last year, when my husband was mayor, we knew that the usual feast would be attended by many of the country families of the first respectability, and I ventured to suggest the expediency of sending tickets to the Misses Aspinall; but they were returned with a verbal message that there must have been some mistake, as they could not possibly have been intended for them. Other trifling circumstances have occurred to convince

me that we are unfortunate in giving offence when we only meant to give pleasure, and they now do not speak to us when we meet."

I promised to do my best to discover the cause of their hostility, took my leave, and walked directly to the residence of the Aspinalls. The door was opened to me by their only attendant, a sallow upright damsel of about fifty; she had in better days been the waiting-maid of her ladies at the hall, and, on the reverse of their fortune, had still preferred their service to the chance of seeking a precarious situation elsewhere, and was now acting in the triple capacity of cook, chambermaid, and waiter. She ushered me up stairs to the ladies; their room was very small, and the furniture worse for wear; but the apartment was decorated with a few remnants of former state, brought from their original residence; portraits of sundry relatives hung on the walls, some miniatures and handsome jars ornamented the chimney-piece, and one side of the room was completely filled up by a painting of the ladies themselves, taken when they were children, fat, rosy, and smiling, who were represented in the act of tying, round the neck of a favorite lamb, a garland of flowers, fresh and blooming as themselves. Most striking was the contrast of the picture to the originals, as they presented themselves at the moment I entered;—pale, thin, and melancholy; their countenances exhibited the traits of disappointment and spleen, and a wretched half-starved cat, who reposed on a faded velvet rug on which were the family arms emblazoned in tarnished gold and colored chenille, offered a marked dissimilarity to the plump and happy-looking pet of their childhood. They seemed very glad to see me, for we had always been on friendly terms; and, offering me a seat by the very small fire, at the same time observing that it was uncommonly warm for the season, they requested me to take some refreshment. I declined it, assuring them that I had already taken as much as I wished.—"Oh!" said Miss Lucretia, "I believe luncheons are completely out of fashion; for the medical men have now ascertained that nearly all our illnesses arise from eating too much and too frequently; but, as we breakfast early, and do not dine before

six o'clock, we generally take something in that long interval. I begged that I might not interrupt them;—the bell was rung, and, on Martha's appearance, "Some refreshment, but Mr. Medley will not take any," was the order given. The maid quickly re-enters with a large silver salver, containing two beautiful plates of antique china, on which were placed two small crusts of bread, and a splendid cut-glass decanter filled with mere water. This I found was the usual *set-out* at two o'clock, and I therefore was not sorry that I had previously paid my respects to more substantial fare.

I now said to the ladies, "It is a long time since I have seen you; I have been a great traveler, since we last met; I have much to tell you, and shall be glad to hear news of all my friends in C——. Pray tell me how they are all going on; some changes must have taken place in the course of two years, and I have been nearly that time absent."

"Changes, indeed!" replied Miss Aspinall, drawing herself up with an air of great dignity, "we hardly can recognise the neighbourhood for the same that it used to be;—we have so many upstarts, so many newly become rich, that the society is totally different; and I am sorry to say that those who, from ancient family and good education, ought to know better, actually encourage these mushroom gentry, by accepting invitations to their vulgar parties, and inviting them in return. You can never now be sure, when you go to a dinner or a rout, whether you may not meet some one who has been a tradesman, or has married a tradesman's daughter; and I really expect, if things go on in this way much longer, that I shall be placed at a dinner-table next to my shoemaker, or eat in at a rubber of whist with my butcher or my baker."—"Nay," said I smiling, "not quite so bad as that either; but what is the behaviour of the mushroom gentry you speak of? for you know I am so little at home, that I am almost a stranger to the politics of C——. By the way, now we are on the subject of the *nouveaux riches*, how has my friend Trueman contrived to offend you? I am sure it was not the wish or intention of him or his family to do so; but they seem to think that they have given you some cause of offence undesignedly."—"Trueman (said

Miss Lucretia in a voice amounting almost to a scream) and his family are our principal objections to the place, and in fact will be the means of our quitting it."—"Let me," said I, "know the particulars, and perhaps I may be so fortunate as to explain matters and make peace between you."—"Never," said Miss Lucretia; "but you shall hear. You know that the house which we now occupy, and in which we have resided ever since we left the hall, belongs, with several of the adjoining ones, to this Trueman; we took it for the remainder of a long lease, and at a very low rent; this and the other leases have all fallen in within these few months, and to the tenants in general Trueman has given notice that he will raise their rents considerably, or expect them to put the houses into perfect repair; but, on our sending our solicitor to know on what terms we were to remain in ours, he said it was not his intention to make any demands on us; on the contrary, he was willing to put the house in repair at his own expence, and to grant us a new lease at the original rent."—"Let me understand you," said I; "do you mean to say that you are offended with him because he has *not* raised your rent?"—"Certainly," said she, and I wonder that you do not see the affair in the same light. Is it for Trueman, a creature of yesterday, a man whom we remember coming to the hall to receive the amount of his bill, and glad to take cold meat and ale in the housekeeper's room—is this upstart to presume to confer an obligation on an Aspinall, descended in a right line from a baron who came over with William of Normandy? We are sunk low, it is true, but I trust not so low as to submit to that disgrace."—"My dear lady," said I, "you really see this matter in a wrong point of view. There could be no intention on the part of Trueman but to do an act of kindness; and, ~~if~~ he failed in the manner, it was want of judgement, not of respect or deference, both which, I know, he feels toward you."—"That is not all," said the other sister; "we could easily bear impertinence, if he shewed it toward us, but we cannot allow his presumptuous civilities. He lately received a present of a large turtle, which was dressed at the principal inn here, when he gave a dinner to a large party of men; and would you believe it? when we were standing near the window, con-

versing with a titled lady, we perceived a man crossing the street to our house, laden with what we conceived to be a large urn designed for a funeral monument; and Martha instantly came in, saying that Mr. Trueman had sent his respectful compliments, and had taken the liberty of sending us a tureen of the turtle. I had hardly breath left to desire that the man would take it back, and say we never touched any such thing. Another time he sent one of his little girls with a pine-apple, which she said her papa had just cut: imagine a pine to us, who have eaten them at the hall made into fritters! they have sent us what they called early cucumbers, at a season in which our servants at the hall might have had them stewed if they had chosen it. In short, there would be no end to my story, if I should tell you all the ways in which we are mortified and annoyed by them.”—"Yes," continued the other sister, "and (what is worst of all) they have contrived to get invited every where; we meet them at the first houses in the place, and every one seems blinded by their riches to the defects of their manners and the lowness of their origin.—I was at our milliner's not long since, and saw three Leghorn bonnets of the finest texture, trimmed very elegantly; I asked the price; 'four guineas and a half each' was the reply of the girl who was attending to my orders. 'Four guineas and a half for a bonnet!' said I, 'it is shameful, and is more than I ever did or ever will give for one.'—"I dare say, Ma'am"—said the girl with a sneer,—"that these bonnets are for Mrs. Trueman and her daughters, and they have pelisses of *gros de Naples*, the making of which will come to ten guineas each."—Another time, the butcher having neglected our orders because Mrs. Trueman had given some immediately afterwards to a higher amount, Martha scolded the boy for making us wait so long, and said, angrily, 'Do you not know the difference between serving the Trueman's or the Aspinals?'—"Yes," said the fellow with a vulgar grin, 'I think I do, for Mr. Trueman's weekly bills are about five guineas, while your ladies' bills are not above five shillings.'—This will just suffice to give you some idea of our annoyances here, and we are very glad that you have called to-day: for, as you have seen most parts of England, you may perhaps assist us with your

advice in the choice of a residence. You know our situation; we have but a limited income, and we cannot bear to be obliged to associate with and indeed submit to persons who, from the mere circumstance of their being wealthy, think that they have a right to place themselves on a par with us. Bath has been suggested to us as a desirable residence: what is your opinion of it?—"I should think," said I, "that Bath might suit you very well; you will there meet with many ladies similarly situated, and I think I can ensure you against any of the annoyances which you have just particularised, inasmuch as I do not think that there is a landlord in Bath who will voluntarily offer to continue you in his house at a low rent, when he could obtain a higher one, and I do not think that you will meet with any one there who will offend you by presents of turtle, pine-apples, or early cucumbers."—"I see," said Miss Aspinall with some emotion, "that you are laughing at us; you cannot enter into our feelings."—"Indeed" said I, "you are mistaken; but I will tell you candidly that with these feelings you will not be happy any where. Allow me to observe that you have been to blame; you have shut yourselves up (if I may so express it) in a world of your own, and have not marked the changes that have taken place around you. In a commercial country this must always be the case; and it has been most especially so during the last twenty or thirty years in England. Our ancestors, you know, lived in feudal greatness, and supported numerous vassals, over whom their power was absolute. That power passed away, although our country gentry long retained a very considerable degree of dignity and importance in their neighbourhoods. In our own times, the great increase of our commerce, and the improvements in our manufactures, have raised hundreds to immense wealth, while different causes have diminished the opulence of the landed proprietors. I remember the time when a country gentleman of ancient lineage would have thought himself degraded by an alliance with the family of a London merchant; but I have lived to see these merchants the companions of rank, of title, and even of royalty itself. The merchant held himself above the manufacturer, and the latter looked down on the shopkeeper:

but the full tide of commerce rolls rapidly on, and in its course sweeps off wealth from some and brings it to others; and one rank approaches so nearly to another that the shades and degrees are scarcely perceptible. You do not view all this with a liberal eye. You ought to rejoice in the prosperity of individuals, as much as in that of the country, and to observe, with pleasure, that, by our free and happy constitution, no man is prevented from aspiring to the highest situations either in the church or the state.—Depend upon it, that, where there exists no drawback from dishonorable conduct, or gross vulgarity of manners, wealth will be a passport even into polished society. The time is gone by when the pedigree of a man was enquired into before he could be asked to dinner, and when how many quarterings his coat of arms contained was a more frequent question than how many servants or horses he kept. Talent too, of almost any sort, is a sufficient introduction now to the very first society; and any one who should enquire into the genealogy of a poet, a novelist, or an able critic, would be as much laughed at as the blockhead who asked whether the Walter Scott of whom every body spoke was of the firm of Scott and Mac-taggart of Paisley, or as the man who, when he observed, at a public meeting in Ireland, a lady surrounded by gentlemen all eager for her notice, asked who she was, and, on being informed that it was the celebrated Miss Edgeworth, exclaimed, "Celebrated! oh then, I suppose, she has a very large fortune. Is her money in the funds or has she landed property?"—I will concede so far to your prejudices, Miss Lucretia, as to acknowledge that both these worthies were not of genteel birth or high origin. Education, you will say, will always make a difference in individuals, let their wealth be what it will; and this is true; but recollect also that the frequency of a good education has also increased in the same proportion, and the young people who have grown up around us, have received, in consequence of the opulence of their parents, acquirements, accomplishments, and manners, that raise them to an equal footing with any other persons. Let a girl be placed at a good school, and a liberal salary paid with her, and she will be taught as well, and profit as

much by instruction, as the daughter of a nobleman; money has enabled her parents to look up to a higher rank in society, and education has qualified her to appear to advantage in it. Do not therefore make yourselves wretched by perpetually recurring to days which may never return, but rather look to what is yet in your power. You may ensure respect from your neighbours by kindness and good-will; but it will not be given to arrogance and contempt; they will feel their true position in society, and you cannot push them from it, though you may exclude yourselves, and, shut up in solitude, may brood over fancied evils and affronts, until they assume the forms of real misfortune.—Let me have the pleasure of being instrumental to a better feeling on your parts; meet the Truicmans at my house, and look on them with unprejudiced eyes; you will find the daughters modest, lady-like and accomplished."—"They may probably appear so," said Miss Aspinall, "when we shall consider them so far worthy of our attention as to judge coolly of them; but we never have met that family anywhere voluntarily, and shall not begin now. All that you have said may be very true and very wise; but you have failed in convincing us, and in fact we are too old now to learn new habits and new opinions. I shall certainly advise my sister to decide on a removal to Bath; we shall not then be so surrounded by vulgar opulence, nor be so annoyed by disgusting plenty and good living as we are here. I am told that, in Bath, a little tea is the only refreshment required at their entertainments, and that, with respect to dress, it is considered as an instance of *mauvais ton* to be expensively attired; I therefore think we shall make up our minds soon to remove thither. The worst of it is, that it is a long journey, and we have been little used to traveling since we left the hall; for, having been always accustomed to four horses, we have not liked to move in an inferior manner."—"In that respect," said I, "you may at least be accommodated in your own way; I can tell you how you may get to Bath, with four much finer horses than ever your father had to his carriage."—"But that," said Miss Lucretia, "will be terribly expensive."—"Not at all," said I; "the fare of the stage is by no means unreasonable."—

"The stage!" screamed out both the ladies.—"Mr. Medley," said Miss Aspinall with the color mounting to her cheeks, and tears in her eyes, "you surely are mad; I would rather walk barefooted every step of the way, than disgrace myself by being seen in such a conveyance. Who on earth, do you suppose, would ever visit us in Bath, if we were known to have entered it in such a vehicle?—"In truth," said I, rising to take leave, "I am unfortunate in my proposals this morning; but I beg leave to observe, that you have not attended to the improvements which have taken place. Stages were formerly heavy unwieldy machines, with a huge basket behind, drawn by four sorry hacks, and filled by a very inferior description of persons. Now, on the contrary, they are well-built and handsomely-appointed carriages, drawn by some of the finest horses in the kingdom, and the outside passengers are frequently gentlemen; and sometimes men of rank and fashion. But, as I have other visits to make, I shall not at present dwell on this topic." I then departed, and believe that I have not gained ground in the favor of the ladies by speaking truth to them; for advancing age parts reluctantly with prejudices of any kind, and self-love and self-consequence adhere to us more firmly than any other feelings; and to be beaten out of the last strong hold of pride and imagined importance is not pleasant; nor will the friend meet with much gratitude who opens our eyes, when the result is only, that we shall see our own faults and deficiencies, and the merits and advantages of our neighbours, in a more prominent point of view.

YES AND NO; *a Tale of the Day.*

THIS novel we have already introduced to our readers; but its merit entitles it to a more extended notice. It is superior to *Matilda*, the other novel of Lord Normanby, and proves that he is rather above

"The mob of gentlemen who write with ease."

It affords a correct view of fashionable manners, and contains spirited sketches of characters and incidents.

The story opens at a country inn, at which its two heroes (Germain and

Oakley) have just alighted, and where the peculiarities of each are immediately brought into action.—"One of the travellers had thrown himself upon a most uninviting sofa, and, if his present position could for a moment have been mistaken for repose, it afforded the most conclusive evidence of the dislocating discomforts of the hack chaise, after which it was considered a welcome change. His companion continued pacing the small apartment to stretch his legs,—an unnecessary task, as, compass-like, two strides measured its limits backwards and forwards. On the next appearance of a waiter, loaded with writing-boxes, dressing-cases, &c., he repeated his former order in a more authoritative tone—"Take away these," (with a contemptuous intonation,) "and bring wax candles." This order evidently excited the attention of the waiter toward him who gave it, the idea of a hack post-chaise being generally connected in the mind of the knight of the napkin with such gregarious animals as little boys going to school with a single guinea for pocket-money, or briefless barristers going the circuit without the remotest hope even of that single guinea. Hastening to execute the first part of the command, the scrutiny which he still continued of him from whom he received it, prevented that perpendicular precision which could alone render the removal of the culprit "mutton-fats" perfectly inoffensive.—And *Boots*, laden with portmanteaus and traveling-bags, meeting them on the threshold of the door, the gentle zephyrs by which he was accompanied caused their sudden extinction, and carried back their odour as far as the upturned nostrils of the gentleman on the sofa, who had hitherto taken no part in the arrangement.—"So like you, Germain!" he exclaimed, as he started up.—"What's like me," replied the other, laughing, "an awkward waiter, or a nasty smell?"—"No—that restless vanity which gives you such an unhealthy craving for the good word of all alike who cross your path, however unimportant or worthless their opinion may be. You could not bear that even in an inn you should be confounded with the common herd, and were impatient to buy distinction at the price of a pair of wax candles. This is what is so like you—seeking the bubble reputation even in a waiter's mouth."

"This tirade was borne by the other with an imperturbable placidity, which habitual experience of the like must have joined with constitutional good-humour to produce. 'My dear Oakley,' he replied, 'do for once drop the cynic this last night; remember, though constant fellowship has given you the right to say whatever you please to me, that our complete separation is about to take away your power of doing so; and I would fain hope that some little regret at what the future will deprive you of, might soften the exercise of the privilege the past has given you.'

"He paused a moment; and Oakley, who really liked him better than any one else in the world, seeming silenced by this appeal, and not showing any inclination to resume his attack, Germain continued:—'Besides, I really don't see how the no very uncommon peculiarity of preferring wax candles to tallow, should subject one to have one's whole character dissected.'—'Germain,' resumed Oakley, quietly, but almost solemnly, 'you have alluded to our long fellowship through boyhood and youth; you are right in having done so, for the kindly feelings which that has ripened, will, I trust, long survive our present separation; when, had it been the kindred ties of cousinship alone which coupled our names, the black coat on the back of the one, for the death of the other, would probably have first reminded the survivor that the deceased had ever existed. For as different as our characters, are likely to be our pursuits. Indeed, so strange to me seem all professions of regard, that I may as well resume a tone of reproof, or you will already be unable to recognise your old friend. But call it by what name you like, it is sincere regard for you which induces me to tell you once again, Germain, that you have a most unhappy facility of character which will lead you to spend your fortune in acquiring things you don't want, and waste your time in doing things you don't like; and that, in over-anxiety for other people's approbation, you will soon forfeit your own.'

"However I may feel convinced I am in the right, I never could get the better of the argument with you; perhaps that very quality which you call facility (meaning weakness), and which I call candour, predisposes me, whilst I

am listening to you, to acknowledge there is some truth in what you are saying, and your firmness of character, which some might mistake for obstinacy, prevents your ever yielding a tittle.—But I will put it fairly to you, whether any one would have supposed the sentiments you have just uttered, to be those of a young man of one-and-twenty, and whether you think it was any advantage at that age to have acquired the character you did last month at Paris, where, as we were always seen together, they compared us to English summer weather. I was the smiling sunshiny morning, and you were the cold cloudy evening that followed.*

The other personages who figure in these pages, are well sketched, particularly Lord Rockington, a misanthrope to whom life has been a burthen for twenty years, and who hails the approach of death with ecstatic pleasure. He has desired the attendance of Oakley (to whom he bequeaths his property), and, after stating that the consummation he has so long sighed for is at hand, continues thus:

"It was not merely to exhibit myself a common-place memento of mortality that I summoned you here. I would will you heir to my feelings, as I have done to my fortunes; I would bequeath to you, not merely that wealth with which I have been wretched, but that experience with which you may be happy. I would have you despise the world as I do now, not yield its easy victim as I once did. I would leave, as the best legacy this world can contain, the consciousness that flattery is but the cloak of envy—confidence but a premium for treachery—that riches are but the means of purchasing disappointment—and that fame is the mark set up by fools to be the sport of knaves."

The best portrait in the work is that of Helen Mordaunt, an amiable but unfortunate girl. While she is obliged to have recourse to honest industry for a subsistence, she is watched and pursued, in carrying her little productions to a bazaar, by Germain and one who is his rival rather than friend.—"As Helen, in hurrying abruptly on, turned a corner, she almost ran against two gentlemen who were standing in earnest con-

* By this difference in the characters of the heroes, the title, *Yes and No*, was apparently suggested. EDIT.

versation, and in whom, to her no small dismay, she recognised Fitzalbert and Germain. Though she had passed them before she was aware of this, and at first she hoped unobserved by them, yet she soon became conscious she was followed and (she fancied) known.—She was somewhat re-assured as to the last point, by hearing one say to the other, "A beautiful figure, by Jove!" in an audible whisper, just as they passed her. They then slackened their pace, and seemed determined that she should pass them again. She drew her veil closer and thicker over her face, and attempted to walk steadily by. She at first hoped and believed that they were no longer following, but soon again she heard them close behind, and talking in French to each other, evidently about her, though not so pointedly as to have been remarked by one ignorant of that language, which they no doubt supposed her to be. She could not bear the idea of being known, which she had no doubt would be the case, if she was traced to the bazaar; she therefore turned from it, sharp round a corner, in the direction of her own home, hurried her pace by degrees even to a run, and never looked behind till she reached her own door. When she made this sharp turn, Germain held her other pursuer back by the arm, saying, 'No, this will never do; it will be too marked; besides, I am sure you are mistaken, and that we are a real annoyance to her.'—'Admirably acted, that's all, and indeed so successfully, that even I feel my curiosity excited. Time was that the glimpse of a well-turned ankle, whether cased in silk or worsted, would have led me over half the stiles in the country; but one lives to learn, and experience has taught me this, that every woman who studiously conceals her face, has, depend upon it, derived from Dame Nature very sufficient reasons for so doing. However, she is the best goer I ever saw—that I will say for her. I have a great mind to try whether she'll last.'—'Stop! it's past eight o'clock, and you are not exactly in a hunting dress for such a wild-goose chase'—pointing to his Almack's costume of the evening before, in which they had played all night.—'That's very true—so good night to you, and good morning to her.'

"Helen meanwhile rushed up stairs to her own apartment, threw herself

upon the sofa, couching like a hunted hare, and, whilst her heart beat violently against her breast, listened anxiously for the dreaded sounds of pursuit; and, though a few minutes re-assured her upon this point, in vain she attempted throughout the day to regain her accustomed composure."

The characters of the two heroes, and of their occasional companion Fitzalbert, are still farther elucidated in the following extract.—"Oakley began to think that he had never been sufficiently indulgent to the natural defects in the character of his early friend, who, on his part, had always been very patient under the much more annoying faults to which Oakley himself was subject. He had met Germain accidentally the day before, and the first advances he then made to a reconciliation, had been received with that cordiality which Germain's good-natured and placable disposition would have led one to expect. Oakley had felt much happier since this interview had taken place; and a subsequent visit was intended, not only as a farther peace-offering, but as an advance toward renewed intimacy. This amiable temper of mind was a little ruffled by finding Fitzalbert in the house. It is impossible to conceive any two men who had a more thorough dislike to each other. Fitzalbert, to be sure, on his side, was a *pocourante* in every thing, and scarcely troubled his head about Oakley, when he was not, as he called it, *oppressed* with his presence; but it was observed that, when that was the case, his jokes flowed less naturally, and there was more sharpness, with less ease in his conversation. Oakley had a thorough contempt for the character of Fitzalbert, joined to a certain dread of his satire, which did not the less exist, because he would never have acknowledged it, even to himself.

"Fitzalbert prepared to *evacuate* (retire) upon this irruption of his enemy. 'Then you are not for tennis this morning, eh, Germain?' said he. A strange idea, at the instant, occurred to him, and he afterwards said that he could not account by what chain of thought it first struck his fancy. 'By the bye,' he added, 'do you remember that devilish fine girl we gave chase to yesterday morning? I always thought I had seen her before. Who do you think I really believe it was? You remember Helen Mordaunt, who used to live with lady

Latimer. It was stupid of me not to know her at once. There is no mistaking that air and figure when once seen. The light springy walk too! Nobody knew what had become of her. I always heard she was of a low family. Who knows but she may be very comel-able?

"This was said carelessly, and with no other object than to annoy Oakley; and, with the view of watching its effect, he advanced toward the mirror over the chimney-piece, and whilst still speaking, and apparently examining Germain's dinner engagements, which stuck round the frame, he stole a glance in the glass. But the impending storm which he saw on Oakley's brow was so much more formidable and threatening than he had expected, that his retreat was like that of a man who has no objection to admire a tempest from a distance, but is not prepared unnecessarily to expose himself to its violence. He therefore wished Germain an abrupt good morning, at the same time, however, whistling *Di tanti palpiti* with the most successful precision."

The mutual animosity of Oakley and Fitzalbert at length impels them to a deadly combat. The former, who has long been the lover of Helen, falls in the conflict, and receives a visit from the afflicted girl in his last moments. Having entered the house, "she leaned, in passing, against the back of an arm-chair, when, with freezing horror, she perceived that one side of it was wet with blood. Revolting thence, her eye wandered unconsciously to the table, where the pistols had been carelessly thrown, and the whole dreadful catastrophe rushed at once upon her mind. When, by the exertion of the most extraordinary self-command, she had so far recovered as to attempt entering Oakley's room, she beheld him stretched on the bed, his eyes half closed, his countenance (which was naturally pale) little altered. She dropped gently on her knees by the side of his bed, and, taking his hand in her's, bathed it with tears.—'Helen, sweet Helen!' murmured Oakley, and words of comfort were rising to his lips; but, when he looked at the orphan girl, and recollected that he was all in all to her, the half-formed phrase of consolation choked him, as he felt that such attempt would be a mockery to the desolation of her heart, and he could only feebly and in-

distinctly repeat, 'Poor—poor Helen!'—He never spoke more: and, when lord Latimer came, having in vain sought Helen elsewhere, he found her senseless on the dead body of her lover; and, when returning consciousness brought a knowledge of the events that had blasted her happiness for ever, the distraction that followed, rendered her recovery from that death-like swoon a thing which it was doubtful whether her friends durst rejoice at."

THE STORY OF LADY CATHARINE GREY,
from *Neele's Romance of History*.

THE beautiful sister of the unfortunate lady Jane Grey was privately married to the earl of Hertford, son of the equally-unfortunate duke of Somerset. Hearing that a son was the fruit of that connection which had inflamed both her personal and political jealousy, the queen summoned the countess to appear before her.—"Being so nearly her kinswoman, she resolved, in the first instance, to grant her a private audience, as well to show her own apparent graciousness and condescension, as to gratify the real malice and tyranny of her nature. She was holding her court in the Tower of London at the time that her unfortunate cousin was introduced to her; and seated on a chair of state in a small private chamber, and surrounded by a few of her most confidential counsellors and maids of honor, she received the trembling culprit, who (followed by a single female attendant, bearing the new-born infant in her arms) entered and threw herself at the queen's feet.

'Pardon! gracious madam, pardon!' said the lady Catharine.—'Pardon, woman!' reiterated Elizabeth; 'darest thou offend the ears of a virgin queen with a petition for pardon for a crime so odious? By God's head! we could sooner have pardoned an offence against our own crown and dignity than the crime of dishonoring the royal blood in thy veins. You must go to the dungeons of this fortress, madam, and there learn to cool your hot blood, and by prayer and penitence, and the perusal of such holy works as I shall take care abundantly to supply you with, to know how to bear that life of captivity to which you are now irrevocably doomed.'

—'Say not so, great queen,' said Ca-

tharine; 'the princess Elizabeth once passed some months of wearisome captivity at Woodstock;—let her think of the horrors which will attend a life so spent in the Tower of London.'—'Peace, saucy madam!' said the queen; 'when Elizabeth commits your crime, she must learn to bear your punishment. Away with her to her dungeon, and let her congratulate herself that, instead of her limbs being confined in the Tower, her guilty head is not exhibited on its walls.'—'It cannot be,' said Catharine, 'that my royal cousin means to execute her threats. Here, here, great queen,' she added, taking her infant in her arms and approaching Elizabeth, 'is one, whose beauty and innocence will plead my cause with an eloquence to which thy kind and princely heart will not fail to listen.'—'Away with her!' shouted the queen in a voice of thunder, as with an expression of disgust she turned away from the child. 'Yet ah!' she added, as the smile upon the infant's features caught her eye, and her lip quivered, and her cheek turned pale, 'surely I have seen features that resemble these. Tell me, I charge thee, woman, ere I revoke that mercy which declared that thy life should be spared, who is the father of thy child?'—'And wherefore,' said Catharine, 'should I conceal his name, when that name designates all that is good and brave and generous,—Edward Seymour, earl of Hertford.'—'God of my fathers!' exclaimed Elizabeth, lifting up her hands and eyes to Heaven, and compressing her lips, while her cheek grew pale as marble, and large heavy drops poured down from her brow. 'Said I, my lords, that her life should not be forfeited?'—'Even so, madam,' said Walsingham, bowing reverently; 'your royal word is pledged.'—'Wretch!' exclaimed Elizabeth; 'could not thy own vile passions be gratified, without corrupting the noblest and most accomplished cavalier in my court? Could none but Seymour be made the accomplice of thy infamy.'—'Madam,' said Catharine proudly, 'although a queen speaks, the names neither of Seymour nor of Grey must be branded with infamy.'—'Ha! say'st thou? impudent harlot!' ejaculated the queen. 'Neither a harlot, nor a harlot's daughter,' said Catharine significantly, 'is now addressing your majesty. I am the child of Frances Brandon, and am the

lawful wedded wife of the earl of Hertford.'

"Elizabeth gazed on her for a moment with unutterable wonder and rage. Every syllable of her exculpation, and the successive discoveries that Catharine was delivered of a child, that the child was the offspring of the earl of Hertford, and at length that it was born in wedlock, had only more and more exasperated the royal mind. Elizabeth's schemes of policy and of love were alike baffled, and the scene which she had gotten up for the purpose of exhibiting Catharine as 'a mark for the finger of scorn' to point at, had ended in her own mortification and dismay. The changing features of the queen were watched with the utmost anxiety by all present. Walsingham, who was profoundly read in the royal physiognomy, discovered the most fatal and desperate resolution there; but, as often as her eye met his, she read with equal ease his disapproval of the violent measures to which she wished to resort. She seldom acted in opposition to the counsels of that statesman, and fearing, as she did on this occasion, to lay open to him the secret weakness of her heart, she did not seek any private conference with him for the purpose of endeavouring to win him over to her scheme. After standing therefore for some minutes silent, while the struggle of her mind was visibly depicted in her features, she put an end to the suspense of her attendants with an effort of clemency which evidently cost her much, and exclaimed, 'away with the harlot to a dungeon!'

"The unhappy countess, who had been in momentary expectation of hearing a sentence of decapitation pronounced upon her, then walked unresistingly out of the presence-chamber, and was soon afterwards, with her infant, consigned to one of the gloomy apartments of that fortress which had been so often familiarised with the presence of royal and noble prisoners."

The earl was also committed to the Tower, with a strict injunction that he and his lady should be kept apart. Elizabeth pretended to institute an enquiry into the truth of the allegation, that Seymour and Catharine were married, but took especial care that none of the witnesses of the ceremony should be forthcoming. Whilst these proceedings were depending, the persuasions of Ca-

tharine influenced the humane lieutenant, Sir Edward Warner, to permit the meeting of the fond couple. The queen, being informed of this act of disobedience, was highly enraged.—She “commanded one of the guards to conduct her to the dungeon of the lady, and ordered the others to follow her with Sir Edward Warner in their custody. Anger, hatred, fear, jealousy, all lent wings to her steps. The dungeon door was soon before her; the bolts were withdrawn, and with little of the appearance of a queen in her gait and gestures, except that majesty which belongs to the expression of highly-wrought feelings, she rushed into the dungeon, and found Catharine in the arms of Hertford, who was kissing away the tears that had gathered on her cheek.—‘Seize him—away with him to instant execution!’ said the queen.—The guards gazed for a moment wistfully on each other, and seemed as if they did not understand the command.—‘Seize him! I say,’ exclaimed the queen. ‘I have myself taken the precaution to be present, that I may be assured that he is in your custody, and led away to the death that he has taken so much pains to merit.’

“The guards immediately surrounded the earl, but they yet paused a moment ere they led him out of the dungeon, when they saw the countess throw herself on her knees before Elizabeth, and seize the skirt of her robe.—‘Have pity, gracious queen!’ she cried, ‘have pity!’—‘Away, minion!’ said the queen; ‘he had no pity on himself when he ventured to break prison, even in the precincts of our royal palace. His doom is fixed.’—‘Not yet, great queen, not yet!’ said Catharine, still grasping Elizabeth’s robe. ‘Can nought save him?’—‘Nought, save my death,’ said the queen; and then she added in an undertone, which she did not seem to intend should be audible, while a dark smile played on her lip, ‘or perchance thine.’

“Catharine’s ear caught the last part of the queen’s sentence, and with the quickness of lightning she exclaimed, ‘Thy death or mine, O queen! then thus,’ she added, plucking from the belt of Sir Edward Warner, who stood by her side with his hands bound behind him, a dagger, and brandishing it aloft, ‘thus may his life be spared!’

“A cry of ‘Treason, treason!’ pervaded the dungeon, and the guards advanced between the lady and the queen, whose life she seemed to threaten; but, ere they could wrest the dagger from her hand, she had buried it in her own bosom.—‘Now, now do I claim thy promise, O queen!’ she said, as she sunk to the earth, while the blood poured in a torrent from her wound. ‘Catharine Grey can no longer disturb thee—spare the life of the princely Seymour.’—Her last breath was spent on these words—her last gaze was fixed upon the queen—and, while she pressed the hand of her husband in her dying grasp, her spirit was released from all its sorrows.

• The sacrifice of the unhappy lady’s life preserved that for which it had been offered up. The queen, touched with the melancholy termination of her kinswoman’s existence, revoked the despotic and illegal order which she had given for the execution of the earl of Hertford, but ordered him to be conducted back to his dungeon, where he remained in close custody for more than nine years. The death of Elizabeth released him from his captivity; and then, although he was unable to restore the lady Catharine to life, he took immediate steps to re-establish her fair fame. In these efforts he was perfectly successful; he proved before the proper tribunals the validity of his marriage, and transmitted his inheritance to the issue of that ill-fated union.”

• It is proper to observe, that this act of suicide is one of Mr. Neele’s interpolations, not being confirmed by authentic testimony. Dr. Coote the historian, on the authority of Camden’s Annals and of Lord Burghley’s State-Papers, thus notices the termination of these proceedings.—“The queen’s resentment being aroused by the clandestine meeting, the earl felt its severe effects. He was condemned by the court of Star-chamber to the payment of a heavy fine, and the rigor of his confinement was increased. The countess could never regain the favor of Elizabeth, and, to the great disgrace of this arbitrary and vindictive princess, died a prisoner some years afterwards. Satisfied with the severity which she had exercised, the queen then restored the earl to liberty.”

THE WHITE HOODS, an Historical Romance, by Anna Eliza Bray, late Mrs. C. Sothard. 3 vols. 1828.

THE high authority assumed by the successive earls of Flanders over the city of Ghent gave great disgust to the republican spirit of the inhabitants, and occasional tumults and insurrections arose from that source. Froissart says, that "the devil, who never sleeps," put it into the heads of the citizens of Bruges, under the sanction of that earl who was contemporary with Charles VI. of France, to make a canal of communication from the river Lys to their town, thus diverting its waters from their neighbours of Ghent, to their own use and convenience. The news of this undertaking soon reached the ears of the citizens, who were advised by John Lyon, a leading politician of the day, to revive an old custom, namely, to invest themselves with *White Hoods*, as a distinctive badge of their union in a common cause, and make choice of a leader, under whom they might disperse the five hundred diggers employed on the canal of Bruges, and remonstrate with the earl on all their grievances.

On the events connected with these circumstances, Mrs. Bray has framed a spirited and amusing romance, strictly adhering to the material and even the minor details of real history, describing with precision the manners of the time, introducing sound moral reflections, and exhibiting in the progress of her story a variety of well-drawn characters.

Anna, the daughter of John Lyon, is as prominent a personage in the tale, as even her enterprising father, or the king of France, or the earl of Flanders. She earnestly wishes to procure relief for her fellow-citizens, but disapproves that spirit which, in Lyon's mode of displaying it, she deems turbulent and rebellious. She acts on various occasions with a masculine energy; saves the earl from serious danger, and thus secures his interest and favor. Her introduction to him, and the preliminary and concomitant circumstances, are well described.—On her way to the cathedral at which the earl was expected, "she heard the sounds of minstrelsy; and the movement of the crowd, which the public attendance of Louis at the mass never failed to collect, assured her that he was actually coming toward the

church. Anna now drew as near as possible to the space which was kept free by his attendants for his entrance, and exerted all her efforts to avoid being forced back by several of the mendicants, who were eager to catch the eye of the earl, in order to solicit alms. Some of these people were real objects of charity, and others only used poverty as an excuse for idleness and vice. The most bold and importunate held in their hands a small brass box, with a slit in the lid, in order to drop into it whatever eleemosynary donations they might receive; and their usual method of calling upon the charity of a passenger, was by shaking and rattling their boxes as he passed along, sometimes accompanying the action with a blessing, or a demand on his purse, or at others without a hint being given, save by the action itself,—a practice still in use amongst the Flemish mendicants.—The music drew nearer, and the minstrels that preceded the earl, with many of his household, passed directly into the cathedral, where the former continued playing their sprightly airs.—Whilst Anna cast her eyes upon the earl, as he slowly advanced, a flattering hope stole into her bosom that she should succeed in the object of her petition, for his countenance might be said always to possess an expression calculated to inspire hope in a suppliant, since the dignity of the prince was blended with an air of kindness and affability. Perhaps, too, her anxious hopes to find him all she wished, assisted the favorable view in which he now appeared to her. His step was unaffected, though slow and majestic, and he returned the greetings of the crowd with manly courtesy, whilst his tall and noble figure (attired in a suit of blue velvet, embroidered with gold, decorated with jewels, and surmounted by a rich mantle, lined with ermine) attracted the admiration of all beholders. The countess leaned upon the arm of her son; her features were of the same handsome contour, and, from their regularity, retained some claims to beauty; yet there was a repelling character in her aspect, that destroyed the favorable effect which the courtesy of her manners would otherwise have produced. She condescended to return the respectful greetings of the people; but in doing so the expression of her

countenance showed she felt it to be a condescension, and neither the sight of age, poverty, sickness, or innocence, could unbend her brow, or create one kind look of sympathy or feeling. Her alms she bestowed as what she did not value, nor heeded the benefit they might afford to others. Her full and intelligent eyes glanced every where around, but fixed no where with any expression of interest. Her attire was magnificent; it shone with jewels and embroidery; her hanging sleeves fell almost to the ground, whilst the train of the crimson velvet mantle was supported by a young page. Her forehead, smooth and white, was bound by a circle or coronet of jewels, placed above a coverchief of the finest silver tissue.

"As the earl advanced along the space that was cleared for him by the chamberlains and marshals, he now and then stopped whilst he dispensed alms to some aged or suffering mendicant.—'He is drawing near,' thought Anna; 'oh if I could but catch his eye! I will cry *largesse*—and then I will slip the paper into his hand as he gives me alms. But he sees me not; oh that I could but catch his eye! I will venture to step beyond the line; if it is but a little, he must see me.'—She did so; and his quick glance was instantly arrested, and turned upon her alone. Her dress, although plain, and even homely, was *not* that of a mendicant; and notwithstanding her mantle wrapped close about her, and the veil that covered her face, there was a grace in her figure, which, (like that found in those models of beauty, the statues of antiquity), showed itself, however covered it might be with drapery. The arm, too, which she extended (as she held the paper, ready to be presented, in her hand), was finely turned, and delicately white. These observations in a moment attracted an eye like that of Louis de Male, critically nice in beauty. His curiosity was excited; there was something altogether extraordinary in the circumstance.—'This,' said he, as he turned and addressed Gilbert Matthew, 'is the strangest, and, I will warrant, the fairest beggar that ever yet asked alms. She may, too, be the most unfortunate of all mendicants, perhaps a distressed gentlewoman; I will give her gold.'—'Or, perhaps,' replied Gilbert, 'she may be some artful wanton, who displays her

white hand and a decent mantle, to excite curiosity and a new kind of sympathy, since rage, the proper habitments of alms-takers, are now too common to raise much pity.'—'Be she what she may,' said the earl, 'she shall not extend that pretty arm to me in vain: I will speak to her.'

"As he advanced to do so, the gold piece of coin, designed for Anna, glittered in his hand; but, when he was about to speak to her, an aged woman, of a wretched and haggard countenance, who was habited with nothing remarkable, save a *white hood*, rushed before Anna, and rudely thrust her back. The maiden alarmed shrunk back in the crowd; and the earl, incensed and disappointed at the probability of losing sight of her in the press, pushed back the hag with some violence, as he exclaimed, 'Hence, thou cursed white hood; how darest thou to interfere?'—'Curse not the white hood, curse it not, proud earl,' replied the aged woman, with the utmost audacity; 'take heed, Louis; no man, be he prince or beggar, shall ban me unrequited: hark, thy curse shall fall upon thyself.'

The earl solicits aid from France against his refractory subjects, and Charles VI. readily grants it. A lively sketch is given of the appearance and character of this prince at the age of sixteen years.—Amidst the formality of courtly parade, "Charles entered the hall with that easy step and unembarrassed air which proclaimed that he had been used to these ceremonies from childhood, and that they had neither the power nor the novelty to draw his attention from the amusements of boyhood. He was but sixteen years old, and the beautiful young falcon he bore upon his wrist seemed, for the moment, to engage and interest him more than his court. He was of a fair complexion, tall and well formed, light and active in his motions, with a play of cheerfulness and good-humor about his face that is always capable of rendering youth peculiarly pleasing, and, in a prince, was deemed the height of fascination. His face was fair, but too delicate to indicate strength of constitution; and even at this early period there was a wild expression about the eye, which was remembered, and remarked many years after, by the learned leeches, as indicative of the unhappy malady that so often afflicted his mind at a maturer

age. Yet these *post-prophetic* observations of the leeches can hardly be deemed of sufficient force to prove that the king's malady was constitutional, since it should rather seem, from the accounts given by the writers of the period, that his first attack was produced by over exertion, and the excessive heat of the sun affecting the brain, at a time when he laboured under some slight indisposition. Be this as it may, at the period of our narrative his mental health was unimpaired; he was neither deficient in personal courage nor in intellect. On the contrary, he possessed the accomplishments that were usually given to the youth of his day who were of noble birth; and his romantic attachment and marriage with his beloved queen, some years after, evinced a spirit of refined manners, that showed he was capable both of sincere affection and gallantry toward the favoured damsel of his choice.

"The young king was attired in regal splendor. He wore the crimson mantle of state, lined and trimmed with ermine. His dalmatic fell in large and graceful folds over a tunic of white linen. It was formed of light blue silk, embroidered with the fleur-de-lis in silver, and fastened in front with a brooch of diamonds. The beautiful light brown hair, for which he was so remarkable, hung in profusion down his back, and curled so thickly round his forehead as almost to conceal the fillet of fine pearls that was bound about his brows, and confined the longer tresses to the back of the head.

"He advanced toward the throne, graciously saluted his attendants, and, with a quickness of perception that marked his manners even at this early age, had the good sense to address each in a way appropriate to his respective character or profession. Having spoken a few words almost to every one present, he turned to the young count de Montmorenci, whose age and habits had rendered him a favorite companion of the youthful monarch. 'See my lord,' said Charles; 'we have this morning received a fair present from a fair dame. The noble countess of Artois has sent us her young falcon, who will chase a heron with any bird in our dominions, and will come again to the lure without wandering. We this morning will try our falcon against yours,

my lord; so our good uncles of Berry and of Burgundy will but grant us a short council, and put aside their grave matters; for in sooth we are tired of these long debates, and long for a horse, a heron, and a fair field.'—'My gracious nephew and prince,' said the duke of Burgundy, advancing, 'I should be loth to hinder you of the sports that become your age, and are suited to your health; but there are matters of such moment to lay before your grace, as demand your instant attention; they may not brook delay.'—'So you told us yesterday,' said the young king, 'and so you say every day; but, if we are never to have leisure to follow any fair sports, we would rather be the son of one of our own esquires, than wear these robes of state as shackles of our liberty; for the sons of our people sport when they please, whilst we sit, and hear you, my lords, read us counsels, sometimes more to contradict each other in your several opinions than to await our decision; pr'ythee then debate, whilst Charles and Montmorenci fly their falcons, and the wheel of state shall not stand still for lack of hands to turn it.'

The heroine's father prosecutes his bold schemes until he is poisoned by one of his political rivals. The contest proceeds to sanguinary extremities, and peace is not restored before the people of Ghent are defeated by the united efforts of the French king and the earl. The victors testify their clemency, and permit the chief magistrate to intercede for the insurgents with effect. On this occasion, the king says to the burgo-master, 'Sir Simon, we have remembered the tale that you told to us but now, and we long to look upon the face of that fair maid whom you professed to love for her virtues as your own child.'—'And she shall be my own child; the child of my soul,' said Sir Simon, 'if adoption, and care, and tenderness, can make her such. Come forward, Anna; draw aside your veil.'—She advanced, but modestly hesitated to approach the king. 'Nay, never fear, dearest maiden,' said Charles, as he himself drew aside her veil;—'the innocent may surely meet with confidence an earthly king, when they are ever before the face of a heavenly one. We have heard of your rare merit. This good man has told us all, and we long to honor you for it. By the faith of a true knight,' added the king, smiling as he

spoke, 'you have, Sir Simon, a nice eye for beauty. Were you but one year younger than you are, and ourselves more used to the lance, we would break one with you to win but a token from this delicate hand.' And the monarch of France gallantly pressed it to his lips as he spoke. 'But we fear,' he continued, 'that ours would be but a short-lived favor, since, if we mistake not, there is one in this company who has long had a better claim to it.'—'Aye, that there is,' said Sir Simon; 'and I am the man.'—The courtiers tittered. 'Nay, gentles and nobles, do not laugh too soon,' added Sir Simon, as he turned and looked sharply upon them; 'and do not mistake an old man's motive, when he openly professes to love a young, beautiful, and friendless orphan. Anna, my child, I have none that in the course of nature can call me father, and you are all to me. I have wealth, that is, if it is spared to me, if I am not to be attained for having loved my native city. I will bestow upon you a noble dower, and when my old wife is dead, (for she must be cared for, though she be not of the kindest humor), you shall have all the rest, if my lord of Flanders will consent to give you to Sir Walter D'Enghien for a wife; and you will be as a jewel to him, aye, and the brightest in the coronet that circles his brow, though he be the nephew and friend of an earl.'

"Anna blushed deeply, cast her eyes upon the ground, and was too much overpowered, both by the goodness of heart and the bluntness of Sir Simon, to be able to reply to him.—'Come, my lord Louis,' said the king, 'what say you? Shall we make this victory a marriage festival, and unite hands where hearts have long been agreed?'—Louis hesitated, yet not long; he had been surprised, but his better purpose was unchanged, and advancing toward Anna, he took her hand, and placed it within that of Sir Walter.—'I owe your grace,' said the earl to the king, 'both thanks and duty for having restored to me my right in Flanders; but to this maiden I owe more. Her courage, faith, and resolution, preserved my life; and therefore the feelings of gratitude, as well as my sense of her rare merit, induce me to bestow her upon Sir Walter d'Enghien, who will consider her beauty and virtue as a sufficient dower. Women of an ordinary cast need a portion to re-

commend them, but true merit needs it not. Take her, Sir Walter, as she is, and endeavour to deserve her.'

A PICTURE OF THE FRENCH PYRENEES,
by M. Arbanere.

WE are little acquainted with that mountainous and romantic region which separates France from Spain, exhibiting nature in some of its grandest forms and most picturesque combinations; and, although M. Arbanere holds out to his readers the prospect of a complete description, he in a great measure disappoints our expectations. Yet he writes in a pleasing strain, and his volume, if not satisfactory, is lively and amusing.

He thus speaks of the nature of that remarkable country which he has surveyed.—"While the plains present a monotonous soil, and seem only destined to minister to the gross wants of man, and provide him with food and shelter, leaving his body indolent and his mind inert, the mountains are like a new world in which man seems to belong to a superior species. He finds in the depth of the valleys, in the waters, the green sward in the vigor of vegetation; in the trees, a thousand picturesque views; a nature full of motion, grace, power, and majesty. He ascends hills covered with oaks that have survived for centuries, and with frowning rocks; and he reaches aerial pinnacles of surprising verdure, pyramids of snow shining in its purity—and of a brilliancy which, unimpaired by the gross mists of the plains, produces upon him an impression altogether novel. Then he experiences, in the recollection of the fatigues and the dangers which he has passed through, in order to arrive at these ethereal regions, a sweet consciousness of his strength and his courage; then his soul seems purified by the enlivening light which crowns these eminences, and he is ready to part from this Olympus to the celestial regions. But he soon descends from the throne where his imagination has dreamed of a sublime existence, and is horrified with all the wild and terrible impressions of an infernal one. These mountains cover a subterranean habitation. Could we follow the geologist, the miner, into the entrails of the earth, we might be able to hear the noise of the retributive scourges, the groans of the guilty, and, more

terrible still, behold the frightful deities of these expiatory abysses!

A pleasant excursion from Bagnères is described with spirit. "The ladies and gentlemen set out, *en caravane*, mounted on horseback, and often, in the glee of their hearts, racing with each other. The road turns to the west near the Castel-Viel, passing through the defile which leads to the port of Venasque. After about an hour's journey, it bends to the right, and, pursuing a finely-wooded path, they enter into a close defile, which, gradually widening, breaks into a long valley, beautiful alike for the works of man and the gifts of nature. This is the Vallée du Lys. To the flowers which abound there, and especially to a wild lily, the root of which is yellow, and the calyx a mixture of violet and brown, it is indebted for its pretty name. The southern declivity displays meadows, fields, and houses, and on its summit is a rough heather which crowns the summits of all the mountains in the neighbourhood of Luchon. The side toward the north is covered with a profusion of rich firs. Thus this valley is at once pastoral and wild, an union which produces a most agreeable contrast. It supplies nothing to man except wood and hay, but both in abundance. The groups of inhabitants, which are scattered on the summit of the mountain toward the south, give a pleasing impression of the quietness and wildness of patriarchal manners. In the interior of the valley are numerous waterfalls bursting one out of another, and behind, above the trees which attain a vast height, rises majestically the peak of Crabioules. This peak, 1,630 fathoms above the level of the sea, stands naked and snowy, out of the mass of the mountains of Oo. Its name, the mountain of the Isards, marks its height, as that animal, in flying from man, always betakes itself to the most inaccessible elevations."

"Leaving their horses in a delightful grove of beeches near the waterfalls, the wanderers next ascend through the thicket, full of flowers and shrubs. Every one takes the route which chance points out. The little difficulties which occur in your progress supply you with a succession of amusements, and enable you to pay your female companions those significant attentions which it is so pleasant to offer. Now and then, an

unexpected little embarrassment in the path makes some extra help necessary, and, perchance, some fortunate awkwardness, which the most discreet zeal cannot always avoid, rewards the diligence of the guide. With a clear and brilliant sky, and a well-selected society, a day like this gives rise to many pleasurable impressions. For women especially, there is no way like this of seeing the wonders of nature. Among the rocks, and the glaciers, and the eternal snows which cover the heads of mighty mountains, they are strange as the butterfly. Their ordinary home is among the shrubs and the flowers."

In the account of the Basques we observe some features of novelty.—"I had been for some time in the Basque country, and was still searching for the aboriginal race so much talked of. I stared about, vainly hoping to discover that primitive people, whose veins secreted a pure and generous blood, with which the gross northern fluid has never mixed, and which is even unstained by the tawny tint of the tribes of Yemen. I found the women, at Navarein, *blondes*, tolerably pretty, but generally small—in fact, a vulgar race. Restraining my impatience, I said to myself, 'I am yet only on the confines of the Basque country—let us proceed.' In the valley of the Soule and Mauléon, I found a new language—it was pure Basque. But, I asked myself, 'had the people who spoke it been newly transplanted to the soil, and become mere inheritors of the language and habitations of its ancient possessors? I see no traces of the fine, brave, clever people my imagination had pictured to me: we must go on farther.' The valley of the Bidasoa still did not satisfy my curiosity. At length, in the vast country which is washed by the Nive, I discovered the true Basques. I anxiously tried to discriminate in the physiognomy of the inhabitants the general features of that Asiatic population which, in some unknown age, first gave life to this country. The Basques are shorter than the people of Bearn; but their bodies are more vigorous, their muscles more prominent. Their characteristic traits are, the ease of their movements and the liveliness of their walk. Their dress is favorable to this lightness of step, or, at least, adds to the appearance of it. A little blue cap, placed generally on the side of the

head, seems rather made to adorn the head than to shield it from the sun or the rain. It gives, also, additional vivacity to their physiognomy, in which I saw the expression of the Phœnicians, the most adventurous and interesting people of antiquity: the man, always thrown over one shoulder, leaves their arms naked; and this peculiarity also reminded me of a southern people—navigators always ready for enterprise. Their short breeches, fastened at the knee, still farther assist their movements, and expose legs which are remarkable for boldness of outline and prominence of muscles; and their sandals, fastened with cord, render the footing light and sure. Finally, a large girdle of red wool, or crimson silk, envelops them, and completes the national costume.

"That of the females approaches nearer to the costume of the French women of the neighbouring provinces. It only differs from it by the former having a handkerchief of deep blue, or brilliant white, fastened to the top of the head, which falls back over the shoulders, and gives them an air of negligence which is very *piquant*. It seems like the toilette, hastily completed, at first jumping out of bed. These pretty aborigines—so I call them, for their language made them as great strangers to me as if they had been the inhabitants of another world—have, with the exception of their language, nothing uncivilised about them. Their vests press too much upon their breasts, and are likely prematurely to deform them; but, otherwise, they exhibit that full and plump outline which artists love to paint, and gentlemen to look upon. Their step is easy and light; a sufficient indication, in itself, that their forms are harmoniously proportioned. The brilliancy of their color, the vivacity of their look, and the grace of their movements, all hold out allurements to love."

JOURNEY TO MAROCCO*, by Captain G. Beauclerk. 1828.

As a visit to the northern coast of Africa makes no part of what is usually denominated the grand tour, we are not

troubled or amused with frequent accounts of its present state. We merely obtain, from the public journals, occasional intelligence of its modern history, except when particular circumstances, rather than idle curiosity, induce Europeans to venture within its confines. An application from the Moorish sultan to the lieutenant-governor of Gibraltar for medical aid was answered by the appearance of Dr. Brown at the court of the despot, in company with captain Beauclerk and Mr. Murray. The strangers were treated with respect and hospitality; but they suffered so severely from the heat of the climate, being frequently sent to their beds "with galloping pulses," that they derived little enjoyment from the novelty of their situation or the variety of their adventures.

The captain does not pretend to be a great scholar or a man of science; but, even with his moderate attainments in those respects, he might have been more sagaciously and usefully observant, and have rendered his narrative considerably more interesting.

The party, having disembarked at Tangier, rode on mules from one town to another, attended by a few Moorish soldiers. At Rabat Dr. Brown exercised his medical skill upon the natives, and was rewarded for his care and attention by the gracious smiles of a celebrated female saint.—Being ushered into the presence of this saint (says the captain) we found her seated cross-legged upon a carpet, resting her back against the wall. Her person, which was fat, was entirely enveloped, from the neck downwards, in a dark green cloak; her head was small and round; her eyes were brown, possessing great brilliancy; and a small mouth and good teeth added expression to a countenance not regularly pretty, but very pleasing and good-humoured. She had, however, seen her best days, although she appeared to be only about five-and-twenty years old. Her greatest charm was her hair, which fell down upon her shoulders in natural silken ringlets of the most brilliant jet. Never do I remember to have seen so beautiful a head of hair. We made our salams, and she pointed to her carpet, desiring we would be seated. Our guards fell down, and, touching the hem of her garment with the most profound veneration, kissed their hands, and then seated themselves around her.

* So the author writes (as Milton did) the name of the country, not Morocco.

She opened the conversation by wishing us joy of our safe arrival at Rabat, and promising us a speedy termination of our journey, and a most favourable reception by the sultan. She then asked which was the doctor, and, on his being pointed out to her, she held out her hand for him to feel her pulse. She complained of cold and a sore throat, for which he promised to send her some physic. She then turned suddenly to me, and said that 'the two I had left at Gibraltar were very well, and that I should find the young one on my return as I left her;' then addressing Mr. Murray, she promised him happiness of the same sort. All this was said without the least appearance of premeditation; on the contrary, from the suddenness with which she turned from one subject to another, and the wild abstracted look of her countenance, she seemed incapable of dwelling long on any subject. It was ludicrous to observe with what intense interest her audience listened to the loose incoherent sentences which at intervals she uttered. At times her mind appeared so abstracted, that she did not seem aware of our presence, and frequently shook back her long dark tresses, and drew her hand across her forehead, as if endeavouring to meet her absent thoughts. At last she assured us, that every good would attend us during our stay at Morocco, and the scene ended by a short prayer, which she mumbled to herself, followed by another in which she was joined by all the company present. They then all knelt down, and, bowing their heads to the ground, kissed the hem of her garment, and took their leave. Just, however, as we were going away, she begged the doctor to look at a relation of her's, who was then in the house, and troubled with weak eyes. She then pointed to a door which was just enough open to allow our seeing a pair of bright and dangerous-looking orbs, which appeared to me to have no reason to be called *weak*. A round, snowy arm, decorated with a huge silver bracelet, was thrust out through the opening for the doctor's inspection; for these people imagine that every disease of the body is to be judged of by the pulse. We were not aware, until we left the saint, how great an honour had been conferred on us by our admission to her presence. She is one of the most celebrated saints in the kingdom. We were assured that the

sultan sends her, now and then, a hundred dollars, and waits upon her in person; and that every one who comes to Rabat makes her some present; that she had very great powers of prophecy; and that we should find how every thing would come to pass as she had predicted. We asked Hadoud why he had not been to see her; he replied, that her eyes were so touching, that he was afraid of committing so great an impiety as that of being more pleased with the sight of her charms as a woman, than her presence as a saint."

In the progress of the journey, the country was sometimes found dreary and unpicturesque; but it improved as the party approached the city of Morocco.—"The view that presented itself to us on passing the minor range of the Atlas was truly magnificent. The city lay in the centre of a vast plain, covered with olive and date trees, from whose feathering heads arose many a lofty mosque and minaret. To the right there grew, as it were, suddenly from the dead flat, a mountain, in the centre of which is a deep indent or valley, resembling the crater of an exhausted volcano. To the east and west the plain was unbounded; but to the south arose before the astonished sight that stupendous mountain-range the Atlas, seeming to mock the efforts of man to pass it, and dividing the mind of the beholder between the thoughts of his own insignificance, and the sublime grandeur of his Creator.

"Having descended into the plain, we entered the most beautiful groves of palm-trees: beneath the shade of whose lofty heads, herds of cattle were reposing, or browsing, on smooth lawns of an eternal verdure, nourished by a thousand streams of clear mountain-water, intersecting the ground in all directions. The sleepy sound of the sirocco wind, as it sighed through the fringed branches of these elegant trees, and the low soft cooing of the amorous dove to the partner of his joy, bestowed on this enchanting scene a bewitching softness, which contrasted finely with the unfinished magnificence of the harsh outline of mountains before us, lying scattered, as if by the divine wrath, in chaotic confusion.

"A well-built bridge crosses the bed of the mountain river, from which the various streams emanate. At this time the water was rather shallow, but it con-

tains, in the deeper parts, abundance of grey mullet. Here we rested until our baggage came up, sheltering ourselves under the arches from the burning rays of the sun. Pursuing our route, the scene soon changed, and the road continued to run through extensive gardens of the olive and pomegranate, and was bordered with magazines for corn, excavated in the earth, and lined with hard plaster, like the interior of a gigantic oval jar. We at length came in sight of the walls of Morocco, around which the plain appears very uneven from the numerous mines from which saltpetre is dug. It is difficult to imagine, and still more so to describe, the scene which presented itself to us upon passing the arched gate of the town, built of red sand-stone, and carved and painted in the Arabesque. The crowds of wild handsome countenances; the muscular forms of the half-naked mountaineers, as they pressed forward with eager curiosity to gaze at the Nazarenes; the astonishment depicted on some countenances, the scorn or indifference on others; the listless apathy of the well-dressed sitters; and the crafty look of the tawny Arab; were objects that conspired to render the whole a most amusing study. It was with considerable difficulty that the crowd could be kept off; for their curiosity was so great that they risked the severest blows to obtain the pleasure of touching our clothes, and more particularly our arms, which seemed to excite their utmost cupidity. Half choked with dust, and parched with a sun that made us wonder how the human frame could endure it, we continued to thread the streets, attended by a mob. We passed the execution ground, where we saw three headsmen seated beneath little wigwams, reposing in the heat of the day, like blood-hounds tired of inaction, and longing for their prey; and, after traversing extensive wastes, covered with ruins, and intersected with mud walls, we arrived at the grand mosque, a fine specimen of the ancient Moorish style. Here we again entered the habitable part of the town, the houses of which are generally low and small, and the streets so choked up with an accumulation of filth, that in many places the floors of the houses are some feet below the street, and the inmates are obliged rather to crawl than walk into what more resembles a burrow than a house. After about four-miles' journey-

ing through this enormous, half-ruined city, we descried the green-tiled * roofs of the royal abode, amidst the extensive walled gardens of the dark olive and the orange; and, suddenly entering a spacious walled square court-yard, we found ourselves in the precincts of the sultan's harem. Scattered over the square were numbers of blue-striped bell-tents, beneath whose shade were sleeping or dozing in Moorish apathy the sultan's guards, while their patient horses stood fetlocked to a rope around the tents, exposed to the burning rays of the sun. The heat had now become so insufferable from the scorching of the sirocco wind, that existence actually became burthensome, and with great pleasure did we at last alight under a lofty gateway, or guard-house. Here we stretched ourselves on the earthen floor, and tried to quench our thirst by repeated draughts of cold water, and slices of water melon; but these had no sooner passed the throat, than the mouth again became as dry as parchment, and the moistless tongue rattled as it essayed to speak. Never shall I forget what I suffered this evening, as we lay stretched on the ground, cursing the odious servility of the court, which prevented the ministers from disturbing the sultan to announce our arrival. The fact was, that we had arrived at an unlucky hour; it being his custom to retire from public business at ten o'clock, and solace himself in the society of his women until the hour of four, no one being allowed to enter the harem during those hours. Thus no one dared approach his highness to apprise him of our arrival; and, preparations not having been made for our reception, no one knew to what house we were to be taken. All affairs, of whatever importance they may be, are at a stand-still during these hours of royal retirement, during which we continued to drink cold water and execrate despotism, and in this manner contrived to pass away five or six of the most painful hours of our lives. At last, the long soft tones of the crier's voice from the tower of the royal mosque announced the hour of evening prayer, which the sultan regularly attends, when he leaves the women's apartments, and afterwards transacts public business."

We subjoin a sketch of the population of the kingdom.—"The inha-

* Green tiles are a royal prerogative."

bitants may be comprised in five different classes,—the Moors or white Mahometans, the Half-Castes, the Jews, the Arabs, and the Negroes. The white Moors and the Half-Castes (their children from black slaves) are an indolent race, entirely abandoned to the sensual pleasures of the harem.

"The Moors are decidedly a very handsome and finely-proportioned people. With height of figure they possess small-boned limbs, and delicately-shaped hands and feet. As a proof of the former, I have examined numbers of their sword-hands, which weapons, being made in a particular manner to fit the hands, are very much too small for the admission of an English fist; yet, like the blood-horse, fineness of make does not stamp them as devoid of strength.

"The Half-Castes, or the offspring of the black concubines, are a hardier race of men than the white Moors, and much more numerous. Their color is a clear bronze, and to this they often join the bold prominent outline of the eastern features of their fathers.

"The Jews, I should imagine, form at least the third part of the population of the towns in this country. The successive sultans have found it their interest to protect the lives and property of Israel's fated race, and to encourage their desire for trade, by which policy they are enabled by more means than fair taxation to raise large sums of money upon an emergency; but with the cunning of a rat-catcher (who never destroys his own trade), they take care not to disable their victims by these repeated *loans*, as they are called. A very little, indeed, suffices to set a Jew up again in business, so persevering is his pursuit of that wealth which he knows but conduces in the

end to purchase him the bastinado. In all the towns of the kingdom, except Tangier, the Jews are allotted a separate quarter from the Moors, at the gate of which a caid is placed, with authority to prevent the entrance of their Moorish brethren, and at night the gate is closed, and the keys taken to the house of the governor.

"It is impossible to find a finer race of men, or a more angelic one of females, than are these people. The Jewish male children are in their infancy beautiful; but it astonishes a stranger not a little, that, when he is surrounded by what might pass for angels and cherubim, he looks in vain for a handsome face amongst the grown-up males. This I attribute to the constant debasement of their minds, in which the thoughts of servility, avarice, deceit, and the meanest subtlety, are daily gaining the ascendancy over the more radiant virtues of nature, visible in the jocund open countenance of extreme youth. The Jewish boy has hardly turned his seventh year, when he is taken in hand by the elder brethren, and taught 'to make the worse appear the better bargain.'"

The present sultan is less ferocious and inhuman than many of his predecessors were, and some good traits appear in his character. He has, at least, one idea of the duty of a monarch. When it was intimated to him by Dr. Brown, that his disorder rendered exercise on horseback dangerous to him, he declared that he must ride in the midst of his subjects, or he could not completely act as a sovereign. We are sorry to find that this prince was not cured of his disorder by European skill. His son and heir, however, having only the *Scotch fiddle*, was soon restored to health.

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE.

AWAKE, awake, my Mary dear,
If grief like thine can sleep!
Thy own, thy faithful William's here
And thou no more shalt weep.

Love bids me hither darkling come
To set the pris'ner free;
Love bids thee fly this hated dome
For liberty and me.

The night is still, each little star
Approving shines, and soon
O'er yon dark eastern hill afar
Will rise the friendly moon.

Fear not thy cruel brother's power ;
Deep slumber seals his eyes,
And, long ere morning's blushing hour,
This arm his rage defies."

The well-known voice she quickly hears,
That sweetly breaks her rest,
And, trembling with unwonted fears,
Soon sinks upon his breast.

Swiftly her spirit re-assumes
Its native lightsome play ;
Then, stealing through the midnight glooms,
I saw them haste away.

Again, far o'er the moonlight hill,
I faintly saw them move,
Urging with step unwearied still
Their pilgrimage of love :

And, "Oh ! be blest," I fondly sigh'd,
"Dear rovers of the night,
And evil still the wretch betide
Who stays thy tender flight!"

THE LOVER'S LAMENT,

by Mrs. Wilson.

My first love !—my first love !
I saw thee in thy grave ;
And all my cherish'd hopes dissolv'd,
Like snow upon the wave ;
I heard the solemn requiem float,
Upon thy fun'ral day ;
Mem'ry recalls each plaintive note,
Though years have pass'd away !

My first love !—my first love !
I kiss'd thee in thy shroud,
When darkly fell November's gloom,
And winds were shrieking loud ;
When all seem'd chill, as this sad heart,
And those cold lips I press'd ;
And Sorrow reign'd in ev'ry part,
A deep—and settled guest !

My first love !—my first love !
Fond mem'ry clings to thee,
Though other links again fill up
My chain of destiny.

Fancy yet lingers, as at first,
 On each remember'd grace ;
 The idol, my young spirit nurs'd,
 Still, still, I brightly trace !

My first love !—my first love !
 I never can forget
 All that thou wast, or would'st have been,
 Hadst thou been spar'd me yet !
 Fancy, who weaves her brightest dream
 Through sorrow's veiling tears,
 Oft pictures what thou *now* would'st seem,
 In added grace and years.

My first love !—my first love !
 I know 'tis vain to mourn
 O'er early hopes, long past away,
 That never can return ;
 And thus, when smiling friends are met,
 My brow throws off its care ;
 But in this heart I hold thee yet,
 And pay my worship there !

My first love !—my first love !
 Thy mem'ry is a light,
 'Burning, like that on Erin's shrine,
 In me, for ever bright ;
 Time, that doth make most feelings bend,
 Yielding to his decree,
 Cannot from its fond shelter rend
 One cherish'd thought of thee !

CHANT OVER THE BODY OF A MURDERED MAN,

by Sir Walter Scott.

VIEWLESS Essence, thin and bare,
 Well nigh melted into air !
 Still with fondness hov'ring near
 The earthly form thou once didst wear ;

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
 Be thy course to left or right ;
 Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
 Pause upon the awful brink.

To avenge the deed expelling
 Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
 Mystic force thou shalt retain
 O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

When the form thou shalt espy
 That darken'd on thy closing eye—
 When the footstep thou shalt hear
 That thrill'd upon thy dying ear,—

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
 The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
 The wounds renew their clotted flood,
 And every drop cry "Blood for blood!"

THE SICILIAN CAPTIVE,

by Mrs. Hemans.

THE champions had come from their fields of war,
 Over the crests of the billows far:
 They had brought back the spoils of a hundred shores,
 Where the deep had foam'd to their flashing oars.

They sat at their feast round the Norse king's board;
 By the glare of the torch-light the mead was pour'd;
 The hearth was heap'd with the pine-boughs high,
 And it flung a red radiance on shields thrown by.

The Scalds had chanted, in Runic rhyme,
 Their songs of the sword and the olden time,
 And a solemn thrill, as the harp-chords rung,
 Had breath'd from the walls where the bright spears hung.

But the swell was gone from the quivering string;
 They had summon'd a softer voice to sing,
 And a captive girl, at the warrior's call,
 Stood forth in the midst of that frowning hall.

Lonely she stood; in her mournful eyes
 Lay the clear midnight of southern skies,
 And the drooping fringe of their lashes low
 Half veil'd a depth of unfathom'd woe.

Stately she stood, tho' her fragile frame
 Seem'd struck with the blight of some inward flame;
 And her proud pale brow had a shade of scorn,
 Under the waves of her dark hair worn.

And a deep flush pass'd, like a crimson haze,
 O'er her marble cheek by the pine-fire's blaze;
 No soft hue caught from the south-wind's breath,
 But a token of fever, at strife with death.

She had been torn from her home away,
 With her long locks crown'd for her bridal day,
 And brought to die of the burning dreams
 That haunt the exile by foreign streams.

They bade her sing of her distant land:
 She held its lyre with a trembling hand,
 Till the spirit its blue skies had given her, woke,
 And the stream of her voice into music broke.

Faint was the strain, in its first wild flow,
 Troubled its murmur, and sad, and low;
 But it swell'd into deeper power ere long,
 As the breeze that swept over her soul grew strong.

TO THE SWALLOW.

THOU know'st not stern Winter, blithe bird of the air,
 But comest to bless us with all the bright flow'rs ;
 The snow-storm thou shunnest, and never lost share
 The gloom or the grief of dark desolate hours.

And much do I love to behold thy swift flight,
 When Summer has given us warmth with her gleam,
 Now sailing aloft in the glories of light,
 Now dipping thy wing in the wandering stream.

Oh! Swallow, thy destiny seems to be kind ;
 For, when Autumn shall strew upon earth the brown leaves,
 Thou quittest the land where no warmth thou canst find,
 And soarest where Summer her bowers still weaves :

While man must remain where his lot may be cast,
 Or in Afric's hot clime, or in Greenland's dark night,
 Still thou rovest free on the Summer's light blast,
 And flappest thy wings in one round of delight.

J. M. LACEY.

SEVEN YEARS OF THE KING'S THEATRE ;
by John Ebers, late Manager. 1828.

To undertake the superintendence of an important concern which had long been mismanaged, was a bold attempt on the part of a bookseller, who had no experience in the conduct of theatrical affairs ; and he suffered severely by his enterprising spirit ; for so serious were the encumbrances of the establishment, and so great were the outstanding claims, that, even with more liberal encouragement than he actually received from the public, his losses would have been enormous ; and, after all his zealous endeavours for their diminution, they exceeded 44,000 pounds. He has been lately gratified with a benefit at the theatre ; but that could only be a partial relief. The present literary attempt will, we hope, be productive of considerable profit ; and, indeed, he deserves remuneration for amusing the public both as a manager and an author.

It is not necessary that we should follow Mr. Ebers through his long narrations of his arrangements with singers and dancers, his embassies to Naples and to Paris, his correspondence with lord Fife and lord Bruce, his manifold vexations from pretended colds and alleged hoarseness ; and, above all, the doleful particulars of his falling receipts and his rising rent. His philosophy triumphed over all these troubles. See

how calmly he takes unavoidable evils : —“ Could the situation of manager (he says) be divested of the cares and difficulties inherent in it, it would not be devoid of pleasure, in mingling with characters strongly marked, and often highly interesting. But, as it is impossible to reconcile inconsistencies, he who embarks on the sea of management must be content to enjoy such rare moments of calm and sunshine as mingle with the storms to which he is exposed. For myself, I have rarely failed, even when most surrounded with difficulties, to make the most of the pleasant pieces into which my path has occasionally led, and have found in management, as in the universal business of life, that the best guardian against calamity is a disposition to be happy when in my power, and quietly to acquiesce when misfortune is inevitable.”

The troubles of a manager are partly exemplified in the account of a *rehearsal*. —“ This word summons up, to all practically acquainted with its meaning, a scene beyond description. If the performances of a theatre are intended to represent the truth of human nature, a rehearsal is the living reality, — the scene where the veil is rent in twain, and all the turmoil laid open to the view, which can be produced by the undisguised operations of vanity, self-love, and jealousy. The fabled crowds who petitioned Heaven to allot their parts in

life otherwise than Fate had cast them, are but a type of the inmates of a theatre behind the scenes, when contending for prominent characters in an opera. Perhaps with the very first performers there is not much of this, as they are right to the principal parts cannot be disputed. But dire is the struggle among all below. A part rather better than another is an apple of contention, which, to manager, director, and conductor, proves a most bitter fruit. As every person likes to have that character which may best serve, not the general effect of the piece or the interests of the theatre, but his or her own object in making the greatest display possible, and as non-concession is the permanent rule of the place, the opera is placed in the pleasing predicament of being able neither to get one way nor the other. The *prima donna*, whose part is settled, attends the rehearsal, and the *seconda*, being displeased with her own station in the piece, will not go on; and the first lady, indignant at being detained to no purpose, goes away, and the business is over for the day. If the manager is positive, the lady falls ill. Biagioli, being refused a part she wanted in 'Elisa e Claudio,' took to her bed for two days, in consequence (as she said) of being so afflicted by my decision. The refusal to proceed is the more effectual engine, because it puts all the rest of the company out of humour at their time being occupied needlessly; all complain, and a dialogue goes on, in which every body talks at once; and probably three different languages, at least, being simultaneously employed by different speakers, the result may be conceivable, but not expressible. The *signori* protest, the *signore* exclaim; the choruses are wonderfully in concert in their lamentations; the director commands, in-treats, stamps, and swears, with equal success; and, in the midst of the Babel, the gentlemen of the orchestra, who wish all the singers at the devil, endeavour to get over the business of the day by playing on without the vocal music. The leader of the orchestra, finding all ineffectual, puts on his hat, and walks away, followed by violins, basses, trombones, and kettle-drums, *en masse*, and the scene at length concludes as it may, the manager, composer, and director, being left to calculate together on the progress of business."

Mr. Ebers appears to be a tasteful

judge of personal beauty, as well as of singing and acting. Of Ronzi de Begnis he seems to be a fervent admirer.— "Who (he exclaims) does not know her as the model of voluptuous beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came on the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, or trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration; one look fixed. Her personal perfection took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling, the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated; either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a little more slender, would have been perfect; perhaps it was not less pleasing because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, penciled when she sang with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted no parallel; it was rich and full—ineffectual terms to convey an idea of its beauty. But to be thought of justly she must be seen."

To the wife of Rossini he assigns great professional merit, but not without a deficiency in an important respect.— "This lady had for many years been one of the most celebrated performers on the continent. By birth she was a Spaniard, and had almost become an Italian by adoption. She was herself a composer, and well versed in her science. Early in life she had acquired considerable reputation; a voice of a most charming quality and compass had united with superior personal en-

lowments to give *éclat* to her performances. She was a wonderful favorite with the king of Naples. Her name was a party word, and the royalists howed their attachment to the monarchy by applauding the singer. A gentleman from the country went to the theatre with a friend, a Neapolitan. On coming away, the Englishman asked his friend whether he liked Madame Colbran. 'Like her! I am a royalist,' was the reply. When the revolutionists succeeded, they vented all their spleen against Colbran. Her appearance was the signal of uproar. A vehement member of the party labored a whole evening in showing his disapprobation, exclaiming at every pause, which the violence of his exertions compelled him to make, "It is our turn now—now we can hiss!" The constitutionalists were suppressed, and Colbran regained her station.

"Her figure was stately and commanding, fit for the representation of queens and heroines. In such characters her powers chiefly appeared, but in the pathetic she was deficient. Much of her power she retained on her visit here; but it was said, by those who had before been familiar with her singing, that lapse of years (for she was now forty) had perceptibly influenced the tone and scale of her voice. There was something in the tone of her voice of more powerful effect than I remember to have heard in any other, and her taste was perfect. It was when enamoured of Madame Colbran that Rossini composed many of his best operas, the first soprano part of each being written for her."

Beside doing justice to the excellence of Camporese as an actress and a singer, he extols the goodness of her heart, and relates this anecdote of her.—"An intimate acquaintance waited on her one morning to make a request. In the Hospital for the Insane at Milan, a man was confined, literally, *fanatico per musica*; he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera, in which the labour of the composer was greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate man had by some accident heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city, and immediately conceived a very strong wish to hear her sing. For a while his representations passed unnoticed; he grew ungovernable, and was obliged to be fastened to his bed. In this state,

Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was dressing for an evening party, when this representation was made to her. She paused a moment on hearing it; then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, 'Come then.'—'Whither?'—'To the hospital.'—'But why? there is no occasion to go now—to-morrow, or the next day.'—'To-morrow—no, indeed, if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly.' And they went. Being shown into a room, separated from that of the maniac only by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed; at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered, sat down, and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under the bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, and there was nothing in the music; but Camporese running it over sang it to some words of Metastasio, with such sweetness, that the music seemed excellent. 'Sing it me once more,' said the maniac. She did so, and departed amidst his prayers and the tears of the spectators."

Pasta, whose fame is now so high, was in no great estimation during the earlier part of her career.—"Her progress affords a prominent instance of the effects of study and sedulous cultivation. On her first appearance at the King's Theatre, in 1817, little was thought of her talents, and, if not condemned, she was neglected, and suffered to depart at the end of the season without having experienced encouragement. On most performers this negative failure would have operated to extinguish the latent flame of genius and capability. Pasta withdrew, and, retiring to Italy, devoted herself unremittingly to the study of her science, and the improvement of her voice. Her genius is undoubtedly *real*, for she must have felt it; nothing but the full consciousness of what she might become could have strengthened her to the endurance of the cold disregard with which her commencement had been encountered.

"Whilst in Italy, an English nobleman who saw her there said, that her exertions were unremitting; 'Other singers,' he said, 'find themselves endowed with a voice, and leave every thing else to chance; this woman leaves

nothing to chance, and her success is therefore certain.'

"After a lapse of four years thus employed, she made her appearance in France, and the Parisians at once felt and acknowledged her worth; though it was perhaps hardly to have been expected that her severe and inartificial representation would have found favour in the eyes of a people so devoted to an arbitrary style of acting and expression."

A star of the last season (Mademoiselle Sontag) seems to have fascinated Mr. Ebers; but it is absurd to confound *admiration* with *worship*. When Dr. Robertson said that he was almost ready to worship Dr. Johnson, Boswell properly animadverted on the impropriety of the declaration.—"Where-ever Sontag went, the estimation of her beauty and her talent was the same. The sentiment excited toward her in the earlier part of her career was that of astonishment, which was succeeded by unbounded admiration. A crowd of worshipers attended her footsteps, and many were the romantic tales in circulation about her. One of these denoted her as the destined bride of a German prince; another bestowed her on an ambassador at the French court. A report of more interest was retailed to me: its purport is as follows—A few years ago, an attachment subsisted between the beautiful Henriette and a young student of good family and excellent character. His application, learning, and abilities, had gained him the highest estimation at Jena; but his mistress valued him more because he had maintained an unsullied reputation, keeping free from the excesses in which other youths of the university too frequently indulged. In an evil hour, under the excitement proceeding from having obtained some academic honor, the student was induced to indulge beyond his wont in the festivals of the table; and, as one temptation, yielded to, levels the path for another, he was led to play: unaccustomed to games, he rose from the table a loser of five hundred florins. The report quickly spread; but his mistress received the information from a better source—the lover himself wrote to her, with the confession of his error.—'I still love you,' was the reply; 'but you are no longer the same, and we must not meet again. Farewell.'

"An Italian gentleman at Paris, the

firmest item of whose creed was that none but Italians could sing well, refused to admit that Sontag (whom he had never heard) could at all equal the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he was induced to hear her. After listening five minutes, he rose to depart. 'But do stay,' said his friend; 'you will be convinced presently.'—'I know it,' said the Italian, 'and therefore I go.'"

When we are viewing the galaxy of vocalism, Signor Velluti ought not to be neglected.—"At Milan, he was the idol of the people; he was received *con furore*, and his fame spread on every side. A Milanese gentleman, who had a rich uncle dangerously ill, was met in the street by a friend, who asked, 'Where are you going?'—'To the Scala, to be sure.'—'How? Your uncle is at the point of death.'—'Yes, but Velluti sings to-night.'

"At Vienna he was still more flattered; he was crowned, medalled, and recorded in immortal verse. His next remove was to Venice, where, I believe, he sang with Catalani. He sang at Verona the cantata, *Il vero Oraggio*, with wonderful success. Every body applauded except an old Austrian officer, who thought nothing good out of Germany. 'But is not this good?' they said to him. 'Yes, it is good—but I know a man at Vienna who would sing it as loud again!' After going the tour of the principal Italian and German theatres, Velluti arrived at Paris, where the musical taste was not prepared for him. Rossini being at that time engaged at Paris as a director of the opera, Velluti did not enter into his plans; and, having made no engagement there, he came over to England without any invitation, but strongly recommended by Lord Burghersh and other persons of distinction."

The broad humor of Ambrogetti, and his occasional depression of spirits, are properly compared with the ludicrous pleasantry and casual hypochondriacism of Liston.—"Ambrogetti is a remarkable illustration of an observation that has ceased to appear paradoxical, that the liveliest men in public are those whose private hours are the saddest and most desponding. With an overwhelming humor, the outgushing of which never failed in its effects on others, he was the most wretched of men, a prey to the horrors of hypochondria. Suc-

essful, and a favorite, he abandoned his stage, and returned to Italy, where it was reported, but incorrectly, that he had retired to the seclusion of a monastic life. A kindred disposition distinguishes a performer yet on the stage of another theatre, who awakens laughter with a look at night, and saunts the streets in the day-time, with his hands in his pockets, and a countenance as lugubrious as the death's-head memento of an Egyptian festival."

THE BRIDE.

a Drama, by Joanna Baillie.

WE were apprehensive that this ingenious lady had been obliged by the advances of age and infirmity to desist from writing, as the wings of genius are necessarily clipped by the hand of Time, and the faculties impaired. But we perceive little of this effect in the dramatic piece which now demands our notice; and, even if it had more blemishes than we find in it, the motive for the composition would atone for its imperfections.—"I heard (says the authoress) with the most sensible pleasure, some months ago, of the intended translation of my drama, called the Martyr, into the Cingalese language, as a work which might have some good effects upon a people of strong passions, emerging from a state of comparative barbarism, and whose most effectual mode of receiving instruction is frequently that of dramatic representation, according to the fashion of their country. A gentleman, to whom Ceylon owes the great benefits conferred on a people by the pure and enlightened administration of justice, and to whose strenuous exertions they are also indebted for the valuable institution of a trial by native juries, entertained this opinion of the drama in question, and afterwards did me the farther honor to suppose that I might write something of the kind, more peculiarly appropriate to the circumstances of that island, which would naturally have a stronger moral effect on the minds of its inhabitants. Pleased to be made, in the humblest degree, an instrument for their good, I most readily promised to endeavour at least to do so; and when they read this piece, or when it is brought before them in representation, they will regard it as a proof that

their former judge and friend, though now absent and far separated from them, still continues to take a deep interest in their welfare. So considered, it will not fail to make an impression on their minds to which its own power or merit would be altogether unequal. But should the individual effects of this drama be ever so inconsiderable, the profits arising from its publication in England may be the means of procuring translations into the Cingalese language of more able and useful works, and make, as it were, a first, though a low, step to an invigorating moral eminence. In these days, when many excellent men are striving, at the expense of health and ease, and all that is valued by the world, to spread the light of Christianity in the East; when the lamented bishop Heber, with the disinterested devotion of an apostle, joined to the mildness, liberality, ability, courteousness, and good sense, which promote and grace every laudable undertaking, has proved himself to be the genuine and noble follower of his blessed Master,—who will not be willing to lend some aid and encouragement to so excellent a purpose? I hope, and strongly hope, that good will be derived, even from such a feeble effort as the present, and that the time will come when the different races of the East will consider every human creature as a brother, while Englishmen, under whose rule or protection they may live, will condemn that policy which founds its security upon ignorance. All past experience is unfavorable to the unmanly and ungenerous maxim; and in the present time, when perfect undisturbed ignorance cannot be obtained, the preservation of it in a middle state, to take no higher view of the subject, will be found to be a very precarious method of governing. But do I not wrong my countrymen, connected with the East, in supposing that the great proportion of them do entertain such narrow views? Of this, at least, I am thoroughly persuaded, that, if such a supposition does not wrong them at present, it will do so grievously some years hence; for the ignorance I speak of is that which stands opposed to the useful simple learning which promotes industry and charity. Of those superfluous fantastical acquirements which the overstrained refinement of modern education seems anxious to extend to

the lower classes of society, I do not speak."

The moral inculcated in this drama is the forgiveness of injuries, not only on the grounds of social duty, but also on Christian principles. Rasinga, the ruler of a part of Ceylon, hitherto a monogamist, resolves on a second marriage, to the great disgust of his present wife Artina, and of her brother Samarkoon, who also happens to be in love with the destined bride. This chieftain carries her off, inspired by love and sympathy for his sister, from the guards who are conducting her to Rasinga. The enraged prince soon rescues her, condemns Samarkoon to death, and afterwards

Artina, for endeavouring to procure his escape, and for some time resists all the prayers and exhortations to mercy of Juan de Creda, a Spanish medical missionary; but, being at length mollified by the heroism of his little son, Samar, who insists on dying with his mother, he forgives Artina and her brother, to whom he resigns the bride, thus nobly renouncing that vindictive spirit which is notoriously prevalent among the Cingalese.

The report of Rasinga's matrimonial intention is at first discredited by Samarkoon; but his fears soon prevail over his hopes. He exclaims,

"A bride!

It cannot be!—Tho' her unveiled face . . .
Was of surprising beauty—O how lovely!
Yet he bestow'd on her but frigid praise,
And still continued to repress my ardour,
Whene'er I spoke of the fair mountain ma'd,
With silent stern reserve.—Is this like love?
It is not natural.

Ah! but it is;

It is too natural,—deep subtle nature.
How was my idiot soul so far beguiled
That I ne'er thought of this?

Yes, yes, he loves her!

Loves her whom I so well, so dearly love,
That every female image but her own
Is from my heart effaced, like curling mists
That, rising from the vale, cling for a while
To the tall cliff's brown breast, till the warm sun
Dissolves them utterly.—'Tis so; even she
Whom I have thought of, dream'd of, talk'd of—ay,
And talk'd to, though in absence, as a thing
Present and conscious of my words, and living,
Like the pure air around me, every where.

(after a pause.)

And he must have this creature of perfection!
It shall not be, whatever else may be!
As there is blood and manhood in this body,
It shall not be!

And thou, my gentle sister,
Must thy long course of wedded love and honour
Come to such end?—Thy noble heart will break,
When love and friendly confidence are fled.
Thou art not form'd to sit within thy bower
Like a dress'd idol in its carv'd alcove,
A thing of silk and gems and cold repose:
Thy keen but gen'rous nature—Shall it be?
I'll sooner to the trampling elephant
Lay down this mortal frame, than see thee wrong'd."

The scene in which Artina remonstrates with her husband is by no means uninteresting.

Rasinga. "Here, take this seat, Artina.

Artina.

No, my lord;

I come not here to sit; I come to kneel,
As now becoms a scorn'd forsaken wife,
Who pleads with strong affection for her children;

Who pleads in painful memory of love
Which thou for many years hast lavish'd on her,
Till, in the gladness of a foolish heart,
She did believe that she was worthy of it.

Rasinga. Yes, dear Artina, thou wert worthy of it;
Thou wert and art, and shalt be loved and honour'd
While there is life within Rasinga's bosom.
Why didst thou think it could be otherwise,
Although another mate within my house
May take her place to be with thee associated,
As younger sister with an elder-born?
Such union is in many houses found.

Artina. I have no skill in words, no power to reason:
How others live I little care to know;
But this I feel, there is no life for me,
No love, no honour, if thy alter'd heart
Hath put me from it for another mate.
Oh, woe is me! these children on thy knees
That were so oft caress'd, so dearly cherish'd,
Must then divide thy love with younger favourites.
Of younger mother born? Alas! alas!
Small will the portion be that falls to them.

Rasinga. Nay, say not so, Artina; say not so.

Artina. I know it well. Thou thinkest now, belike,
That thou wilt love them still; but ah! too soon
They'll be as things who do but haunt thy house,
Lacking another home, uncheer'd, uncared for.
And who will heed their wants, will soothe their sorrow,
When their poor mother moulders in the grave,
And her vex'd spirit, in some other form,
Is on its way to gain the dreamless sleep?
Kneel, Samar, kneel! thy father lov'd thee first,
In our first happy days.—Wilt thou not, boy?
Why dost thou stand so sullen and so still?

Samar. He loves us not.

Artina. Nay, nay, but he will love us.
Down on thy knees! up with thy clasped hands!
Rasinga. O *Rasinga*! did I think
So to implore thy pity, and in vain?

[Sinks on the ground, exhausted with agitation.]

Rasinga. (raising her gently in his arms.)

Dearest Artina! still most dear to me;
Thy passionate affections waste thy strength;
Let me support thee to another chamber,
More fitting for retirement and for rest.
Come also, children.—Come, my little playmates!

Samar. We're not thy playmates now.

Rasinga.

What dost thou say?

Samar. Thou dost not speak and smile and sport with us.
As thou wert wont: we're not thy playmates now.

Rasinga. Thou art a fearless knave to tell me so."

A more striking scene is that in which Samar's filial love prompts him to offer himself a willing victim; but, for this and other beauties, we refer our readers to the drama itself. Few, we trust, will blame us for the recommendation.

GUESSES AT TRUTH, by two Brothers.

To seek truth, is the proper object of that mental superiority which we enjoy over the brute creation, and we ought to be indefatigable in this meritorious

pursuit. Let us reflect coolly, and examine, without prejudice or prepossession, all the bearings of every case which occurs; and, by inviting the aid of wise friends and good authors, we shall do more than guess at many truths.

There are some things, indeed, which we can only see darkly;—at these we must be content to *guess*, until our minds are more enlightened; and who can despair of this desirable effect, when a metropolitan university is on the point of being opened, and a royal and orthodox college is on the eve of foundation?

We do not agree with the two brothers in all their remarks; but we will suffer them to speak for themselves:—we will, at least, give a few of their guesses.

“A mother should give her children a superfluity of enthusiasm, that, after they have lost all they will lose on mixing with the world, enough may still remain to prompt and support them through great actions. A cloak should be of three-pile, to keep its gloss in wear.

“The best criterion of an enlarged mind, next to the performance of great actions, is their comprehension.

“Fickleness is, in women of the world, the fault most likely to result from their situation in society. The weaknesses which they know are the most severely condemned, and the good qualities which they feel to be most highly valued, in the female character, by our sex as well as their own, have alike a tendency to render them generally obliging, to the exclusion, so far as nature will permit, of strong and durable, unmixed, uncoun tenanced attachment to individuals. Well! we deserve no better of them. And, after all, the flame is only smothered by society, not extinguished: give it free ventilation, and it will blaze.

“Poetry is to philosophy what the Sabbath is to the rest of the week.

“It is well for us that we are born babes in intellect. Could we understand and reflect upon one half of what most mothers at that time say and do to us, we should draw conclusions in favour of our own importance which would render us insupportable for years.—Happy the boy whose mother is tired of talking nonsense to him before he is old enough to know the sense of it!

“Since the generality of persons act from impulse, and not from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to imagine them.

“Beauty is perfection unmodified by a predominating expression.

“The progress of knowledge is slow,

like the march of the sun. We cannot see him moving, but after a time we may perceive that he has moved onward.

“Too much is seldom enough. Pumping after your bucket runs over prevents its keeping full.

“The mind is like a trunk: if well packed, it holds almost every thing; if ill packed, next to nothing.

“We hurry through life fearful, as it would seem, of looking back, lest we should be turned, like Lot's wife, into pillars of salt. And, alas! if we did look back, very often we should see nothing but the blackened and smouldering ruins of our vices, the smoking Sodom and Gomorrah of the heart.

“Many persons seem to keep their hearts in their eyes: you come into both together, and so you go out of them.

“The history of philosophy is the history of a game at cat's cradle. One theory is taken off; and then the taker off holds out a second to you, of the same thread, and very like the first, although not quite the same. According to the skill of the players, the game lasts through more or fewer changes: but mostly the string at length gets entangled, and you must begin afresh, or give over; or at best the cat's cradle comes back again, and you have never a [no] cat to put into it.

“Men harm others by their deeds, themselves by their thoughts.

“Heliogabalus is said to have calculated the size of Rome from ten thousand pounds' weight of cobwebs amassed within it. The Reports of the Police and *Mendicity* [Anti-Mendicity] Committees have furnished us with similar materials for estimating the grandeur of our own metropolis. Only the dirt is moral.

“A man's errors render him amiable,” says Goethe, in the last number of his *Journal on Art*, that is, in his seventy-seventh year. I said one day to a girl of fourteen, “If you were but as good as your brother!” “Well!” she replied, with something of a bashful sullenness, “I don't care. You would not then be so fond of me.

“I love to gaze on a breaking wave. It is the only thing in nature which is most beautiful in the moment of its dissolution.

“Seeking is not always the way to find; or Altamira would have found a husband long ago.

“A great man commonly disappoints

those who visit him. They are on the look-out for his thundering and lightening, and he speaks about common things much like other people; sometimes he may even be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements: having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.

"The tower of Babel could never have been built in a mountainous country: nature there awes and defies rivalry.

"The worst thing of all is a new church. I love to say my prayers in a place where my fathers and forefathers have prayed. It may be idleness and vanity to think so; but God seems to be nearer in a building where he has long been more immediately present. There is an odour of sanctity breathing about an old church: the work stones are hallowed by the feet which have trodden, and the knees which have knelt on them: so much in it has been changed by time, that it is become more like a house not made with hands: no body now living can make any thing like it; its architect is forgotten—it is the work not of a man but of an age. A new church, on the contrary, was built by such a man, fitted up by such another: every thing about it is so neat and so modern; it is almost as smart as a theatre: there was no such thing five years ago, and what has been so short-lived can never seem to have any permanent reason for its existence, or indeed to have any thing permanent about it; and, instead of the odour of sanctity, one finds only the smell of paint. It has no atmosphere of prayer; it is not a treasure-house of the dead."

We do not see the force of these remarks on churches. That piety must be cold which requires an old church to warm it, or suffers so paltry a consideration as the smell of paint to overpower the odor of sanctity. The allusion, we must say, is ludicrously and indecorously profane.

A CURIOUS ILLUSTRATION OF THE CHARACTER OF MADAME DE STAEL, *by the duke of Rovigo.*

* WE do not think highly of the impartiality or veracity of M. Savary, the

adulator and panegyrist of Napoleon; but, in the present case, he does not appear to have gone far beyond the bounds of truth or of candor. With those brilliant abilities which rendered her a literary ornament of France, Madame de Stael entertained overweening ideas of her political consequence, and intermeddled in the discussion of public affairs with a zeal which was rather officious than prudent.

"Madame de Stael (says the duke) thought that she did well in sparing neither reproaches nor calumnies in her works; and yet, with a clear head, such as she possessed, she must have felt that resources of this kind are always feeble. However, she perhaps might be excusable, because, living far from the scene, the picture of which she wished to draw, its shadows might deceive her; and, in conformity with what she at that time declared, that "out of Paris she neither saw nor learned any thing," it may be thought that, wanting full light at this period, she could not better describe what she had not sufficient means of examining. All that she said on this subject was full of bitterness, which was provoked by severe measures adopted against her. It may, perhaps, too, have had its origin in an offended vanity, which wished to give celebrity to its vengeance. But reproaches which are founded on a false assertion can wound no one; they only injure those who so far forget themselves as to resort to such means of hostility.

"Madame de Stael did me the honor to select me exclusively for insult. I ought to have been grateful to her for the distinction which she so kindly bestowed on me; and I am only surprised that she did not perceive how much her preference was calculated to draw me forth from the obscurity with which she reproached me. However, mine was the least important of the cases in which her passion misled her judgement. If I liked revenge, I had an opportunity of taking it here; and in doing so I should have been more fortunate than Madame de Stael, who was obliged to have recourse to her imagination, whereas I only had to relate facts. Her strong mind sometimes forgot itself. Corinna had her weaknesses, and I have a good memory.

"I will only say a few words on her journey to the north, which, according to her account, was a flight from tyranny.

She once expressed a wish to go to America: no obstacle was thrown in her way. From that country she might have repaired to England, since, as she said, her only wish was to breathe a free atmosphere. However, she preferred going to Coppet. What tyranny had she to fear there? But she did not fly from the imperial tyranny: that was not what she dreaded most; and we could even have contrived to make its burthen very light to her. Human nature is so wicked and imperfect, that it seems to seek opportunities of avenging itself on every superiority which it is compelled to acknowledge. Now the superiority of this lady was indisputable, and therefore no occasion for being sarcastic at her expense was missed; of course scandal did not spare her weak side. In such a situation the best remedy is a journey; but a woman plays her part to perfection when she contrives to save appearances, and to take her revenge at the same time.

"Before going to Petersburg, she took upon herself the task of inducing Bernadotte to adopt the course wished by the emperor Alexander, who had at that time something else to do than to think of constitutions, as Madame de Stael would have us believe. She was the first link in the chain of the interview at Abo, where Bernadotte delivered himself up to Alexander; and she also started the idea of bringing Moreau from America. Such was the way in which she helped the restoration! Of this, however, she took good care not to say a word in her book. The reason of this may be easily conceived; she would have been obliged to sacrifice the eulogies she has there bestowed on an event that she did not foresee, and which was quite the reverse of the turn which she hoped to give to affairs. Truly such claims as hers to the restitution of the two millions of francs voted to her, in despite of the charter, which declares the sales of national property irrevocable, were, it must be confessed, entitled to particular attention. Surely the property of her father, M. Necker, was not more unjustly confiscated than was that of the poor Vendean peasants, who were buried in their own fields, which have since been disposed of according to the dictation of private interests; and M. Necker was one of the primary causes of all these public misfortunes. But his daughter certainly deserved a pre-

ference; and, if the moment for granting it was not the most favorable, she assuredly seized a very favorable one for asking it.

"Had Madame de Stael and I been acquainted, it would have been for the advantage of both. I am now aware of the kind of enemies who tormented her; they were rivals, who felt themselves mortified that she surpassed them in talent, or old political agitators, who, having renounced a trade which they found had become dangerous, were afraid of appearing to have the slightest intercourse with her.

"At the time when she solicited my protection, I was not powerful enough to tax myself with the burthen of her enemies in addition to my own. She could have brought me no strength except that which she derived from me, and I should have had to support her when I could scarcely stand alone. I must therefore have made a bad bargain. She thought me a novice whom she could manage as she liked, and was angry that I distrusted her. I am now convinced that her son was right when he told me that his mother was only in a fit of ill humor about the emperor, and that nothing would be easier than to make her throw herself at his feet, as she was at the bottom his sincere admirer. I did not believe this at the time, because there was a general cry raised against her, set up even by those whom she thought her friends.

"I now acknowledge that she was much less difficult to manage than many others. I am aware that it was she who brought about the peace between the republic and Sweden, solely that she might be able to remain in Paris, and establish herself amidst the wreck of good society.

She treated the emperor ill; but what she did never could hurt him, while she became the most unhappy woman in the world at finding herself despised by one whom she wished to serve. Another kind of conduct would have placed materials at her disposal which she might have easily rendered more available to her glory than the base calumnies to which she did not scruple to descend."

A MEMOIR OF THE REV. WILLIAM COXE.

WHEN moral integrity and private worth are combined with the learning of a scholar and the talent of a writer,

the union renders the character truly respectable. No one, we think, will deny the applicability of this panegyric to the late archdeacon of Wiltshire.

William Coxe, the son of an eminent physician, was born at London in 1748. He was sent, when very young, to Eton school, where his proficiency in classical learning was noticed by the different masters with high approbation. He afterwards studied at King's-College, Cambridge, and, in 1768, was chosen fellow of that society. He twice obtained the academical prize annually assigned to some bachelor of arts for the best Latin dissertation. Having fixed upon the clerical profession, he was ordained in 1771, and became curate of Denham. While he was thus employed, he received an invitation from the late duke of Marlborough, to whom he had been recommended by Jacob Bryant, to be tutor to the marquis of Blandford. In this situation he remained two years, but relinquished it from indisposition. In 1775 he accompanied the late earl of Pembroke, then lord Herbert, in a tour on the continent. During that journey, which embraced a considerable portion of Europe, his attention was particularly attracted by a country so interesting, and then comparatively so little known, as Switzerland. The result of his survey was his first publication, entitled *Sketches of the Natural, Civil, and Political State of Switzerland*, which appeared before his return to England. Being enlarged and improved by his farther researches during a second tour, it was reprinted under the title of *Travels in Switzerland and the Country of the Grisons*.

When Mr. Coxe was in Russia with lord Herbert, his inquiries were directed to the discoveries that had been made by the Russian navigators, in the seas which divide the two continents of Asia and America. On this point he collected much valuable information, and, in 1780, gave to the world his *Russian Discoveries*, containing not only a sketch of different voyages undertaken by the Russians, but also a brief narrative of the conquest of Siberia, and an account of the commercial intercourse between Russia and China. This work has since been much improved and augmented, so as to present a comparative statement of the progress of that branch of maritime discovery, to the time of captain Vancouver.

He now confined himself for some years to England, ably discharging the duties of a parish-priest, and at the same time prosecuting his literary researches. In 1784, appeared the grand result of his late tour, under the title of *Travels in Poland, Russia, Sweden, and Denmark*,—a copious and interesting work. It was scarcely completed, when Mr. Whitbread, the respectable and opulent brewer, committed his son to the superintending care of Mr. Coxe, in a general tour of Europe; and this esteemed divine also accompanied the younger Mr. Portman on his travels, and subsequently attended lord Brome in a similar tour.

In the course of his different travels, Mr. Coxe had made extensive collections for an historical and statistical account of Europe, and the work was even in a forward state; but the disturbed and uncertain state of public affairs induced him to relinquish the scheme. He then commenced the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole*, which he published with a selection of curious documents. In the autumn of 1798 he accompanied Sir Richard Colt Hoare in an excursion into Monmouthshire. The natural beauties and historical associations of that small but interesting county, appeared to him to furnish a fertile subject of description; and, having extended and corrected his first observations in subsequent journeys, he published the *Historical Tour in Monmouthshire*, illustrated with plates from his friend's drawings.

His best work, we think, is his *History of the House of Austria*, which he presented to the world in 1807. It considerably augmented his reputation, and procured him the honor of a visit from the arch-dukes John and Leopold of Austria, who were then on a tour through the western counties of England. These princes, in terms highly flattering to the author, not only bore ample testimony to the general truth and accuracy of the history, and to his impartial delineation of the characters of the respective princes of their family, but also expressed great surprise that he should have obtained possession of certain facts, given in that work to the public, which they conceived were known only to themselves.

His *Historical Memoirs of the Kings of Spain*, of the House of Bourbon, ought likewise to be mentioned with

approbation, as well as his Memoirs of John duke of Marlborough, principally drawn from the rich collection of papers preserved at Blenheim-house. While this work was in progress, he first experienced symptoms of that decay of sight, which terminated in total darkness;—as heavy a calamity in the catalogue of human infirmities, as could fall to the lot of a literary man. His spirits were, at first, greatly depressed by this heavy visitation; but his constitutional fortitude, and his religious feelings, were at length powerfully operative in reconciling him to his misfortune. As sight became weak, intellect, in proportion, became strong; and his memory, at all times good, was then remarkably tenacious, and he prosecuted, with the same unabated ardor and exactness, the work in which he was engaged, as before his loss of sight.

Some minor publications emanating from his pen are worthy of notice, because they evince an intelligent spirit of investigation, and exemplify that facility with which he could direct his mind to any object of inquiry. Among these we find sketches of the lives of Handel and Smith, of Correggio and Parmegiano, a vindication of the Celts (probably from the attacks of Pinkerton), and annotations on the fables of Gay.

"It must be mentioned with regret (says a writer in the Gentleman's Magazine), and it is a regret that was felt and confessed by no one more than by Mr. Coxe himself, that his historical and other publications surpassed considerably in numbers those on religion.—Nor did this proceed from inattention; for various, as we are informed, are the theological disquisitions, tracts, and sermons, that have been found scattered among his numerous manuscripts, and which seem to shew, that he was as indefatigable in his search for religious knowledge and truth, as for any other branch of literature, and that, if he permitted not these papers to meet the public eye, it arose from diffidence, or from the sensitive apprehension inseparable from an author, lest, by entering on a road distinct from that on which he usually traveled, he might rashly hazard a reputation already established. Of his character as a writer, the judgement rests with the public, though that judgement may be considered as partly

pronounced, by the honorable selection made in his favor, when a gold medal was presented to him by the Royal Society of Literature."

Mr. Coxe was of middle stature, erect in person, and even in his advanced age he seemed to have preserved the strength of earlier life, by the firmness of his step and the alertness of his motions. His countenance was the index of his mind, gentle and benevolent, and, when impressed by any sentiment or feeling more than usual, it beamed with benignity. He was social and friendly, and fond of female society; but the attractions of the sex did not prompt him to marry before he felt the approach of old age.

It might have been supposed that his merit, aided by his aristocratic connections, would have raised him to the episcopal bench, on which some prelates now sit who had little more to recommend them than the interest of noble friends; but his highest preferment was a canonry of Salisbury. With this, however, and two rectories, and the profits of his works, he had reason to be content.

THE DISGUISE.

"We have seen the newly-arrived lion, Mama!" exclaimed Isabella Trevannion, as she rushed half breathless into the drawing-room, followed more leisurely by her two sisters. "Really, Isabella," replied Mrs. Trevannion, "your manners are so very *gauche*, that I fear Mr. Arthur Mortimer will transfer that title to yourself. You are so heated by the violent pace you *will always* walk, that your face is more like a piony, than the delicate blush rose which a lady's cheek should resemble. Pray sit down till you have recovered from your unnecessary fatigue." Isabella reluctantly obeyed, and, after a short silence, Mrs. Trevannion's curiosity overcame the displeasure occasioned by the fear of her daughter having made an unfavorable appearance before the nephew and presumptive heir of their neighbour Mr. Mortimer, who, she had already decided, would be an eligible admirer for either of the sisters.

Mrs. Trevannion was a widow with two daughters, of whose beauty she was extremely proud. Jane was about se-

venteen years of age, Isabella two years younger; and, though the latter was not so regularly beautiful as her sister, the expressive vivacity of her countenance frequently gained her more admiration. Eleanor, Mr. Trevannion's daughter by a former marriage, had been treated with great kindness by her stepmother, and, having been only three years old when entrusted to her care, felt the most tender affection toward her and her sisters.

"Does Mr. Arthur Mortimer answer the expectations raised by the high praise bestowed upon him by his uncle?" enquired Mrs. Trevannion, turning over the leaves of a book with affected unconcern. "He is exceedingly handsome," exclaimed both Jane and Isabella.—"What is your opinion, Eleanor?" said Mrs. Trevannion.—"I immediately recognised," said Eleanor, "the pleasing smile of our old play-fellow, though young Mr. Mortimer is much improved in person since we parted eight years ago. His manners are apparently as unaffected as if he had never left Eversfield to see the world." A blush tinged her cheek as she spoke, which did not escape the observant eye of Mrs. Trevannion, who hoped that his remembrance of former days might be as vivid as those of his companion.—"You may form your own opinion to-morrow, Mama," said Isabella; "for Mr. Mortimer said, that Arthur's first visit should be to you."

Mrs. Trevannion expressed her pleasure at the promise of so early an introduction, and, thus far, all angured favorably for her plan. Eversfield afforded few young men who could be expected to rival Arthur; but it was at least problematical, whether he had brought a disengaged heart to bestow. The morrow brought the promised visit from Mr. Mortimer and his nephew. Mrs. Trevannion found the youth of seventeen changed to a handsome man of five and twenty, pleasing in his manners, and, to her great satisfaction, the reminiscences of his boyish days appeared to be cherished with delight. He claimed the privilege of old acquaintance, and treated the ladies as his familiar friends. She saw, or fancied she saw, a difference in his manner when he addressed Eleanor, which did not displease her. She really loved her stepdaughter, and wished to see her advan-

tageously settled. She had no doubt that the beauty of Jane would ensure many splendid offers, and Isabella was too young to render her marriage at present desirable.

While the families of Trevannion and Mortimer were amused with the interchange of visits, Mr. Blaquiere, who had acquired a fortune in India, arrived with a train of servants, and took possession of a handsome mansion, situated near Silverbourne, where Mrs. Trevannion resided. As there was no gentleman at her house to fulfil the etiquette of calling upon him, it was agreed that he should be introduced to her family at Eversfield-hall, the seat of Mr. Mortimer. As the distance to the hall was only a mile, Mrs. Trevannion and her daughters were prepared for walking, when Arthur entered the room, and introduced himself by saying, he concluded they might require an escort in their walk through the park. The widow thanked him for his attention, and felt even more pleasure than she expressed. His arm was offered to Eleanor, and he was scarcely more anxious to secure a *tête-à-tête*, than Mrs. Trevannion to prevent his being interrupted.—"My dear Jane," said she, "give me your arm, and, Isabella, I must also have your support." Arthur looked uneasy, as if he thought that politeness obliged him to offer a stronger arm. "Pray, Arthur," exclaimed Mrs. Trevannion, "do not let me interrupt you. I am less in want of support than your fragile companion, and merely affect to keep this giddy Isabel secure; otherwise I know she would fly from us at her usual grey-hound pace."—Secure she certainly did wish to keep Isabella; but the real motive she carefully concealed, while her tardy pace gave Eleanor and Arthur an opportunity of arriving first at the hall. She observed them enter the flower-garden: "Now, mama," said Isabella, "Jane's support will be sufficient, and I wish to run after Eleanor. I am sure Arthur has some new plant to shew her."—"Running is worse than fast walking, Isabel: if there is any new plant, you can see it after dinner." The young lady was obliged to submit for the present; but, as soon as Eleanor and her beau entered the drawing-room, she exclaimed, "Where have you been, Eleanor?—to see some new plant, I am sure.—"Only

a new species of geranium," replied Eleanor, blushing deeply, when her confusion, which in some degree extended to Arthur, was relieved by the servant's announcing Mr. Blaquiere.

A gentleman entered the room, apparently about 60 years of age, with a quaint good-humored look. "How are you, my friends?" said he, shaking the hands of Mr. Mortimer and his sister Mrs. Catharine with the utmost cordiality. Perceiving that the latter was going to introduce him to the ladies, he added, "Do not trouble yourself, I will introduce myself; first let me shake hands with Mrs. Trevannion: you must excuse me, madam, I am returned from a warm climate, and I do not like cold manners. Miss Jane, Miss Isabella, I know you all from my friend Arthur's report. This, he says, is his *very old* playfellow, Miss Trevannion. You need not blush, my dear young lady, at being called *old*;—Arthur meant, in his esteem, not in years."—This speech caused a reflection of the crimson hue on Arthur's cheek, when the awkwardness of the scene was terminated by a call to the dining-room.

During dinner, the conversation related chiefly to India, on which subject Mr. Blaquiere appeared to talk with pleasure. Arthur had secured a seat close to Eleanor, who seemed unusually absent. In the evening her silence increased; she made contrary replies to several questions, and appeared to keep up with difficulty the semblance of attention. Mrs. Trevannion now concluded that something of importance had passed between Eleanor and Arthur: scarcely could she repress her curiosity during the drive to Silverbourne, and great was her delight when Eleanor whispered a request for a private conference before they retired to rest. The door being safely closed, Mrs. Trevannion's hopes were gratified by the information of Arthur's declaration of love, his wish of obtaining her consent to his union with Eleanor, and his certainty of obtaining the sanction of his uncle. Mrs. Trevannion, in reply, expressed her warm approbation of her step-daughter's choice, and wished her the utmost felicity in the married state, while Eleanor said all that young ladies usually say on such occasions, and retired to dream of Arthur.

An early interview with Eleanor on the following morning placed the heart

of her lover at rest, and the two families met in the evening at the hall to exchange congratulations on the expected alliance. The lovers were delighted at the prospect of mutual happiness, and the sisters were enchanted with the idea of a wedding, while Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer and Mrs. Trevannion were pleased with the confirmation of a long intimacy.

The marriage was fixed for September. Mrs. Catharine alone thought a three-months' courtship too short. "My dear lady," exclaimed Isabella, when she heard her objection, "why would you delay? you know Eleanor has reached the age of 21 years, and she will be growing."—"Quite an old maid, I know you would say, if I were not present."—"Oh no!" cried Isabella, coloring as she spoke.—"Do not be distressed, Isabella;" I am often called by that term of reproach; but I am still of opinion that it is better to live single, than to marry unhappily. I have reason, unfortunately (she continued, sighing deeply), to desire a longer period for consideration. I was not older than Eleanor, and (as my vanity told me) not without personal charms, when a gentleman, every way my equal, sought my hand. I had determined on having what is called a long courtship, and refused to accede to the wishes of my lover."—"What was his name?" enquired Isabella.—"It matters not, my dear; he has long been dead to me, and is now so in reality; let it remain buried in my heart. I refused to name an earlier period for our union, than the anniversary of his making the offer.—Eight months passed in uninterrupted felicity; he then left me that he might visit a newly-married friend: his absence was only for a fortnight; but, in that period, the sister of his friend's wife fascinated him by her beauty, and, with the aid of the bride, used every artifice to secure him in her chains.—Week succeeded week, and I received no answer to my letters; for I wrote two, thinking that illness had prevented a reply to the first. I wrote no more; but, when my brother demanded an explanation, he received my miniature and letters, accompanied by an epistle, expressing regret at the impossibility of controlling the affections, and saying it was more honorable to resign a hand which many would be happy to possess, than to marry one while his heart could

never be torn from another.”—"Did he marry, and was he happy?" eagerly asked Isabella.—"He married, and I loved him too sincerely, not to wish him all the happiness he could desire," said Mrs. Catharine with tears in her eyes. "We never met again; but let us drop the subject—you see I have reason for wishing Eleanor to pause. I hope Arthur is too firmly attached to waver; but, if his love will not stand the test of a year, how will it endure the tempests of life? My dear child, love is not composed of eternal sunshine; had I married, I could scarcely have avoided the keen grief of infidelity, when it was too late to resign the inconstant; but, as I see your sister coming, accompanied by Arthur and Mr. Blaquiere, let us dismiss the old maid's story from our thoughts."

Mrs. Mortimer and Isabella crossed the park to meet the party:—"This boy, said Mr. Blaquiere, has teased me into joining a party to see a beautiful hermitage. Mrs. Trevannion has consented; the young ladies, of course, are ready; so there only remains your consent to be obtained. We are to dine early at Silverbourne, where the servants have been put in action by my busy friend; you may distinguish the curling wreath of smoke already over the acacia walk. It is of no use for prudent people to refuse; we must go to keep these giddy brains in order."—The consent of Mrs. Catharine being granted, the party, after an early dinner, proceeded in two carriages to the ruins of a hermitage about seven miles from the hall. The road lay over hills commanding fine views of the channel, its blue waters glittering beneath the rays of a bright summer sun, while Beachy-head and the South Downs bounded the landscape. Leaving the uplands, they descended into lanes so narrow as to preclude all possibility of two carriages passing; hedges, left to flourish in all the luxuriance of nature, skirted one side of the road, while chalky cliffs, whose sides were fringed with underwood and creeping plants, or grassy banks adorned with a profusion of blue bells and wild thyme, excluded all prospect on the other.

Leaving the carriages at a farm-house, the party ascended a moult, on which stood the remains of a hermitage or oratory; a beautiful Norman window induced the party to imagine it had been

the latter. After an hour passed in vain endeavours to trace its origin and in admiring the prospect, the party returned homewards. As they were passing down a narrow lane, they heard loud screams, and perceived a low chaise containing two ladies coming toward them, the progress of which was impeded by a drove of oxen. Patience only was necessary, as the animals could pass the carriage separately with ease. Arthur alighted to assure the ladies of their being perfectly secure. "Oh, Sir! screamed the younger female, "take the hideous creatures away, or I shall faint."—As one of the animals now struck against the wheel of the chaise with violence, the terrified lady sprang from the carriage; Arthur caught her in his arms, and detained her until the oxen had passed: her shrieks he could not prevent. The rest of the party now joined them, and offered every assistance.—"Oh! I will go home with you," said the lady, "I cannot get into that low chaise again;—we may meet thousands of these creatures."—"There is little danger," said Mrs. Catharine; "but, as you are alarmed, we can take you in our carriage; do you reside far off?"—"Only at the end of the village; I am Mrs. Layton of the Vine." The party thus discovered that this was the young, gay, and rich widow who had for some time been expected to enliven the neighbourhood. Mrs. Trevannion secretly rejoiced that Arthur was engaged before this meeting, though she thought the folly of Mrs. Layton would have proved a check to love. To avoid any interruption to the two lovers, she immediately exclaimed, "I am sure, Eleanor, you have no fears: if Mrs. Layton and her friend will proceed in the barouche, you and Mr. Arthur Mortimer can return to Silverbourne in the chaise."—"Mr. Mortimer!" said Mrs. Layton, "I think, Sir, you live at Silverbourne."—"No, Madam—at Eversfield-hall."—"Oh dear! my memory is so bad, I confuse names so; I believe you have all been so good as to call on me;—but I am such an invalid: pray call on me to-morrow; I am too ill now to recollect;" and she took her seat near Mrs. Catharine, saying, "I will take Miss Brook, my companion, in case I should faint."—Miss Brook assuring her that she had all the necessary restoratives, the party proceeded toward the Vine.

The distance was too short to allow Mrs. Layton to recover from her alarm, which had at first been real; but, after the removal of the oxen, her affection was too visible to excite any compassion in Mrs. Catharine or Mr. Blaquiere, who had the task of seeing her home. Silverbourne and the Vine being situated at opposite extremes of the village, Eleanor and Arthur quitted the chaise where the roads separated, and, approaching the carriage, hoped Mrs. Layton was recovered. "Thank you, Miss Mortimer," said she, with half-closed eyes; "my nerves are most terribly shaken: you will call at the Vine with your brother to-morrow; I shall then be better able to thank you, Mr. Mortimer, than I am at present."—"That lady is not Mr. Arthur Mortimer's sister, Madam," said Mr. Blaquiere, as they drove toward the Vine: "did you not receive the cards of the three Misses Trevannion? that is the eldest, and an amiable girl she is."—"Oh! yes, I did find some cards, I recollect: but you know one never remembers any thing about *Misses*; it is enough with my large acquaintance to recollect the heads of families;"—"Which, I trust," replied Mr. Blaquiere, "Miss Trevannion will shortly become."—"Is she really going to be married?" exclaimed Mrs. Layton, dropping her *vinaigrette*, and opening her beautiful blue eyes to their full extent.—"Yes, Madam."—"To whom?"—"I fear," said Mr. Blaquiere, looking slyly at Mrs. Catharine, "I have already said more than I ought, and it is fortunate we are arrived at the Vine, for I shall not have an opportunity of telling any more tales."—His glance at Mrs. Mortimer almost replied to Mrs. Layton's enquiry: she affected to relapse into her former indifference, and coldly took leave.

"You are angry with me, Mrs. Catharine," said Mr. Blaquiere, "for betraying the secret; but, indeed, I could not help punishing affection. If marriage always went by worth, this lady would not write *Mrs.* while Catharine Mortimer is *Miss* —" The warmth of Mr. Blaquiere's manner caused Mrs. Catharine to turn toward him, when he added laughingly, "Come, say you forgive me, my dear Mrs. Mortimer."—"I will not use so strong an expression, Mr. Blaquiere, though I certainly think these affairs are best kept private."—"But my favorites are so soon to be

married."—"Nearly three months may be sufficient time for inconstancy to be manifested," replied Mrs. Catharine, with a deep sigh.—"Yes," said Mr. Blaquiere, smothering something that appeared very much like the echo of his companion's sigh—"but, bless me, Mrs. Catharine! you and I are looking quite sentimental; Mrs. Layton will say we are going to become 'heads of families,' and allow us a place in her remembrance."—Mrs. Catharine tried to smile as she replied, "I know not why, but a mournful presage seems to hang over me, that Eleanor will never be mistress of Eversfield. I am like poor Desdemona—"it will not go from my mind."—Her sadness appeared to infect the usually-cheerful Mr. Blaquiere; but his gloom was quickly dispersed on entering the drawing-room, where the party ridiculed Mrs. Layton's unnecessary alarm. Mr. Mortimer, alone, appeared to feel compassion for her.—"I suppose," said Arthur, "we must all go to-morrow to enquire into the state of the lady's nerves."—"The gentlemen," said Mrs. Catharine, "I suppose, will call; but I am not anxious to pay a second visit; are you, Mrs. Trevannion?" The widow, who did not wish that Arthur should encounter the personal attractions of Mrs. Layton without Eleanor, said, "I shall not go myself; but the girls can join Mr. Mortimer and Arthur. Mrs. Layton appears to be a silly woman; but, as we have few neighbours, we may as well keep on visiting terms with her." Mr. Blaquiere offered to join the party, and, after fixing an hour for the visit, the families separated.

(To be continued.)

THE FATE OF THE PRINCE OF SCOTLAND, from the *Chronicles of the Canonicate*; with an illustrative Engraving.

THE Fair Maid of Perth, though she was inveigled into the castle of Falkland, found the prince to be more her friend than her enemy. He abandoned all thoughts of seduction, and thought only of the peril to which he himself was exposed. Catharine and the glee-woman were aware of the designs against his life; but their counteractive operations were necessarily feeble.—

"Louise entered her apartment in the tower with a pale countenance and a trembling frame. Her terror instantly extended itself to Catharine, who could hardly find words to ask what new misfortune had occurred.—"Is the duke of Rothsay dead?"—"Worse—they are starving him alive!"—"Madness, woman!"—"No, no," said Louise;—"when I was looking for pot-herbs in the garden, my poor little dog, thrusting himself into a thicket near the wall, came back whining and howling. I crept forward to see what might be the cause, and, oh! I heard a groaning as of one in extreme pain, but so faint that it seemed to arise out of the very depth of the earth. Laying my ear close to an opening in the wall, I could hear the prince's voice distinctly say, 'It cannot now last long.' I asked him if I could help him, and he answered, with a voice which I shall never forget, 'Food—food—I die of famine.'—So I came hither to tell you. What is to be done?"

The two young women then contrived to introduce thin cakes, soaked in broth, through a chink in the dungeon, so as to give the prince temporary relief. Hearing a noise, both couched among some ruins near the wall, and listened while Sir John Ramorny and the apothecary were in close conversation. 'He is stronger than I thought,' said the ruffian knight. 'Would it not be better to end the matter more speedily, as the Black Douglas is coming this way.' Catharine, soon after, was preparing to relieve the prince again, when the knight suddenly accosted her, and avowed the murderous deed. Famine, it appeared, had begun the work; but the prince's death was finally accomplished by violence. Louise had already left the castle in the hope of procuring seasonable aid; but Douglas only arrived in time to inflict summary justice on the infamous conspirators.

PRETENSIONS TO BEAUTY.

THE possession of beauty is so desirable in a female, that we do not wonder at the eagerness of almost every woman to claim it for herself. Whether Mary, the Scottish queen, had a very high opinion of her own personal attractions, we do not precisely know; but it was the fashion, until the present day, to at-

tribute to her the most unparalleled beauty. Some of the critical examiners, however, of the existing portraits of that princess, are not disposed to be satisfied with these representations. One writer, who is convinced that "the reputation of her extreme loveliness was one of the causes of her death," says, "We have often been at a loss to account for the very moderate comeliness of even the most favorable portraits of Mary; for it is surely impossible that she could have been otherwise than most beautiful. But that picture in Mr. Lodge's collection, which is described as 'the best authenticated of all the portraits of this illustrious lady,' has no shadow of claim to beauty at all. How George Douglas sacrificed honor, good name, and the love of all his house for *this* face, we cannot comprehend. If the housekeeper of his mother were the original, the portrait would be much more in consonance with one's preconceived ideas. We do not in the least exaggerate—it is exceedingly like the appearance and general characteristics of a respectable housekeeper, and does not, in the most remote manner, call up to your ideas the beautiful and adulterous murderess [he ought rather to have said the *beautiful princess*] whom it professes to represent."

Mr. Henry Glassford Bell, who has recently appeared as the biographer of Mary, thus endeavours to settle all disputes respecting her countenance and figure.—"Some have conjectured that her beauty has been extolled far beyond its real merits; and it cannot be denied that many vague and erroneous notions exist regarding it. But that her countenance possessed, in a pre-eminent degree, the something which constitutes beauty, is sufficiently attested by the unanimous declaration of all contemporary writers. It is only, however, by carefully gathering hints scattered here and there, that any accurate idea can be formed of the lineaments of a countenance which has so long ceased to exist, unless in the fancy of the enthusiast. Generally speaking, Mary's features were more Grecian than Roman, though without the insipidity that would have attached to them had they been exactly regular. Her nose exceeded a little the Grecian proportion in length. Her hair was very nearly of the same color as James V.'s—dark-yellow or auburn, and, like his, clustered in luxuriant ringlets. Her eyes—which some wri-

ters, misled by the blundering portraits of her scattered every-where, conceive to have been gray, or blue, or hazel—were of a chesnut color, darker than (yet matching well with) her auburn hair. Her brow was high, open, and prominent. Her lips were full and expressive, as the lips of the Stuarts generally were; and she had a small dimple in her chin. Her complexion was clear, and very fair, without a great deal of color in her cheeks. Her mother was a woman of large stature, and Mary was also above the common size. Her person was finely proportioned, and her carriage exceedingly graceful and dignified."

DON PEDRO AND HIS DAUGHTERS.

At a time when the affairs of Portugal, and the eventual conduct of its legitimate king, who is embroiled with a base usurper, excite the attention of political speculators, a sketch of the persons and manners of Don Pedro and his family may tend in some degree to interest the reader.

At the theatre of Rio-de-Janeiro (says lieutenant Charles Brand) the Brazilian emperor was present, "accompanied by his two daughters, the queen of Portugal and the infanta. The former is about ten years of age, and the latter an interesting little child of six or seven; they were very plainly dressed, and, as they sat in their magnificent box in the centre of the theatre, were to be seen to great advantage. The interior of the house is very elegant, consisting of four tiers of boxes on each side of the emperor's, which occupies the whole front of the theatre, excepting four small boxes just above it. The grand entrance to the pit is under it, and it was most superbly fitted up with chandeliers, pier-glasses, tables, chairs, &c. having all the appearance of an elegant drawing-room; and, as it was quite open in front, with the exception of a light gilt railing, the imperial personages were quite exposed to the full view of the audience. Whenever the curtain dropped, the audience stood up, out of respect to the emperor; those in the pit facing him, at which time he would always rise and come forward with the little queen and child. He wore a plain blue coat, without a star or mark of distinction of any sort, with white trow-

sers and shoes; and, but for the gentlemen in waiting never sitting down or coming forward, it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. The weather being very warm, he used a plain white fan during the whole of the opera, which, by the bye, is customary among the gentlemen in South America. The queen is a very pretty little girl, with flaxen hair and remarkably fair. She was dressed quite like a little old maid, very plain, wearing a prim close cottage bonnet. The pretty infanta was the gayest of them all, being dressed just like an English child of the same age, with petticoat-trowsers and sash, her bright flaxen hair flowing in long ringlets over her shoulders. The emperor is a handsome young man, about thirty years of age, with very dark hair and large whiskers. He is not very particular with respect to etiquette, for he was talking promiscuously to the ladies and gentlemen in the boxes on each side of him, and they appeared to be very familiar with him: he is frequently to be seen driving about the town in his tilbury, or riding on horseback, in plain clothes, with only one servant;—a strong contrast this to his mother, the dowager queen of Portugal, who never appeared in public without the greatest parade; and whoever passed her carriage, be they who they might, were obliged to kneel down, if it were ever so dirty. The emperor is a very active man, being up every morning by five o'clock: at six he may always be seen publicly bathing amongst the town's-people, at the small island of Cobres, on which is a small fort opposite the palace-stairs, from which he starts in his boat, undresses before every body, and jumps into the water, swimming amongst hundreds of others that are constantly there about that hour, it being the public bathing-place of Rio de Janeiro."

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Bible Gems, by the Rev. John Stewart.—This volume contains not a regular Scriptural history, but incidental illustrations of the Bible, in imitation of the manner and style of Gessner. The following passage, referring to Cain's impudent denial of his atrocious crime, is

a pleasing specimen of the work.—“Behold a worm of earth turn upon the majesty of Heaven! Behold the guilt of arrogance venturing to bolster up the cunning of equivocation, and the shame of direct falsehood! Behold the sin of ingratitude superadded to murder! Ah! when innocence deserts us; when a due sense of our dependence upon God is once obliterated, when the deformities of vice deface in us all similitude of that being in whose image we were created—how rapidly is the pure resemblance lost, the face bronzed, and the heart petrified! But can the foolish pride of man hope to elude omniscience, to wrestle with omnipotence? Impious as is the thought, and impracticable as is the effort, soon was the fratricide lamentably undeceived. Cain is at once accused, convicted, sentenced, branded, banished.”

The Estimate of the Human Mind, by the Rev. T. Davies, 2 vols.—The mentalists (as the investigators of the nature of the mind may be called) make very little progress in their speculations; but they display more sense and acuteness than the *craniologists*, whose ideas, formed on the bumps and protuberances of the skull, only deserve ridicule. Mr. Davies is more rational than these dreamers: yet he does not strikingly illuminate the subject of which he treats. Indeed, he is afraid to venture into the wide expanse of unlimited discussion; for he thinks that we may go too far in our inquiries, without considering that we can learn nothing with which the Almighty would wish us to be unacquainted. This voluntary restriction of our faculties to certain bounds may be deemed unnecessary; but we do not agree with the critic who pronounces it to be an act of “very great and desperate impiety.” If we stop short in our investigations because we think we cannot pursue them with full and satisfactory effect, or even from mere indolence, what impiety can there be in checking our course? But, says the critic, it is the highest of all duties to give all possible expansion to our faculties. By the same rule, every one ought to be educated to the utmost extent of human acquirements, and the neglect of this duty would be horrible wickedness.—That course is merely optional or discretionary: it is not, like religious or moral duties, indispensable.

A Disquisition on the Nature and

*Properties of Living Animals**, by G. Warren, Surgeon.—This dissertation is both metaphysical and physiological. The writer endeavours to prove, that in every animal “there are certain faculties or attributes to which, when considered abstractedly, may be appropriated the term *anima* or soul; that life consists of a relation between such attributes and the physical laws of the material world; that the body is the medium or instrument by which such relation is accomplished; that sensibility, muscular contractibility, the organic movements, and animal combinations, depend upon the agency of electric fluid; that the ulterior use of food-taking is the supply of electric fluid; that the rapid circulation, in animals, is always in accordance with their degree of sensibility; that in the operation between the arterial and nervous systems, as well as in muscular contraction and organic movements, heat is evolved; and that the use of the lungs is to cool the body. Upon these opinions we attain a clear, intelligible, and rational idea of the animal creation. Casting our eyes around, we see a vast assemblage of beings, varying in shape, size, and structure, in their capacities and habits; inhabiting all nature, spreading over the face and delving into the inmost recesses of the earth, rising and teeming in the circumambient atmosphere, diving into the deep bosom of ocean, and crowding with their presence even the fluids we are destined to drink, and the food we exist upon; each being equally perfect in itself, having an organised body suited to its wants and situation. In every individual of this immense congregation, we recognise the power of perceiving, and therefore take that faculty as the great distinguishing feature of this order of being. We have a perfect example of life, in every being having an established relation between its faculty or power of perceiving and any of the natural laws of the material world.” His meaning is, that what we call *life* is nothing more than the relation between the *soul* (which he distinguishes from the *mind*, as what is inherent differs from what is subsequently acquired,) and the physical laws of the universe. He argues ingeniously; but it is almost impossible to make such a

* This is strange tautology, as *animal* in itself means any living creature. EDIT.

disquisition completely intelligible.—Writers of this class generally lose themselves in the intricacies of their subject, and leave the reader in the labyrinth which they create.

A Treatise of Universal Jurisprudence, by Mr. John Penford Thomas, of Queen's College, Cambridge.—This is a gigantic subject, which cannot be fathomed by pygmies. We do not say that Mr. Thomas is a pygmy in learning; for such an assertion would be a libel on any gentleman who has been appointed a "fellow of the royal Society of Literature;"—we only mean that the generality of readers are not prepared to profit fully by his endeavours to throw light on a dark and confused subject. He hopes "that he has brought jurisprudential syntax home to the easy comprehension of every one who will take the trouble to study an octavo volume of a moderate size." But (as a periodical critic properly observes) "the learning-made-easy people seem always to forget that, for teaching on one side to be effectual, there must be learning on the other, and that even persons of the most powerful intellects cannot learn without labor. Much certainly may be done by improved methods of instruction; but it may be reasonably doubted whether that which Mr. Thomas proposes could be effectual. The sort of condensation of which he speaks is the extreme point of acquirement at which the man of science arrives after long-continued application. Whether in strictly scientific researches, or in those professional occupations which mingle more with busy life, it is only after much study and experience that men are so familiar with the condensed principles of their several pursuits as to be able to receive them fully into their minds, to grapple with them firmly, and to step boldly forward without the continued assistance of authority, experiment, and inquiry. A body of condensed science, without preparatory instruction, and undiluted by illustration, is likely to produce only flippant ignorance in the presumptuous, and despair in the timid."

Esquisse Politique sur l'Action des Forces Sociales dans les differentes Especes de Gouvernement, a political Sketch of the Operation of the Social Powers in different Kinds of Government.—This is the production of an emigrant from Naples. His love of

freedom, and his desire of promoting human happiness, in a great measure disqualified him for being the servile subject of a despotic prince. He examines various forms of polity, treats of public law as a science, strongly recommends the example of those communities which have organised a representative government, and suggests hints for the improvement even of those constitutions which are the most applauded.

A Comparative View of the Social Life of England and France, from the Restoration of Charles II. to the French Revolution.—The two periods are well compared, particularly with regard to the influence of the fair sex. In France, it was commanding, while in England it was comparatively inconsiderable.—"There can hardly be a stronger proof that women have never obtained any considerable influence on the national manner of England, than that, even during the first popularity of a reign distinguished for its gallantry and devotion to women, the sex in general seemed to have gained little or nothing on the score of social enjoyment. The mistresses of Charles acquired none of the consideration which he lost in their society; their venality made them despicable even to those who profited by it, and their example harmless to the rest of their sex."

The spirit of meddling intrigue seems to have been at its height in France in the reign of Louis XV. Under a prince who attended much more to the pursuits of pleasure than to the duties of a sovereign, it "spread through the whole mass of female society [except the lowest class.] Every body had a circle of dependents, every body was a patron, or was patronised, according to the society in which they were found. All had some interests in life, which carried them into the tortuous and degrading paths of intrigue, where alone they could pursue their object, and where this object, however honorable or legitimate, could only be attained by a reciprocity of indirect means, and often of unworthy services. A sedulous cultivation of every power to please, to persuade, and to seduce, which belongs particularly to the female sex, was necessary to their success. It made the women, therefore, in general, agreeable and intelligent companions, sometimes inestimable friends. But the neglect of all the severer virtues so deteriorated the

female character, and so banished all truth of principle from its social relations, that perhaps nothing less than the dreadful remedy administered by the Revolution could have awakened the women of France to a sense of their real interests, and restored them to their true and appropriate consideration in society."—Here we may observe, that the remedy, while it lasted, was worse than the disease.

Historical Sketches of Charles I., Cromwell, Charles II. &c. by Mr. W. D. Fellowes.—Mr. d'Israeli, in his Memoirs of Charles I., has thrown some light upon a remarkable period; but Mr. Fellowes appears to be a mere compiler, possessing little taste or judgement. He dwells upon trifles, and adopts no regular method, no orderly arrangement. He fancied that he had discovered who was the executioner of the unfortunate king; but, when he communicated this point to Mr. Ellis, the latter said, "He was not your old man: the common Executioner, Richard Brandon, was really the person. Should you mention the circumstance of this discovery, have the goodness to name it as mine." As the discovery is unimportant, the credit of it, we think, is unworthy of being so pompously claimed.

The historians of this country are blamed by Mr. Fellowes for not stating the "remarkable fact," that the arms of Cromwell communicated to Scotland the first newspaper, as his printer republished at Leith a *Diurnal*, which had already appeared in London. But, even if the republican general had not taken his typographical artist with him, the practice of propagating news in print would soon have reached the north.

Notes of a Journey in the North of Ireland, in the Summer of 1827.—These notes, which proceed from the pen of a lady, are in general flippant and trifling; but her address to the Irish is at least amusing.—"I am willing to make excuse for you, my good catholic Paddy; still I do not like you altogether; your ways are not ways of pleasantness; and so evil is the report that is gone forth respecting you, that we do not calculate upon finding peace in your paths. And, Paddy, you have withal a significant spark in your eye, that, methinks, a little fuel would soon kindle into an inextinguishable flame; and, moreover, you have a servility in

your demeanor, a cunning flattery in your address, incompatible with uprightness of intention and singleness of heart. I have no desire to dwell with you, in order to try the experiment of cultivating your regard, lest I should find your affection as encroaching and troublesome as your hatred is vindictive and cruel. When I hear that means are to be employed to promote your *effectual* improvement, I respect the motive, and cordially wish success to an undertaking so laudable. At the same time, I marvel upon what fibre of the tangled and mystic root of your character these wise and skilful operators will commence their labor of love, for the purpose of making the tree good, because we do not expect 'to gather figs from thistles;' and I tell you plainly, that we shall never place implicit dependence upon your good faith or good conduct, so long as you

'Lay the flattering unction to your souls,'

that to dabble in a temporal spring will absolve you from your sins, or that they may be bleached to emulate the snow upon a bush in the form of a rag."

What will the friends of Mr. O'Connell say in answer to this *tirade*? There is some truth in it; but they will say that every part of the censure is calumnious.

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR JULY AND AUGUST.

July 18.—Deliberate Barbarity.—The want of feeling, manifested by milliners and dress-makers, in making slaves of the young women who work for them, cannot be mentioned without disgust and reprobation. A girl named Catharine Aram, whose health had been for some time declining, was found dead in her chamber; and it appeared, on inquiry, that long-continued work, and want of exercise and of recreation, had ruined her constitution. At the place where she was last employed, she was obliged to work, with scarcely any respite, fourteen hours in a day, and, at a former place, for a much longer time. "That (said the foreman of the coroner's jury) is certainly too much for any female to bear."—"It is not hard work, Sir," said her employer, without considering the injurious effects of long con-

finement in the same posture. One of the jurors said, it was a notorious fact, that, at almost all the principal dress-makers' at the west end of the town, the apprentices actually worked day and night, and even the Sabbath was devoted to labor to satisfy the tastes of ladies of fashion. He thought that some measures ought to be immediately adopted to prevent young females from such confinement. He was of opinion that, if this poor girl had been allowed to take more exercise, she would have been still in existence; and it was frightful to think that human life should be sacrificed to the whims and vagaries of fashion.

28.—Political observers were anxious to know how the king, or his ministers, would sum up the proceedings of an inactive and inglorious session: but the royal speech was very unsatisfactory. It was stated on this occasion, that the endeavours of his majesty to effect the pacification of Greece, in concert with his allies, had continued unabated: yet it appears, that the barbarous hordes under the command of Ibrahim were still suffered to occupy and ravage the Morea. With regard to Portugal, the king had fully expected that the "arrangements which had been made for administering the government of that country, until the period at which the emperor of Brazil should have completed his abdication of his European throne, would have secured the peace and promoted the happiness of a country, in the welfare of which his majesty had ever taken the deepest interest; but his just expectations were disappointed," and measures had been adopted in Portugal which had induced him to recall his representative from Lisbon.—In fact, don Miguel, regardless of promises and solemn engagements, at length ventured to disclose the ultimate aim of his ambition. Not content with the mere regency or with constitutional government, he wished to be an absolute monarch, and the priests and the people promoted his unjustifiable views. On the 25th of June, a packed assembly of the *cortes* declared him lawful king of Portugal. The friends of his imperial brother and the advocates of freedom, at Oporto, endeavoured to rouse the nation against the usurper; but their efforts were feeble and ineffective. The blockade of that port, ordered by don Miguel, was acknowledged by our go-

vernment, and also that of the island of Madeira, although Mr. Canning, we think, would not have so degraded his royal master. Lord Strangford has been sent to Brazil to concert measures with our ally don Pedro; but we expect little fruit from his mission.

29.—*The First Equestrian Ascent into the Aerial Regions.*—Mr. Green is the most active and persevering of all our aeronauts;—we were on the point of saying the *most successful*; but, as he has made no more discoveries than others, it is idle to talk of his success, though his enterprising courage must be universally acknowledged. He ascended from the Eagle Tavern with a new companion,—a Shetland pony, who amused the assembled spectators by playing various tricks at the command of his master. The apparatus by which he was attached to the balloon consisted of a round wicker platform, covered with green cloth. Its diameter was just large enough to permit the animal to stand in it, and his feet were fastened to the bottom by means of straps, which were buckled round the upper part of the hoofs. It had a ledge round it about five or six inches high, and six strong cords, at equal distances from one another, suspended it to the ash-hoop to which the cord-net spreading over the whole balloon was fastened. The platform on which the pony was placed was slung very little more than his own height below the hoop, so that the upper part of Mr. Green's body, when seated on the pony, rose through the hoop. The horse did not appear to be pleased with his situation, and, when he rose into the air, made several plunges backwards and forwards, and trembled violently, evidently alarmed at the shouts of those who witnessed the ascent: but he soon became quite passive, eating some beans from Mr. Green's hand. "I dismounted (says the aeronaut) to arrange some ballast; but, finding that my weight on one side threw the platform off its perpendicular, and considerably discomposed my little companion, I resumed my seat, and, discharging some ballast, attained the elevation of about a mile and a quarter. Here I was visited by a descent of snow of the finest texture, which, from the reflection of the direct rays of the sun, and the oblique rays from the clouds, had the appearance of a shower of silver dust. On descending a little, the snow ap-

peared changed to rain; but, on a farther descent, neither snow nor rain could be felt or seen. During these gradations the little animal appeared quite at home, and finished his bag of beans." After being in the air for about half an hour, he safely descended at Beckenham in Kent. He calculates that the whole weight of the balloon and its appendages, including himself and the horse, exceeded 900 pounds.

August 11.—The ruffian Corder was justly punished with death for his brutal cruelty. Since the assassination of Mr. Weare by Thurtell, no murder has so strongly excited the public attention as that of poor Maria of Polstead. To the journalists it was quite a feast for several weeks: they reveled in the description of every thing connected with it, and treated it with silly particularity and disgusting minuteness: but they did not, as many did in the case of Thurtell, admire the fortitude or pity the fate of the murderer. Corder's assertion, imputing suicide to the young woman, was too absurd to be credited, and the jury did their duty in convicting him upon circumstantial evidence. He at last confessed, with reluctance, that guilt of which no one entertained a doubt.

After he had murdered Maria to avoid her importunate solicitations for matrimony, and to prevent her exposure of his guilt in other respects, he advertised for a wife, and found an apparently respectable female ready to give her hand to one whose disposition (to use his own language) "was not to be exceeded," and who was "in every way qualified to render the marriage state desirable." Six columns of a morning paper were devoted to the publication of many of the letters that were sent in consequence of the advertisement; but they are too ridiculous for notice.

A REMARKABLE CASE OF FEMALE INSANITY, related by Dr. G. Man Burrows.

A young lady, of good natural parts, and who had had that superficial education which females receive at ordinary

boarding-schools, was indulged at home in every vagary of froward fancy. She was just seventeen; and Shakspeare and Radcliffe, and Byron and Love, were alternately the idols of her imagination. Still she was not vicious. A seriously inclined neighbour, pitying her flightiness, undertook to reform her by his pious exhortations. At first they seemed to have a good effect, for she became more grave and steady in her conduct, and very attentive to divine worship. Serious impressions seemed daily to gather strength. She soon, however, went to the extreme, and talked of nothing but religion. Her zeal at length became so ardent, that she read only pious books; and she was particularly anxious to attend every church where she learned that the sacrament was to be administered. In a short time she was so exalted, and her conduct so inconsistent, that her father took her to France, in the hope that change of scene would correct these aberrations. On the very night of her arrival in that country, a furious fit of mania occurred—an event probably accelerated by suffering extreme sea-sickness. She was confined a few weeks, when she appeared nearly recovered. Upon going out, she witnessed, for the first time, the ceremonies of the Romish church, with which she appeared much struck. From that moment she lost all her zeal for the Protestant faith, and nothing would satisfy her but she would be a Catholic. She was brought home. No care, however, removed this conceit; and she still continued so wild and unmanageable, that she was sent to a lunatic asylum. There I first visited her. Medical and moral remedies were prescribed; she mended, and might possibly have soon recovered, if some family misfortunes had not interrupted the course of treatment, and induced her removal. In three or four days she relapsed. Soon after, she was sent to another asylum, where, in about six months, she perfectly recovered. Her former religious hallucinations entirely disappeared, and the regimen to which she was probably subjected, produced a degree of steadiness she never before evinced.

Miscellaneous Varieties.

Anecdote of the late Emperor of Russia.—We give the following instance of want of feeling, on the authority of one of those Englishmen who were long detained in France by the tyranny of Napoleon. It is far from being honorable to the character of Alexander.

"On the arrival of the count d'Artois from exile at Paris, M. de Caulincourt, duke of Vicenza, among other sycophants, presented himself at the Tuileries to pay his court. When the count perceived him, he thus addressed him. 'M. de Caulincourt, you lie under the imputation of being accessory to a most horrid crime (meaning the death of the duke d'Enghien): I hope you will be able to justify yourself; but, until then, I must decline receiving you.' Caulincourt immediately repaired to the emperor of Russia, with whom he had long been in great favor, and related to him what had passed. The czar replied, 'What ridiculous susceptibility! I am daily surrounded by those who murdered my father, and have not more zealous servants than they are: but make yourself easy; I will arrange this for you.' He invited the French prince to dinner, and seated him on his right, placing Caulincourt to the right of the count. This fact I had from several Bourbonists, one of whom was present, and two others said they heard it related by the count himself.

Anecdote of Lord Tyrawley.—His lordship a little before his death, was visited by several Englishmen who came with a pretence of asking how he did, but in reality to see whether he was dying, that they might apply for his employments. The old general, who comprehended their motives for being so solicitous about him, gave them the following shrewd answer: "Gentlemen, I know your reasons for enquiring after my health; I have no more than two things worth any one's having,—my regiment and my girl, neither of which will fall to your lot: I'll tell you how they will be disposed of; a Scotchman will be sure to get one, and an Irishman the other."

Thomson, the Poet.—That this bard could meanly flatter, when he was yet a young and obscure writer, appears from his letters to Aaron Hill. In some of

these epistles, he uses the most servile language. He says, that "Next to the approbation of Heaven, he wishes his (Hill's);—that Hill's lines were most glorious, &c. A manuscript annotator, assuredly a person of a temperate constitution, and who seems not to have even heard of the name of Thomson, had no conception of what many would call the ardent feelings of a poetical young man, aiming at patronage; and he wrote on the page, "Whoever this Mr. Thomson was, he must have been a strange kind of a man." There was something of the Scotchman, we believe, in Thomson's character.

Rival Beauties, yet mutual Friends.—The banks of the Almond, in Scotland, afforded an untimely grave to the fair friends, Bessie Bell and Mary Gray, celebrated in an elegant Scottish ballad, which was composed by a lover deeply smitten with the charms of both. One was daughter of the laird of Kinvaid, the other of the laird of Lednoch. A pestilence, that raged in 1665, induced them to retire from the dreaded danger. They selected a romantic and sequestered spot on the side of the Brauchie Burn, where they lived for some time, and, as it appears, without jealousy; for they received the visits of their lover; but, catching the infection, both died of it, and they were buried together.

A Miser.—Some of these wretched beings have been strictly honest, notwithstanding their avarice; but Cooke of Pentonville was a great rogue.—"His stratagems (says Mr. T. Cromwell) to obtain either money or money's worth from persons of more liberal disposition than himself, were numerous. His favorite one was that of pretending indisposition near the door of some stranger, whom he thought adapted to his purpose. His sham illness procured him admission, with a glass of wine, or more substantial refreshment: then, 'feeling himself better,' he would begin to take particular notice of the children, ask their names, and at last, with a peculiar manner of his own, request to have those names in writing. Taking leave with a profusion of thanks, after due care to mention his place of abode, and to hint that he was the possessor of considerable property,—the

good people began to entertain a surmise that 'the gentleman' must have some intention of remembering the children to their advantage, probably in his *will*, and they were not long in resolving to take every opportunity of cultivating his good opinion. Then would pour in geese, turkeys, pheasants, fish, &c. upon the *delighted* Cooke, with sometimes a dozen of the wine *he had praised so much*; till at length, by having possessed himself of a number of such good friends, his house-keeping expences were not only reduced to almost nothing, but he began to derive money from the *sale* of the choicest presents, reserving the worst for the consumption of himself and his family. To detail his other meannesses would be almost an endless task.' His wri-

ting-paper he obtained by purloining pieces from the Bank at his daily visits there; his ink by carrying about a large phial, and begging it of his friends; and he constantly used the latter article as a substitute for blacking. He was a perfect pest to every medical man, from whom he thought he could smuggle advice for some constitutional complaints he was afflicted with. His wife died of a broken heart, occasioned by his ill-treatment. He kept a horse, having converted the kitchen of his house in Winchester-place into a stable for his reception; and once, when traveling, paid handsomely for *trespass*, in turning it to feed in a meadow by the road-side, after having practised the same expedient on many occasions with impunity."

Fine Arts.

Mr. Hobday's Gallery.—This collection comprises many pictures of the French school, and a number of pieces by British and other artists. The works of the Vernets, father and son, are among the best French specimens of coloring and expression; and some (more particularly the Punishment of Mazeppa) have that fine effect which is not the general characteristic of French painting. The best portrait in the room is that of the countess of Jersey, by the president of the Royal Academy.—Stothard's Fête Champêtre, and other specimens of his skill in grouping, his fine taste, and happy expression, are mingled with the spirited sketches of Stephanoff and Singleton's characteristic delineations.

Enamel Paintings.—Six pieces of this description may be seen at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, executed by Madame Jacquotot in a fine style. A copy of Holbein's portrait of Anne of Cleves, in particular, is finished with exquisite delicacy, although the lady herself was coarse and unhandsome in her person.

Engravings of various kinds.—Cruikshank's six prints, illustrative of the story of John Gilpin, are pregnant with nature and humor. The starting at the bray of the long-eared animal, and the final hue and cry, are, we think, the best of the series.

We have not, for a long time, seen a better theatrical representation than a scene, in mezzotinto, from the comedy of Paul Pry. The humorous hero of the piece was never so well delineated before. Not only his features and looks, but his manner and his whole figure, are admirably depicted by Mr. Clint, and faithfully given by Mr. Lupton. A critic insinuates, that "a shade of meaning and intellectuality is here imparted to Miss P. Glover, which in proper person she cannot claim." We differ from the *ungallant* gentleman who thus endeavours to *stultify* a lady; for we think that Miss Glover has a look of less meaning in the print than she has in reality. The present portrait of Liston, we may add, is the only one for which he ever sat in character.

A. W. Warren has published a good engraving of the Beggar's Petition, from Mr. Witherington's well-known picture. The different ages of the three children are well discriminated by their various modes of contemplating the intruder.

The Illustrations of Virginia Water, the king's favorite retreat, are in progress, and, when finished, will reflect credit both on the younger Delamotte, the designer, and on Gauci the lithographer. The artificial waterfall is a pleasing object, and is well represented, as are also the ruins, constructed from fragments of real antiquity.

Of the Architectural Antiquities of Normandy, the concluding part has lately appeared. This work consists of eighty engravings, which no library of any French or English gentleman curious in antiquities should be without; for the Gothic buildings of England and Normandy are nearly the same, grow one out of another, and harmonise completely. The work, beside the church of Grand Maladrerie near Caen, contains five views of the Trinity-Church in that town, ten of the church of St. Stephen, eleven of the cathedral of Bayeux, six of St. Ouen at Rouen, &c. whence may be judged the extent and accuracy with

which these subjects have been taken and preserved, for the benefit of art and the elucidation of ecclesiastical history. The most minute measurements of columns, arches, windows, ornaments, &c. are laid down, and the observer will not fail to see that the Norman, Gothic, or English, sprang from the same stock, was the work of nearly the same hands, and possessed the same beauties and defects. Great credit is due to the artists (Pugin and Le-Keux) who have executed this expensive work, the numerous details in which must have required the most sedulous labor and perseverance.

Drama.

THE KING'S THEATRE.

IN the last week of the season, Madame Pasta performed Desdemona in the most effective manner. The character differs very considerably from her usual performances: it requires a quiet tenderness of feeling, a mildness and temperance which we do not altogether expect from the animated and sublime Pasta: yet she represented it as ably as if it had been within the general circle of her acting. The season closed with the repetition of *Medea*: the heroine was then *pelted* (if we may so apply the term) with bouquets, and an attempt was made to crown her; but she rejected the wreath with an air of modest gratitude.

From a list of all the performances of the season, it appears that forty out of sixty-nine consisted of the music of Rossini,—a proof of the popularity of this composer in England.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

THIS theatre continues to be conducted with that union of spirit and judgment which will ensure the success of its transient season. The manager has lately brought the genius of Mozart into play, undepraved by modern adulterations. An opera styled *Tit for Tat*, or the *Tables turned*, has been frequently performed during this month with great applause;—it is borrowed from

the admired *Così fan Tutti*. The plot turns on a wager respecting female constancy. Ferrando and Guglielmo are in love with Dorabella and Fiordiligi, and Alphonso, an old bachelor, consequently no friend to the fair sex, lays them a wager of 500 ducats, that he, with their assistance, will prove the ladies to be false. He therefore bribes Despina, the waiting-maid of the young ladies, and makes the lovers take their leave as if for the war against the Turks. He then introduces them in disguise to court and seduce the affections of their own mistresses, and they seem to succeed, to their no small disappointment and vexation. The fact, however, is, that the girls have discovered the plot, and turn the tables upon them, by pretending to comply with their wishes, and to feel a passion for the strangers. Despina, who first assumes the disguise of a physician, and afterwards of a lawyer, produces a marriage contract, and the ladies sign it in due form, upon which the discovery takes place, after the lovers have hidden themselves in closets, and changed their dresses. The ladies now have the laugh against the gentlemen, and both against the old bachelor, who is supposed to pay his 500 ducats with a better will than he acknowledges that there are two faithful women in the world. Madame Feron personated Despina, and sang with taste and elegance. Miss Cawse, as Dorabella, and Miss Betts, as Fiordiligi.

also sang with great effect, and were much applauded. Mr. Wood, Mr. Thorne, and Mr. Philips, appeared in the characters of Ferrando, Guglielmo,

and Alphonso, without losing their former credit.

The following air was enchantingly sung by Madame Feron:—

“Mid the silence of that hour
He hath made too dear to me—
With the breeze that seeks his bower,
Sigh of love, I mingle thee.
Should thy fluttering betray thee—
Should he ask thee what thou art—
Say a sigh ! but ah ! I pray thee,
Tell him not from whose poor heart !

O'er the silver brooklet bending,
Which I saw him first beside,
With its stream my tears are blending
By his feet perchance to glide.
Gentle water ! should he stay thee,
And demand what swells thee so ?
Tell him, tears, but ah ! I pray thee,
Say not from whose eyes they flow.”

Miss Cawse gave, neatly and quaintly, this pleasant comparison

“A knavish little fellow, a serpent is this Love,
That glides unseen and silent, where'er he likes to rove ;
Thro' eyes to brain and bosom, he winds along his way.
And writhes around your spirit, enchanting it in play.
Beauty and pleasure sporting, the pretty serpent crown :
But oh ! beware his poison, if once you strike him down ;
Then never try to thwart him, but let the serpent play,
As I intend to serve him, and give him his own way.”

A comic piece, called, *He Lies like Truth*, has been repeatedly performed with applause.—Clincher, being fond of Priscilla, the waiting-maid of Harriet Truepenny, finds, to his great joy, that the girl is to have 500*l.* on the marriage of her mistress with Rattler. One condition is insisted on, however, by old Truepenny, that, if Rattler, who is shamefully addicted to lying, should tell one falsehood in the course of the day, the matrimonial agreement should be declared null. Clincher, knowing that Rattler could not pass an hour without some wilful and evident falsehood, and anxious to get the money, contrives to arrange matters so as to make Rattler's lies appear like truth. Rattler, on his first interview with Truepenny, says that he had sold a house in St. James's-street, to Monsieur Carnassier, for 15,000*l.* Afterwards he forgets what he had said, and tells a second story, by which it would appear that he had sold it to a Mr. Thomson, and gets out of the scrape so far by saying that the name of the purchaser

was Thomson Carnassier. The old man, who wanted to borrow 500*l.* to meet a bill, insists on seeing this supposed Frenchman. Just when Rattler was driven to his last shift, Clincher comes in as Monsieur Carnassier, and saves his character. No sooner is the romancer out of this scrape, than he falls into another, by telling his future father-in-law that he was to fight a duel with an Irishman, merely because he had by accident pushed a gentleman from a balcony, who had fallen on this Irishman's head. Other lies are subsequently told ; but Clincher and his sweetheart make the old tradesman believe all, and he gives his daughter's hand to her lover.—Mr. Wrench acted the part of Rattler with spirit, telling his lies with plausible effrontery : Mr. Bennet well represented the credulous shopkeeper, and Miss Goward was a pert and lively *soubrette*.

A new comic opera was produced on the 23*d.*, with the title of *Not for Me, or the new Apple of Discord*. It resembles the Covent-garden piece of the

last season, *'Twas I*. The present production has the advantage of the original music, which is very lively and expressive, and excited great applause. The composer is Maurer, of Hanover, and the performance was under the superintendence of Mr. Hawes. The plot turns on the will of a rich and eccentric fellow, who, dying abroad without ever having seen three nieces, divided the greater part of his fortune equally among them, and left the remainder to that one who should be adjudged the ugliest or silliest of the three, to compensate her for the disfavor of nature. The guardian of these sisters, Richard Roe, a retired attorney, is a suitor of the eldest, Mary; but she already has a sweetheart, Henry Nattonfield, with whom she maintains a clandestine intercourse. It is accidentally discovered by an old maid, living in the next house, Miss Winifred Virulent, who oversees the lovers together, and, to her horror, witnesses the young farmer kissing the hand of his mistress, and giving her a rose. Mary is aware of the discovery, and, to prevent the success of the disclosure, induces her guardian, who comes on the stage just as her sweetheart leaves it, to make her a similar present, and bestow on her a similar mark of his affection. The amorous guardian laughs at the spiteful informer, and insists that the lover was himself. "*'Twas I*," he exclaims. A great deal of amusement arises from the terms of the will. Each young lady is willing to forego the additional legacy, in order to avoid being deemed the ugliest or silliest of the three. A traveling artist, Vivid, is called in to be the judge according to the will, which directs the first passenger to be so appointed. He mistakes Miss Winifred and two of her friends for the three heiresses; and having been solicited by Bouncer, a swaggering militia officer, to give the apple to Mary, whom he confounds with Miss Winifred, he confers on her the unenvied prize, and informs her of the captain's passion. Afterwards, when the two other young ladies come before him, he declares them equally beautiful, and finally adjudges the additional legacy to Mary, who before him affects to be silly, but who immediately offers to her sisters equal shares of her acquisitions.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

THE talents of Mr. Planché have again been exerted for the benefit of this house. He has brought forward a comedy in two acts, one of which he borrowed in a great measure from the vaudeville of *Les Deux Jaloux*, while the second was drawn from his own mental stores. The title of his piece is sufficient to show that jealousy is its subject. This ungenerous feeling is embodied in the baron Speyenhansen, and from him descends, through that common medium, woman, to his respectable middle-aged gardener, Krout, the baron being jealous of his wife, and the gardener of his sweet-heart Louise.— This being the trait of character on which the author relied, it only remained to afford sufficient opportunities for the display of it; and to effect this he has introduced the decent and proper loves of colonel Arnsdorf and Amelia Rosenthal, who is niece to the baroness, and ward to the baron. All the propriety and decency of these loves are, however, overlooked by the baron, who, wisely determining to torture himself on every possible occasion, makes the notable discovery that the colonel's passion for his ward is merely assumed to enable him to obtain free intercourse with the baroness; and with this feeling he answers Arnsdorf's declaration of love, by telling him at once that his ward cannot receive his offered hand, as she is already promised to another. In this dilemma the colonel applies to the baron's huntsman, Marcus, who, having a sneaking kindness for Louise, in spite of Krout's black looks on the subject, naturally feels a desire to assist a young lover, especially when bribed with German gold. Through the instrumentality of Marcus, a letter from the colonel to Amelia gets into the hands of the baron and of Krout, and they find fuel in it to feed their passion of jealousy. The baron determines to watch the proceedings of all parties, and the gardener is directed to dress himself up in the baron's study costume, and betake himself to the family arm-chair, in order that every one may suppose that Speyenhansen is safely lodged in his library, while he is in fact prowling about to see what discoveries he can make. In this situation Louise enters the study, with the determination of telling the baron

that she can no longer listen to Krout's pretensions; and her resolution is well expressed in the following song, which

she sings to poor Krout, who has to endure it all under the cover of his master's night-cap:

"Excuse, Sir, my confusion;
Your wish I've thought about,
And I've come to this conclusion,
That I cannot marry Krout,
He does nothing, Sir, but scold one;
He's old and ugly, too;
And as jealous as the old one;
But that's no offence to you!
Excuse my agitation;
But, indeed, Sir, I've found out,
After due consideration,
That I cannot marry Krout.

Besides, Sir, I've discover'd
What alone should me deter,
That there's another lover
I should very much prefer:
So handsome, Sir, the rogue is—
So merry, young, and true;
And he laughs at all old fogies;—
But that's no offence to you!
Excuse my agitation,
But indeed, Sir, I've a notion,
After due consideration,
That I cannot marry Krout."

The feelings with which the old gardener listens to this musical but discordant declaration, may very well be imagined; and it was seemingly cruel on the part of the audience, not only to laugh at the archness with which Mrs. Humby gave the song, but to insist on its repetition, and consequently on the repetition of all poor Wilkinson's tortuous attitudes in the expression of his uneasiness. The baroness, finding that her husband's jealousy grew more serious, resolves to be suspicious in her turn. With this view Louise first is sent to the baron, who admits her to his library, in expectation of getting from her a tale against her lady. Amelia knocks next at the door, and the baron, before he admits her, in his confusion, conceals Louise in a closet, that he may, at his leisure, hear her tale, after having dismissed his ward.—While the ward reproaches him with designs upon herself, and charges him with such interested motives in rejecting the honorable proposal of the colonel, the arch-conspirator, Marcus, surprises them, and counsels the baron to hide Amelia in a book-case. The baroness comes next, and finds Amelia concealed on one side, and Louise on the other.

The plot succeeds as previously arranged; the baron is confounded by these appearances, which he admits are strong against him; and, after some argument, he is willing to believe others as innocent of crime as he knows he himself is. He finally gives his ward's hand to the colonel. Krout's suspicions of Louise no one tries to remove, for she was all through pre-disposed toward Marcus, and she is accepted by him.

Farren, the hero of the piece, was pre-eminently successful. Every thing was jealous; his walk, his talk, his look, and his gestures, all partook of the green-eyed monster's influence. It was not fair to Wilkinson that Farren performed so well; it scarcely left the poor gardener's jealousy room to exhibit itself, except in the scene we have already mentioned, where, being the baron's representative, he had a right to figure as much as his master, and he made the most of the opportunity. Cooper's acting was uncommonly good in the part of the colonel, and in one scene he did more than the author could have expected. When it was his share of the plot, to take leave of Amelia for ever on the score of the baron's improper



Carriage Dress.

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & Engraved for the Lady's Magazine, Vol. 1, p. 111.



Evening Dress

Designed by Miss Pownall & Engraved for the Ladies Magazine No 8 1828.

attentions to her, his style of doing the thing was fine; he imbued his voice with so much of the real *amour* twang, was so distressed, and poured out his

lamentations so touchingly, that the audience fully felt the force and enjoyed the effect of his ludicrous personation of character.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

THIS is a dress of very thin satin, of the color of the Parma violet, with a broad hem round the border, headed by a rouleau, and mother-of-pearl buttons. Down the front, buttons of this kind, somewhat smaller, and set much closer together, are placed in one row, from the small of the waist to the feet. The body fits close to the shape, and the sleeves are *à la Marie*, with the fullness confined by straps fastened with gold buckles on the outside of the arm. A very broad falling tucker of blond surrounds the bust, and a fichu of crape is worn under the dress, surmounted by a very full yet narrow ruff of lace, under which is tied carelessly a blue and yellow striped riband *en sautoir*. The hat is of white chip, trimmed with ribands: the hat is round, placed much on one side, and under the left, which is elevated, is a very large rosette. A blue and yellow *bonquet* is placed in front of the crown, among the bows of riband, the strings of which float loose. Bracelets of black-velvet clasped with a large turquois-stone, set in flagree gold, *à l'Antique*, with a green parasol, finish the dress.

EVENING DRESS

THIS is a dress of white gauze with blue satin stripes: three flounces surround the border; one is pointed at the edge, and bound with narrow blue satin. The body is made plain, and square across the chest; much cut away at the shoulders, whence points of tulle, finished by a narrow *ruche*, fall over the sleeves, which are full, divided in the middle by a band, to confine the fullness, and finished just above the elbow by a small ruffle of blond. The hair is parted on the forehead, and arranged in full curls on each side of the face: on the summit of the head it is much elevated, and adorned with full-blown roses of Jericho. The ear-pendants and necklace are of turquois-stones and pearls, beautifully set.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

SIMPLICITY in attire is the first step toward elegance. However expensive and tasteful may be the gorgeous dresses of winter, they may often be pronounced both gaudy and unbecoming; not so the light and delicate costume of summer, by which all the graces of a well-formed female are enhanced. To such we direct the attention of our readers, as we have found it in the rural retreats and favorite haunts of the wealthy and fashionable.

Muslin pelerines profusely trimmed with lace, and richly embroidered cane-zou spencers, of snowy whiteness, are the favorite appendages of out-door costume when the weather is sufficiently warm; but silk pelisses gain ground as

the autumnal season advances: these, however, are not so general as scarfs and shawls. The hats continue much in the same form as they were during the last month, and are yet worn very backward, and rather on one side. Under the brim, next to the hair, they are often ornamented with seven points, or languettes in riband. Many bonnets are made of blue and yellow *gros de Naples*, chequered in squares, like a draught-board: they are bound at the edge of the brim with yellow satin, and have two hands round the crown, finished by puffing. White chip hats are trimmed with broad brocaded gauze riband, of extreme richness, the pattern representing white grapes on finely-executed purple vine-leaves; on each side are two

delicately simple *bouquets*; hats of this kind, we are glad to observe, are of moderate dimensions. White and colored crape hats are seldom seen except in carriages; those of white we have seen decorated with Bengal roses. The few feathers worn in carriage-hats are party-colored; half green, half lilac, or half white, half pink or cherry-color: this plumage is usually worn drooping over the left side.

Plain dresses, all of one color, in batiste, are much in vogue for home attire; they are made partially high with a *ruche* of tulle round the throat; the border is trimmed with two narrow flounces in full plaits. We have remarked, also, for the same style of dress, a very beautiful chintz, with flowers, delicately wreathed, and of true Indian hues, on a striped ground of yellow muslin; two deep flounces set on full, and headed, and edged with dark-brown *passementerie*, completed the border; the sleeves were *cu gigot*, and the body *en gerbe*. A dress of Etruscan-brown *gros de Naples*, with two flounces, pinked, appears to be a favorite costume for the morning promenade. The cuffs at the wrists of all gowns are enormously broad and stiff. White muslin dresses are very general, and generally have one broad flounce. When the muslin is plain, this flounce is handsomely embroidered; and either a row of rich embroidery is worked over the flounce, on the dress, or the skirt is ornamented with splendid embroidery, *en colonnes*, in bias. Broad hems, finished by a row of braiding, are yet very prevalent on gowns in half-dress. We have seen a beautiful evening-dress of pearl-grey taffeta, embroidered with white *soize* silk. These gowns are very elegant, either when worked in detached *bouquets*, or in wreaths of flowers. Broad sashes are also worn; but belts, the same as the dress, pointed like the Grecian zone, in front, are more in use. No sashes have long ends, but they are generally fastened in front, or on one side, with a plain gold buckle.

The hair is becomingly and tastefully arranged in ringlets on each side of the face. Some ladies prefer the Madonna style of arranging the hair; but this, as it should, seems dependent on countenance and feature. Berets are much worn by matrons; they are of colored

crape or gauze, and have a few light ornaments of gold or silver. Dress-hats are of white crape or stiffened net, and are often adorned with white flowers, formed of feathers.

The most approved colors for pelisses, dresses, and scarfs, are royal-purple, slate, myrtle-green, Etruscan-brown, canary-yellow, and light-blue; for turbans, berets, and hats, rose-color, blue, straw-color, mignonette-leaf-green, and lavender.

MODES PARISIENNES.

MUSLIN pelerines, trimmed with lace, prevail much in out-door costume; and lace increases in favor for this article, many being trimmed with it in profusion; it is customary to have three rows of rich and fine lace, one above another. Pelisses of colored crape are sometimes worn; they are fastened down with ribands of the same hue as the crape. Rose is the favorite color for these dresses. White *jaconot* muslin pelisses, made very plain, are still seen in the morning walks.*

Hats of white crape lined with rose-color, and trimmed with ribands, are frequently worn: and those of striped Indian taffeta seem to increase in favor. Between the stripes of the latter is often seen a small running pattern, and the ground is usually white, blue, or yellow. Hats of Leghorn, when of a texture remarkably fine, are ornamented with white ribands and short white plumage. From the large hats worn in the country, depend long strings or lappets, trimmed at the edges with blond. Morning bonnets are often of open straw, and the crown, which is made like a cawl, is of blue, green, or rose-colored *gros de Naples*, as is the band. A bonnet, called the English bonnet, is of open straw, lined with colored silk, and ornamented with feathers of the same hue as the lining; these plumes are fully curled. When flowers are placed on hats, the stalks are long, so that the flowers are in continual vibration. A yellow crape hat, to which field-flowers are attached, is much admired for the carriage.

Dresses of white blond tulle, beauti-

* See the annexed Engraving, which represents a Parisian lady in a robe of embroidered muslin, with a hat of *gros de Naples* also embroidered, and decorated with *marabouts*.

fully embroidered, and worn over pink satin slips, are seen in abundance at balls and evening-parties; the sleeves are short, and the skirts bordered with two deep flounces. The corsage is *à la Sevigne*, and cut square. Striped pink gingham, with a very broad hem, are worn much in home costume. Muslins, striped in columns formed by wreaths of flowers, are very fashionable, and the favorite silks for half-dress, are *gros des Indes* and *saracen*; they are ornamented by flat embroidery of two shades darker than the dress.

The hair is often elegantly arranged without any ornament. The caps worn in morning home costume are composed

of lace and gauze ribbon. Dress-hats of white crape have three bouquets of clove-carnations on the right side, and three on the left.

Among a variety of wedding-presents, a wealthy bride lately received a set of pins, that she might adorn her hair *à la Grecque*. Some very splendid brilliants, set in open-work, in the form of a pineapple, composed the head of one of these pins.

The neck-chains now worn have very long links, which, passing round the throat, form a festoon over the back and shoulders and the bust. The width of the bracelets, and the length of the ear-pendants, are indeed remarkable.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to the countess Howe and lady Hawker English, and to the wives of commodore P. Campbell, major Gammell, captain Todd of the guards, captain E. Mainwaring of the navy, Mr. W. Lyall, the rev. N. W. Hallward, Mr. Alexander Hordern, Mr. T. Abercromby Duff, Mr. W. Haigh of Clapham-common, Mr. G. Benson, and Mr. G. A. Aylwin.

Daughters to the viscountess Eastnor and the hon. Mrs. Stanley, and to the wives of the rev. Dr. Knatchbull, the rev. Dr. Manuel, Mr. G. F. Turville, Mr. J. B. Tolken of Kennington, Mr. R. Berkeley of Spetchley, the hon. captain Elliot of the navy, captain Marryat, J. W. Borradaile, Mr. H. Dundas Scott, and Mr. T. A. Curtis.

MARRIAGES.

The earl of Annesley, to Miss Priscilla Moore of Hillsborough.

Mr. S. Duguid, to Miss Margaret Mac-Combie.

The hon. and rev. E. S. Keppel, to the eldest daughter of the earl of Leicestrin.

Lieutenant-colonel Dumaresq, to Elizabeth Sophia Danvers.

The rev. G. Cowell, to Miss Frances Dakins.

Mr. John Cam Hobhouse, M.P. to Julia, the youngest sister of the marquis of Tweed-dale.

The eldest son of Sir J. G. Cotterell, to the daughter of general Trevor.

Mr. David Duthoit, to the eldest daughter of the rev. T. Lewis, of Islington.

The earl of Chichester, to lady Mary Brudenell.

The eldest son of Sir T. Neave, to the hon. Mary Arundel.

Mr. W. A. Broadhead, to the second daughter of the hon. Sir C. Paget.

Mr. S. Beeching, of Tonbridge-Wells, to Miss Anne Green of Seven-Oaks.

The rev. Mr. Veitch, to the second daughter of colonel Rait.

Mr. O'Brien Wolsey, to Miss Holt of Enfield.

Mr. C. Foster, to Mrs. Peart of Knightsbridge.

Mr. J. F. Beau, to the daughter of Mr. J. Walker, M.P.

DEATHS.

Andrew Duncan, M.D.

H. Stoe Van-Dyk, an ingenious writer.

At Broxbournebury, Mr. J. Bosanquet.

At Macclesfield, the rev. L. Heapy.

At Bath, the rev. C. Neave.

Mr. J. Cuff, M.P.

By bursting a blood-vessel in a fall from his horse, Sir Henry Torrens.

At Lambeth, Mr. A. Whitehead.

Major David Reed Parker.

At the age of 88 years, the relict of lieutenant-colonel Ward.

In her 45th year, lady Jenner, wife of the king's advocate.

- Near Ongar, Mrs. Crickett.
 At Highbury-place, the widow of Mr. C. Wilkinson.
 Mr. Miller, apothecary, at Islington.
 By an act of suicide, Mr. Carolton, an itinerant preacher.
 Mr. G. Daysh, a Sussex magistrate.
 Supposed to have fallen into the Grand-Junction canal in a fit, Mr. T. Mitchell, stationer, of Doctors'-Commons.
 Near Hornsey, Mr. Joseph Higginson.
 At Windsor, lieutenant-general G. Lewis.
 At Southgate, Mr. Thomas Sowerby.
 At Chelsea, T. Cox, M.D.
 At Little-Chelsea, the widow of the rev. John Mitchell.
 At Islington, the relict of captain Joseph Street.
 At Croydon, Mrs. Byrne.
 The rev. William Andrew Foley, in his 37th year.
 At the age of 83 years, the rev. Dr. Turner, dean of Norwich.
 The rev. lord George Henry, son of the duke of Marlborough.
 The rev. C. O'Connor, D.D., a distinguished catholic priest.
 The countess of Uxbridge.
 The dowager countess de Clifford.
 At High-Wycombe, the wife of general Sarrazin,—daughter of the late captain S. Hutchinson.
 At the same place, Mrs. E. Newman.
 The widow of Mr. Paul Benfield.
 The relict of Sir T. Cayley.
 The wife of major Philip Stewart.
 At Limehouse, Mrs. Coverdale.
 At Statham in Norfolk, Isabella Perowne, at the age of 103 years.
 Colonel the hon. E. Acheson.
 The second son of the earl of Ross.
 Mr. Kemys Radcliffe, and, on the same day, his daughter Emilia.
 At Edinburgh, Dr. Samuel Neill.
 The rev. G. Booth, vicar of Elksley in Nottinghamshire.
 At the age of 85 years, Mr. Matthew Mendes, surgeon.
 At Paris, the duke of San-Carlos, the Spanish ambassador.
 Near Torgau, the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar, at the age of 72 years.
 At Malta, major Frederic C. Smith.
 At Zante, captain Francis Abney Hastings.
 At Sierra-Leone, major Denham, lieutenant-governor of the colony.
 On his passage from the West-Indies, Mr. J. C. Mills, president of the island of Nevis.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have received a letter from the county of Limerick (we need not mention the name of the writer), offering an intended tale to our notice. From the prospectus which has been sent to us, we allow that the story might be rendered interesting by a person of talent; but, as far as we can judge from the confusion and inconsistency (truly Hibernian) by which the communication is characterised, we have no hope of an explicit or satisfactory agreement. We shall therefore give no farther answer.

The Mother's *Lament* is a *lamentable* affair upon the whole, although some of the lines are so far tolerable, as to indicate that the lady can write better.

The Moral Axioms, sent by an old correspondent, are not sufficiently new. He may perhaps say that novelty is out of the question in a subject of this kind, since morality must be as old as the creation; but he might have put old thoughts in a new dress, and have added acute or pointed reflections and remarks.

We have been favored with some literary proposals, and offers of service, to which we shall pay due attention.





Evening-Party-Dress

Invented by Miss Pierpont & engraved for The Ladies' Magazine No. 9 1828



Walking Dress

Invented by Mrs. Perpetua & patented for the Ladies Magazine No. 1828



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

SEPTEMBER 30, 1828.

THE MAIDEN AUNT.

"Oh! I hope that horrid Miss Winterton will not come to-night, for then there will be an end to all my pleasure; I wish she may be taken ill, or that the carriage may break down in bringing her here." Such was the exclamation that proceeded from the rosy lips of a young and blooming Hebe, who made one of a large party to which I had been invited. "And why, fair lady," said I, "this wish and this dread of Miss Winterton? who, and what is she?"—"Oh, Sir, she is a cross old maid, as spiteful as possible, and she will be sure to persuade Mr. Arnold not to let us have a dance, and we had all set our minds on a quadrille. She always contrives to interfere with our amusements in some way or other: indeed, she is an old maid, and all old maids are detestable.—I never knew one that was not a nuisance."—"Never, in your long course of experience?" said I, "that is really surprising; and pray, do you extend the observation to old bachelors also? for, in that case, I shall perhaps be so unfortunate as to be deemed by you a nuisance, and shall have reason indeed to repent of my celibacy."—"No, Sir," said Hebe, slightly blushing—"a bachelor is very different; for you know they might have married if they had liked it, and they can marry at any time; so they do not feel so spiteful about it."—"Whatever you may

think of old maids, you will allow that an old bachelor is sometimes ready to promote the innocent amusements of the young and gay. I have some influence with Mrs. Arnold, and will answer for it that you shall have a quadrille this evening." Having received my recompense in a sweet smile from the youthful beauty, I left her.

When I retired for the night, I fell into a train of thought on the general opinion entertained respecting old maids. The observations that I had heard in the evening, although only the sentiments of a mere girl, are frequently made by others more experienced. Many may ask, "Are they well founded, and can it be said that the general demeanor and conduct of unmarried females at a late period of life deserve such asperity of censure? I fear that there is some foundation for it; exceptions indeed, and those most honorable ones, are numerous; but still it will apply to the greater number. I look with an eye of the sincerest pity on those unfortunate women, and only wish that I could induce the young and the lovely to feel a little compassion for their faded persons and blighted hopes. Many of these ladies may have been beautiful; but they are so no longer. They may have been accustomed to see their steps followed by admirers; they may have listened to the voice of love, and have felt the pride that woman feels when man professes himself her captive.—

Mark the reverse! they now have the mortification of seeing, that, if they attract any observation at all from the other sex, it is only to be ridiculed. This they might bear, if they only received it from *young* men; but, alas! it is not only from such that they meet it; for it is well known that the most inveterate enemies of old maids are old bachelors. They have probably in their youth been considered as accomplished, and have felt that their acquirements could afford pleasure to an assembled circle, and give some distinction to themselves; but that degree of proficiency in an art, which, forty years ago, was regarded as admirable, is no longer tolerated in genteel society; and to perform one of Hook's overtures on a piano-forte, to sing a Vaukhall song, play a *contre-danse*, and exhibit painted tiffany work-bags and filagree tea-caddies, no longer call forth the exclamations, "Beautiful! delightful!" and they and their accomplishments must stand aside, to make way for more youthful and more able professors. They have probably in their youth resided in the houses of their parents, surrounded by comforts and luxuries; those parents have long since descended to the grave, and a scanty patrimony is all their share of former splendor; their brothers and sisters are married, and find that the concerns of their own families, their own pursuits and cares, occupy their attention, little of which will probably be bestowed on one who has nothing to bequeath, and cannot add any thing to the general stock of cheerfulness and amusement. Thus the old maid finds all her early advantages gradually forsaking her, until they leave her in declining life neglected in society, and restricted in her means of enjoyment; is it then much to be wondered at, if in characters of the common stamp the result should be splenetic feelings, a readiness to take offence at the neglect they meet with, and a degree of envy and dislike toward those who have been more fortunate than themselves? I do not say that all this is right or even justifiable; but I contend that it is natural where there exist not in the mind strong principles of religion or fortitude, or, in the temper, of mildness and good-will. When I have met antiquated virgins in society, and seen the strong prejudices which exist against them—when I have seen them exposed to the neglect of married females, to

the sneers and contemptuous looks of the men, and to the flippant and disrespectful behaviour of the younger part of the community—my heart has ached for them with all their faults; and, as Sterne selected a solitary captive for his picture of slavery, so I have in imagination selected a solitary old maid. I have in fancy followed her when she has left the scenes of social gaiety and cheerfulness. She returns to her comfortless home, is received by a domestic half asleep, who feels neither affection for, nor interest in, a mistress who has little to give, and whose temper is not calculated to inspire love in those about her; she sits down by her scanty fire, she leans her head on her hand; and memory conjures up visions of delights long past,—of youth, beauty, and good-humor,—of home, of parents, of friends; she feels the dreadful sensation of loneliness even in the midst of crowds;—imagination pictures to her the lot of the wife, that happy and enviable name;—she fancies the wife enjoying the comforts of a well-furnished parlor; she sees her seated (as herself) alone, but not long to remain so; the well-known knock is heard; the fire, which before burned brightly, is stirred to make it blaze yet more cheerfully; the husband returns from the business or employment that occupied him; the kiss of affectionate welcome is given and received warm from the heart: he tells of all that he has seen and done, being assured that, if he has received pleasure, it will be doubled by communicating it to his fair companion, who ever finds her own happiness reflected from his, and that, if he has met with mortifications or troubles abroad, they will be alleviated by the kind sympathy and judicious counsel of an estimable wife. She, in return, details to him the amusements and occupations that soled and employed her during his absence, and they taste that first of earthly blessings, the free and unreserved confidence that married friends alone can feel. The poor solitary views all this in imagination; she sees the wife living in comfort and respectability, beloved by her husband, esteemed by his family and her own, served with fidelity by her servants, and looked upon with regard and deference by her friends and neighbours, while *she* is neglected and forlorn. Here her eyes fill, her heart fails her—she cannot bear to pursue the thought, and hastens to her pillow in

the vain hope of obtaining rest, but in reality to broken sleep, disturbed by dreams in which the same visions are presented to her.

There is an error into which the majority of old maids fall:—in brooding discontentedly over the evils of their own situation, they do not consider the probable griefs or miseries of any other; thus, in picturing to themselves the state of the wife, they would imagine her such as I have described above; fancy would not present to them the wife seated in her room, keeping her melancholy vigils in awaiting the return of an intoxicated, perhaps a brutal husband; they would not imagine her ruined by the madness of the gamester, agonised by the folly of the imprudent and extravagant, or heart-broken by the neglect of an unfeeling or the misconduct of a libertine husband. The old maid ever thinks that, had she been so happy as to have gained a partner for life, she would have gained a prize, and therefore she the more acutely feels the mortification of having missed one.

I have mentioned narrow circumstances as generally attendant on the class of old maids of whom I have been speaking, and in fact it is to such only that my observations are applicable. Where the old maid is rich, she becomes quite a different creature; she will receive the attentions of the other sex, were she as ugly as Tisiphone: her accomplishments will be drawn out and admired, her manners will be approved in company; and, if she has brothers or sisters, nephews or nieces, the former will never be deficient in any mark of affectionate regard to her, and the latter will never be so happy as when they are with their "dear aunt."

I have sometimes wondered at the difference in the characters of widows and old maids; for many of the former, in losing their husbands, have lost much of their consequence and rank in society, and are sometimes left as insulated as the latter. Before I quitted the hospitable roof of my friend Mrs. Arnold, I resolved to ask her opinion on the subject. Mrs. Arnold has long been a widow, and is, at the age of fifty years, healthy, cheerful, and happy. "How is it," said I, "that you widows are generally lively, and apparently free from all those corroding anxieties that seem to destroy the temper and the peace of the single? many of you have had good

husbands, and have lost them; some of you have lived in a style of elegance that you were obliged to abandon on the death of those husbands, and many who have been surrounded by large and cheerful families, have seen them all separated, some married, some gone to distant parts of the world, and in the decline of life are left solitary and unprotected. You, my good friend, must have felt your fortitude severely tried, having had an only daughter who was so amiable and affectionate, that it must have cost you many a pang to part from her, although you gave her to a good husband; and yet you look as cheerful as ever, and certainly (added I, smiling) you are not thinner in consequence of it."—"The difference," she replied, "in the general appearance and manners between old maids and widows, I can, I think, readily account for in this way. You must allow that, in the common run of characters, self-love is the most prevalent feeling, and any circumstance that wounds it will be severely felt. The widow has suffered deprivation, but she has not been exposed to neglect. The hand of Providence has taken her protector from her, but her loss does not expose her to sneers or contempt; on the contrary, she is, if correct and decorous in her manners, generally considered with respect and kindness. I may add, that her years from youth to age have not been passed in vain attempts to gain a partner for life, nor has her temper been soured, or her mind irritated, by repeated disappointments. She has probably passed her life surrounded by her children, in whose society she has had all the kindest feelings of our nature called forth; and, though she may eventually be placed by her widowhood in a situation nearly as lonely as that of the old maid, yet it is obviously superior to that state; for she attained a certain rank in society by her marriage, and feels assured that her real respectability is more preserved by continuing in her present predicament than by contracting another marriage; and to those widows who are blessed with children, the superiority in happiness is indeed great. I can hardly perhaps convey to those who are men and moreover bachelors, an idea of the intensity of a mother's love. Certainly, if there is a human passion free from any alloy of selfishness, it is the attachment we feel to our children. My daughter is to me a most inestimable

blessing; by giving her in marriage, I have not lost a daughter, while I have gained an excellent son. I look forward to the period of my visiting her or receiving her visits as an epoch in my life; a letter from her forms to me a little holiday: I am grateful to Heaven for the happiness bestowed on her; I am proud of the praises that I hear bestowed on her conduct as a wife, charmed and delighted by her converse, and penetrated with the fondest and warmest feelings of affection, when I consider her kind and dutiful behaviour to myself. I find my youth renewed in her; I am interested in all that she does and all that she feels; and am growing old insensibly and contentedly, while I enjoy the contemplation of her youth, her health, and her happiness. I have heard the lovers of rural enjoyments speak with delight of watching the growth of the sapling that they have reared; they have fenced it carefully round to preserve it from violence; they have watered it night and morning; they have transplanted and pruned it until it has grown up a goodly and beautiful tree; they have been refreshed by its shade in the heats of summer, and taken refuge beneath its boughs from the storms of autumn. So do I feel in regard to my human blossom, my beloved child;—you cannot imagine the feelings of love and gratitude that I am sensible of, when I see the babe, whose infancy I protected, whom I watched in sickness, and whose youthful weakness I supported, grown up to the finished grace of womanhood, in the full vigor of mind and of intellect, and confidently hope that the strength of that mind and the powers of that intellect will be the support of mine, if my life should be protracted to that period, when strength of body and of mind shall alike decay. You observe that I look well and seem cheerful. Should I not, were it otherwise, the most ungrateful to that bountiful Providence, which has blessed me with such a child, with perfect health, and placed me in a state of comfort and independence?"

I felt the force of these observations of my friend, whose opinion indeed I am in the habit of asking upon most occasions, and took my leave, after congratulating her with sincerity on the possession of these comforts, which I sincerely hope she will long live to enjoy.

I have always felt a degree of inter-

est in old maids, from the affection which from childhood I felt for a maiden aunt of my father. She was the being whom as a boy I loved next to my parents; and, even at this distance of time, memory presents to me a faithful portrait of her form, her character, and her habits. Dear aunt Eleanor, thou wast the gentlest of thy kind, and wilt long be remembered by me with fond regard! Of this lady in her youthful days I can say nothing; for she was an old maid when I first knew her; but I have heard my father say that he believed her to have remained single from a real preference of that mode of life. If she had ever met with any disappointment in her affections, she never alluded to the subject; but it is not probable that she had passed through life without receiving overtures of marriage, as in youth her person must have been pleasing, and her fortune was good, and her family respectable. At the time when I first could form any judgement of her she was old, with a long fallow visage to which a stiff rigidity of muscles gave a harsh and unpleasant appearance; but her countenance was enlivened by piercing black eyes, and when she spoke, or felt herself interested in that which another was saying, the feeling benevolence of her heart showed itself in her face. Her figure was very thin, upright, and formal. Oh, at this moment, how well do I remember our visits as children to her house! How familiar is every object to my recollection! I well remember the large old-fashioned mansion, with its numerous tower-like chimneys, the awkward casements in their heavy frames, the large window-seats with the convenient cupboards beneath them, into which I was wont to pry with juvenile curiosity,—the *buffets* in which the splendid black and gold tea-boards and waiters, the silver cups and tankards, were so carefully arranged,—the old clock in the hall that chimed every quarter of an hour, and, at each returning one, played a tune that I was never tired of hearing. My conscience even now smites me when I think how often, in order to hear the tune repeated, I have pulled the string, and called the good lady down from the top of the house or from the garden to know "what could be the matter with the clock." There was a closet, a kind of museum, the depository of hoarded gifts and legacies of absent or deceased

friends, enriched by collections made at different places by my aunt herself. Endless was the delight it afforded us. There were china bowls of capacious size, figures of mandarins and dragons, parrots, pug-dogs and cats in green china, and all the little monsters that were ever represented in porcelain, and there were specimens of sea-weed, sea-eggs, and sea-horses, and the skeleton of a cat which was found in a wainscot with a mouse in its mouth. I thought that the possessor of such treasures could have little more to wish for, and I declare that when, after an interval of fifty years, I visited Bullock's Museum, and obtained permission to view the boasted mass of porcelain at Brightheimston, even those fine collections did not strike me so forcibly or please me so highly as that of "aunt Eleanor." We admired the garden,—the high quickset hedge that surrounded it, ornamented at each corner by the resemblance of a peacock,—the straight terrace-walks, and the round fish-pond with its border of Dutch tiles, filled with the largest carp, which we were indulged in the liberty of feeding with bread, on giving a strict promise never to throw a stone into the water, or in any way to frighten the fish. We viewed with delight the orange-trees in their wide and deep pots of blue and white china, and the summer-house built in the form of a pagoda, in which, when very good, we were allowed to take our supper of strawberries and cream on a summer evening. In our rambles over the grounds, we met with a poor old owl, that had been shot at and wounded by cruel boys, and had been taken home by the tender-hearted Eleanor, who had nursed and cured it; and now, with its wings cut, it was indulged with the undisputed possession of a grotto in the farthest part of the garden. I feel at this moment a sort of thrilling sensation, when I recollect the mingled feelings of curiosity and terror with which I would enter the retreat where this wise bird sat perched, looking like some magician or the monarch of the place, and the hasty steps that I never failed to make to the door of it, whenever his black and searching eyes were turned toward me. The library also excited my attention; but this was not (what it usually is in spacious mansions) a large apartment with well-chosen books handsomely bound, arranged in mahogany

cases around it; for, truth to say, Eleanor was no great reader, and the collection consisted of little more than the refuse of the books that had belonged to her parents, beside some odd volumes that had not been thought worth a removal, and a few that had been left undisturbed from having been injured or defaced by time; but there were several that excited my youthful curiosity, and there were others which, as I should not have been allowed to read them at home, I enjoyed with the greater zest. There were the romances of Scudery, the fairy tales of the countess d'Anois, the novels of Tom Jones and Pamela, and (dearest of all) authentic ghost-stories, and an odd volume of the Newgate Calendar adorned with engravings, in which the different murders were pictured with horrible accuracy. All these were in their turn read by me with never-ending pleasure and interest, whenever I could escape observation and shut myself up in this room, which, being very rarely visited by any one, was favorable to my wish of privacy.

Aunt Eleanor had the kindest heart that ever beat in the bosom of a human being, and a gentleness of nature, and a fear of giving pain to others, that exposed her to occasional vexations. Her carriage horses were grey with age, and, having lost their teeth from the same cause, could eat no food that was not previously bruised and prepared carefully for them; but she would not suffer them to be shot, or turned out of their warm stable to make room for others, and their work consisted in dragging the old chariot every day for an airing of one hour, in which time they usually accomplished a distance of two miles. Her coachman was fat, indolent, and saucy; but he had lived with her parents, and she could not be prevailed on to turn him away, because, as she pathetically observed, "Who in the world would take him?" The only time in her life that I ever remember her to have been really angry with me, was once when I had purloined her snuff-box, and had given some of its precious contents to Flora, the asthmatic lap-dog, who was nearly sixteen years old, and as cross as infirmity and age could make it. Ours was at that time a very large, and (as will sometimes be the case) was occasionally a divided family; but no quarrels, differences, or divisions, ever extended to

aunt Eleanor. She was the friend of all; she interceded for the offending, and supported the weakest party; she never spoke with harshness of any one; she had ever an excuse to offer, and, if none would be received, contented herself with doing all that was in her own power for the delinquent. Some part of our family, from various causes of difference, refused to visit at the houses of the others; but aunt Eleanor was welcome to all, and never was there a wedding, a christening, or a funeral, to which she was not invited.

"Her billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was deposed or crown'd;
Her jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married;"

and yet Eleanor was no "idle Joan;" for, on all these occasions, she was activity personified. When the death of any one of our relatives caused a family-meeting at the funeral, there you might be sure to see her in her suit of sable, her long face still longer than usual, and her cheek, if possible, more sallow: then you might hear her descant on the shortness and uncertainty of life, and observe that none of us could tell how soon our own turns might come; but she would whisper consolation and peace to the widow or the orphan, and they would feel comforted and assured of her kind sympathy. At all the weddings too (and they were at one time rather frequent) she was sure to be seen; her thin form, which was usually attired in grey or brown silk, was on those occasions enveloped in a yellowish white lustring, adorned with long-boarded point-lace of the same tint, and her face always displayed a fixed look of delight and a smiling smile, which she thought it right to put on with the white lustring; yet I never quite recognised "aunt Eleanor" in this attire; she did not appear at home at these festivals; I liked the brown silk and the grave quiet face better. At our christenings she seemed to be more in her element, and her dress and deportment assumed a sort of midway rank between the sable and the bridal vestments; she was usually at those times attired in a silver-grey or light-brown satin; and, as she was generally either herself a God-mother or the proxy for an absent one, she was a personage of no small importance. She could inform us with accuracy on what day of the month

every birth in the family had taken place; she could tell us how soon each lady after her *accouchement* had ventured down stairs to the drawing-room, and could decide disputed points as to the size and apparent healthfulness of each infant. She would also admonish the nurse not to be influenced by modern customs as to clothing the children lightly, and would descant learnedly on the great advantage of swathing their tiny limbs in tight bandages. The nurses always curtsied, smiled, and spoke respectfully to the old lady, though I have heard them whisper to each other their wonder, "how madam Eleanor could possibly know any thing about babies, seeing as how she was an old maid and always had been." But time passed on, and we were shortly to miss our good old friend at all these meetings; a cold, caught by visiting a sick friend during a hard frost, ended in a rheumatic fever, and, after enduring severe pain with the greatest patience and resignation, her gentle spirit fled. We could almost better have spared any other;—we always loved her, but, when she was gone, we wondered that we had not loved her more.

"Poor aunt Eleanor! we have lost her," was the exclamation of the members of our family, when we met; it was seldom unaccompanied by the tears of the females, and even the men would suddenly find occasion to blow their noses, or to complain of the east wind in their eyes. When the servants repeated "poor old lady, she is gone," they generally added, "None better will come after her; she was a friend to servants, and would speak a good word for us at any time." In her last will there was shewn the same kindness, with a little of the whimsicality that had marked her character through life. She had very little money to bequeath, for her income had chiefly been derived from a life annuity; but she had contrived to leave a remembrance to every one of her numerous relatives and friends; every picture, every book, every china jar and tea-pot, had been carefully numbered and ticketed by her own hands, and appropriated by her will. One part of her possessions consisted of a number of family portraits. Some of them, indeed, were vilely done; but she had rescued them from lumber-rooms, or begged them from those who valued them not; some she had traced to bro-

kers' shops, to which they had been sent with discarded furniture, and she had brought them home, and restored them to their original dignity. My share of her goods and chattels was a ring, more than two hundred years old: it was a broad flat circlet of ebony, and on the front was placed a figure of death, most curiously carved in ivory; this ring had attracted my fancy, and excited my curiosity when I was a boy, and my aunt had not forgotten that circumstance. She also bequeathed to me two ancient family-portraits. One represents a lady gorgeously attired in a full suit of yellow damask, brocaded with flowers in green and gold; on her arm is hanging a blue velvet cloak, or (as I believe it was then called) a cardinal, lined with fur; and, in order to shew how well the painter could adapt the scenery to the drapery, she is standing in a garden filled with flowers of every hue, from among which she has just selected a crimson piony, probably (as the milliners say) to "finish with a bouquet." The gentleman is a stern dark-looking personage, with whiskers and mustachios that might even now pass muster in Bond-street: he bears something in his hand, probably a truncheon; my aunt always maintained that it was; yet his rank remains to be guessed at; for with all her researches she could never get farther than "I am sure he was one of our ancestors, but I cannot say which."

The ring is always on my finger, and the pictures hang in my study, from which they shall never be displaced. I do not exactly know how far I ought to respect them for the sake of the personages whom they were meant to represent, but I shall ever hold them in regard for the sake of that dear relative who bequeathed them to me, who was loved and valued in her life, and in her death sincerely deplored.

VIEW OF LONDON.

In the following sketch of our metropolis by a young Swede, named Theodore Elbert, there is a want of coherence, and some of the remarks are inappropriate and inapplicable, if not absurd: but these faults are so common in every work, that they call loudly for excuse; and, as various parts of this sketch are amusing and interesting, we are induced to insert it for the gratifica-

tion of our readers, whose acuteness will enable them to separate the dross from the ore, without the aid of any farther comments from our dictatorial presumption.

“The streets of London have a twofold nature, a double existence; there are the dead streets and the living streets; the stucco chaos of Mr. Nash, and the great collective majesty of John Bull. I have a respect for both, but more, I confess, for the masonry than the men. Go through London when its highways are deserted, and see these long vistas of silent habitations; they have as much of human interest about them as a million of living Englishmen. They are the works and the homes of men; but they carry with them comparatively little of that jar and bustle of the present moment, the element of an Englishman's existence; they have a past and a future. Here is a line of tall, irregular houses, beneath which Milton has walked; yonder are the towers that point to the stars from above the tomb of Isaac Newton and of Edmund Spenser. Along this magnificent street our children's children will linger and wonder, but will not, like us, be able to discover a dim and distant patch of hill, and believe that it is green with God's verdure. Below stretches, with its wide and broken outline, the prospect which is made boundless by such big recollections. There Charles was executed; there Cromwell has ridden on a charger which may have seen Naseby or Worcester; there Vane has muscled and sauntered; and beyond rolls the river, reflecting bridges and towers, with their numerous cressets, and the cyclopean shadows of domes and palaces, and lifting its mist around those chambers from which have proceeded more lastingly-powerful decrees than from the Roman senate-house, and which have been filled with the grand presence of better statesmen than ever declaimed in Paris, or muttered in the Escorial. Away, again; and, heeding neither that cathedral front, which spreads like the wings of an archangel, nor that star which gleams so high above it, nor the hundreds of buttressed pinnacles, which glimmer upwards like holy thoughts, stand for a few moments beneath those square, black, massy, and unwindowed walls; they are a prison. The rain is driving fast and slant along the gusty street; the distant

rumble of some lagging vehicle is all the sound that I can hear, except the pattering of the rain-drops and the voice of the lonely wind; and now rings out, with slow and lingering strokes, the chime which, in a few hours, will knell to his execution some wretched criminal. There is a slit over my head, one edge of which gleams in the lamp-light. It opens, perhaps, into the very death-cell; and there is, amidst the gloom which it doth not illumine, a choking agony, which stifles the prayer that desperation would force into utterance. Far away again, a shadowy intertexture of masts and cordage stretches between me and the skies, and some round antique towers rise against it. Within them, Raleigh thought for years, and Jane Grey knelt to beseech forgiveness from Heaven for her innocent and beautiful life. These things—so much less dreams or fancies than our own wretched selfish interests—throng round us in the streets of London; but they only come to be repelled.

"The world is awake,—the mighty city is living with all its swarms, the tide swells and runs along ten thousand channels, its weeds and bubbles are all mingling, sweeping, rushing. They say that this is contagious—that we cannot look on the frantic and intoxicated dance without becoming Mænads ourselves—that it is impossible to be any thing but a cog on the whirling wheel,—that you can only run and struggle, never think, in the streets of London. This is not true. The stream of fashion is strong, but the breeze of will, or even of habit, will enable us to navigate against it. In the one or two hours of the four-and-twenty, when the town is silent and solitary, it is full of matter; but it is also very pregnant with other things beside ledgers and betting-books, when the tumult is at the wildest. True, there is more of effective movement in the mind of one philosopher or poet, in one half-hour, than in all Cornhill in a century; but it would be possible to combine the outward and inward activity. We are in London, jostled, carried on, distracted by a thousand objects, insulated in the most eager and crowded tumult of human beings to be found upon the earth; we will go along with it, but we will look at it, and think of it, as we go.

"For my part, give me wealth and

leisure, and I would as soon be here for a day, as in the greenest nook of Devonshire. I look round me for half an hour, and find the sweep of uniform employment and monotonous pleasure by no means so destitute of salient points and occasional interludes as most of such continental scribblers as myself would persuade us. London, too, has its carved work and inscriptions, its quaintnesses, and glories, and touches of sorrow or beauty. There is a poetry of the paving-stones for him who can find it out. And, honor be to human nature! even this enormous torrent of its dregs carries with it some gold-sand and blossoms, contains something on which the philosopher may ponder, the artist meditate. Men's pulses and thoughts are stronger, after all, than the British constitution, or the steam-engine.—There, at that crossing, stands a miserable-looking dwarf, with his ruined hat in one hand, and his wasted broom in the other; his features are writhed into that almost grotesque wretchedness which so often pursues personal deformity. A dozen people have passed by him. Here is one, an iron-looking, middle-aged man, without any striking particularity in his figure or dress.—He puts his hand into his pocket as if he were afraid it would be burned, hastily flings to the beggar some money, colors up to the eyes, looks angry when he is thanked, and walks on as if he wished to escape from the infamy of giving alms to a street-sweeper.

"Yonder is a church-yard. The church is fine, with abundance of bad science and bad taste, yet full of richness, variety, and genius. It is Wren's, which accounts for these qualities. The soil round it, the narrow, irregular, iron-railed area, is paved with flat grey slabs, and the very dust of these Englishmen must be jammed and jostled; but some children have found entrance to the cemetery, and are playing, as if they had not been suckled in a town, upon the smooth grave-stones. How much of gladness and consolation is there in the young voices and loud laugh which ring out among the rattle of coaches, and the unceasing buz of the multitude. Yet, alas! how evident, on those little faces, is the stamp of bad education! how obvious is it that the features of all but one of them are drilled into a mechanical deadness! I speak of the exception, and find that he goes to an infant-

school; so that here, too, in the very core of systematised and congregated debasement, wisdom and good are gushing forth, and healing what they were not allowed to prevent.

"There stands, at the corner of a street, the ambulatory theatre of that great actor and hero, Mr. Punch. He has obtained a motley and a merry audience,—half a dozen of those personages who bear about them the *insignia* of their trade,—soldiers, butchers, dust-men, chimney-sweepers; then there is a score of artisans, some looking wise and dignified with all their might,—others without shame 'holding both their sides,'—several Irish labourers, fresh from Munster, roaring with glee,—and a troop of children, who, at every blow of the magic wand on the head of poor Mrs. Punch, re-echo it with shouts and climes of laughter. Some Scotchman at my elbow has been complaining that Punch has not partaken of the improvements of the age, that he is behind the nineteenth century. The malison of every quiet good-humored traveler on the eternal upstart insolence of this nineteenth century! The world is improving—who doubts it? But the human mind and men's affections are the power that pushes it on; they were before the nineteenth century, as they were before the first; and they will be after it, as they will be after the ninetieth. I love the people for loving what their fathers loved, and what they themselves have loved from the earliest, most bawling, most turbulent years of infancy. There was, perhaps, little of creation in the original devising of these puppet-shows,—there is assuredly none in the minds of those who exhibit them; but how much is there in the hearts of the laborer and the child, whose open mouths and dancing eyes are so instinct with imaginative joyousness! I know a man, fit, if any, to be the Plato of our day. He once talked to me in the middle of the Exchange, about the allegories in the beginning of Genesis: Mr. — rubbed against him, and I was annoyed by the contact. Here he is in the midst of this group of happy wonderers, his noble face reflecting the gladness of those around him, and seeming to sympathise with all the extravagant thumpings and grotesque noises of the wooden pantomime: and he is in his place.

"If I were forging incidents instead of describing them, I would make some

mighty 'tragedy in gorgeous pall come sweeping by,' as a contrast to the previous picture. But, instead of this, when I turn my eyes, I see a poor-looking man in black, with a little coffin on his shoulder, the narrow covering of which is edged with white, and behind it walk two mourning women and a child.—Amid the concourse of the busy and the idle, they do not hurry or look around them. They are absorbed in the gloomy depth of their own sorrow. Though they were too poor to purchase an array of lamentation for their offspring, a triumph of grief, a cavalcade of splendid mourners, there is enough of agony within their hearts to supply, tenfold, the lack of plumes and horses. Amidst the magnificence of wealth and the earnestness of occupation, they linger and totter forward to the obscure cemetery, like a wounded raven fluttering through the chambers of a king. The mother is following the child of her bosom to the grave, where no blade of grass will spring above the dust, and where a thousand busy feet will desecrate daily the place of death.

They are lost in the throng; and here comes, instead, with piteous looks and broken supplications, the ragged Italian beggar: his features have the complexion and mobility of his country, and there looks out through their olive squalidness the quick dark glance of the Trans-Alpine eye. The boy can scarcely speak a word of English; but that various garb, with glimpses of the skin beneath,—so fine a study for Murillo,—those hatless locks of sable irregularity, the monkey grinning through crimson rags upon his shoulder, and the hand extended for alms, all tell a plain story of want and beggary. Poor fellow! an Englishman should feel bound to buy his secrecy on the subject of fogs and street-keepers. I have seen him burst into tears when a butcher's boy rapped his hairy play-fellow on the nose with a stick, and then offered to fight him.—The lad gave a look for a moment that spoke of his country, and its fierce revenge. But he felt his impotence, and a gush of shame and sorrow was his only answer. The chances are, that he will be found to-morrow, under a tree in Hyde Park, stone-dead, with his pulseless hands still seeming to clasp the little animal which he was attempting to warm in his breast. 'Alas for poor Luigi! The chatter and mow of his desolate

friend Jacko will be the only moan made for him.

"Such are some of the detailed incidents which break, to an observant eye, the monotonous rushing of the London population. He who is among the crowd, without being as busy as themselves, would be as ill off as Ixion, but for some such interposition of human nature in other shapes than its avarice and contentions. I stand among a million of men, streaming away into eternity, and each striving to jostle, pull back, and outrun his neighbour; and I wonder much, and pity more. But even this heady current cannot sweep away all which, in more tranquil waters, is the out-growth of humanity; and I should lose that faith which I ought to repose in man, if I could think that any one, the most wretched of all these thousands, is left utterly without a seed or relic of good."

THE ITALIAN BROTHERS; *from Post-humous Papers, facetious and fanciful.*

GIULIO and Paulo were twin brothers of the princely house of Lamberti, which had long been the pride of Mantua. Deprived in infancy of their parents, they were committed to the care of the widow of the prince's secretary, whose son, Orlando, was of the same age as the noble orphans. As the boys grew up, a discrepancy was observed in their dispositions; Giulio was gentle and kind, Paulo haughty and overbearing; Orlando was beloved by one, and hated by the other. When Giulio arrived at the age prescribed in his father's will for the inheritance of the estates of the family, great rejoicings took place; the nobility and gentry of Mantua paid their congratulations, and the day was spent in feasting and revelry.

The wealth of the deceased prince was divided by his will between the brothers, in the proportion of two-thirds to Giulio and a third to Paulo; and both were charged, according to their portions, to provide for their foster-mother and her son, whom they were also enjoined to consider as not less dear than a mother and a brother to them. This division did not satisfy the covetous Paulo; a frown, when the small extent of his fortune was stated, bent

down his brows, till his dark scowling eyes could scarcely be seen beneath them, and he compressed his lips sullenly and scornfully. Giulio, who watched his face, for he too well knew that it was a mental disc, the shadows of which told his thoughts as truly as the dial the hour,—seeing his dissatisfaction, rose from his seat, and, taking him warmly by his cold reluctant hand, said to him, "My dear brother, to show you that my share of love for you is still greater than my apportioned share of the wealth of our good father, I will here, in despite of this document, make over to you half of all that belongs to the name of Lamberti, and shall be content with my diminished portion, if it should return to me a brother's love, and still rich enough to take the fortunes of our dear foster-mother, and my beloved friend, wholly under my care. Does this content you, Paulo?" A burst of commendation and applause from the friends of the family, at the generosity of Giulio, was only restrained by the intense suspense with which they waited for Paulo's reply. No answer, however, did he give; but, with a half-sullen and half-satisfied smile, putting his brother's hand away from him, walked slowly and silently out of the chamber, the company rising as he went out, from an impulse resembling indignation at his unnatural conduct. Orlando, who had purposely absented himself from the chamber on this occasion, that his presence might not gall the eye of Paulo, now entered the room. He had heard in an adjoining chamber all that had passed, but expressed no surprise, for it was what he had expected; from delicacy he kept in the background, until Giulio's eye at length met his, when the young lord rose, and, hastening toward him, gave him a fourth of his fortune for his and his mother's lives.

Among the fairer part of the brilliant company that witnessed the generosity of Giulio, there was one who felt a participation of heart in all he said and did. It was the beautiful Bianca, the orphan daughter of an old Italian count and soldier, who had fallen in the Guelphine wars. She was now, with her sister, the fair Alba, under the guardianship of their uncle, the count Montagni, who kept a strict eye upon these fair creatures, and played the spy upon their intimacies, his hope being, by his in-

trigues, to exalt them still higher in the world. They formed the two brightest stars of the entertainment, and won the admiration of all eyes wherever they moved; but from Giulio and Orlando, who were their partners in the dance, they won more,—the admiration of the heart; for they were no sooner beheld by those twin-hearted friends, than a twin-love was born, which, though yet in its infancy, the lovers and the loved both hoped might grow into maturity. The wary count saw, with serene satisfaction, the attentions of the rich lord Giulio to Bianca; but, when he beheld the poor Orlando conquered and conquering the fair Alba, he stroked his beard, and looked contemplative. There seemed, to any eye that could read that intelligible book, the human countenance, a discussion therein between his thoughts, respecting the policy of removing all stumbling-blocks out of the way of Giulio, and the practicability of throwing one in the lover's primrose-path of Orlando. Then, on the contrary, for a while he seemed to doubt whether it was possible, seeing the unity which existed between the friends, to prevent Orlando's success without defeating Giulio's—which, as the young lord had fortune enough to create his friend a lord in gold though not in blood, was a thing to be thought of, and not to be thought of. He very wisely surmised, therefore, that it was safe to patronise Giulio's passion, and it might not be unsafe to see how much might be made of not opposing Orlando's.

So, innocent and worldly-unwise a thing is love, that the very means which it takes to conceal itself betray it.—Bianca, therefore, though she participated more than all present in the joys and sorrows of Giulio, might have seemed, to an eye unskilled in these tender matters, to feel less than any one. But her tears for his brotherly sorrow fell nevertheless, though secretly; her resentment of his injuries made her color come and go; and the warm glow of her admiration for his generosity, gratitude, and friendship, cherished the seeds of love which lay germinating within, into those beautiful flowers which feed the breath of affection with fragrance, and make it so sweet, that it is the only thing which smells of heaven upon earth. It was that delicate fear, which love alone feels, that kept the gentle Bianca and her sister

distant from the numerous assembly, and fixed them in a remote part of the chamber, where they sat with fluttering hearts, like two fair doves, safe, but still fearing to mingle with the lordly eagles. Alba, indeed, when she heard of the munificent gift which Giulio made to Orlando, dreading, as she did, that the poor estate of her love-elect would stand between her happiness and his, had nearly fainted, and almost betrayed those emotions of her heart which she hardly wished to conceal, and yet feared should be discovered.

Giulio now looked round among his friends, and smiles and admiration met him in every face. One face which he paused to look upon, bent down in blushes, when his eye was on it: it was Bianca's. He had not known of her presence in the chamber till that moment; but, with a lover's eagerness, he advanced to the place where she was retiredly seated, with her sister and the old count, who was exercising his usual vigilance of eye and ear, and calculating the working of events and the relative value of things. Giulio bowed to him with that precise inflection of back, which he knew the old courtier looked upon as the true line of graceful gentility; and, taking Orlando's hand in his, entreated the count, with great emphasis, to accept him as a dear friend. Orlando was consequently received with much well-bred graciousness; and joy at the event glistened in his eyes, and in those of his hoping, fearing, and trembling Alba. The pure young hearts which were made for each other were not long apart; for, each lover now leading forth his lady, the lively dance and light feast merrily prevailed, till Pleasure had had her fill, and left the hall and bower of revelry to the mild influence of rest and slumber.

Paulo, making an improper use of his wealth, indulged to excess in criminal pleasure; but the irregularities of his life did not deter Montagni from seeking his hand for his niece, the lady Alba.—At first, he was deaf to all solicitations; but, on hearing that he could thwart Orlando in his passion, he consented to become a suitor. On the appointed morning, he paid the intended visit; but Orlando suddenly appeared, accompanied by Giulio and Bianca, to the great relief of Alba, and the confusion of Paulo and the count.

The meeting of the rivals was haughty

and desperate on one side, and humble yet determined on the other: they exchanged no words, but looks passed which were full of import. Giulio, who viewed his brother's conduct in the light which it merited, boldly reproached him with his baseness; and knowing that any brotherly tenderness he might testify for him, at that moment, would be like throwing oil upon fire, with the vain hope that it might extinguish its dreadful power, forgot at once that tie which he had long remembered, and bade him either desist from a design which must degrade him and the house of his fathers, who were never yet mean, crafty, or dishonorable—or go on, and dare his vengeance: a threat which blanched Paulo's brow with the hue of fear, for he well knew his brother's courage and his own want of it. The count would have interfered; but, caught in his own toils, his resolution seemed to fail; and he suffered his ally to stand on the bad eminence to which he had lured him, without one effort in his favor. Paulo, therefore, departed as hastily as he came; and Orlando, though happy in his defeat, felt a touch of sorrow for his shame, and, like a generous rival, would have followed to soothe his disappointment; but Giulio, who saw his gentle intention, held him to the spot, and forbade him to leave the apartment. Meantime, Alba hung weeping about her sister's neck, and the count left the lovers to themselves.

Frustrated in his views, Paulo resorted to a most unjustifiable measure. With the consent of the count, he carried Alba in the night to a distant convent, where she lay secreted for two years, notwithstanding the diligent search made for her by her lover and Giulio. It may be well surmised how two years of mental winter would take the rose from the tree of life, and blast the summer of the kindest youth. It was too plainly seen that Orlando's energies were paralysed, and that his struggles to overcome despair grew fainter and feebler. But at last a ray of hope suddenly lighted up his mind; this was, to wander in search of his beloved Alba, in the garb of a poor palmer traveling to the holy city. His very heart stirred again at this thought, and his strength revived. He had planned to take his departure in two days; and, on the evening preceding, lay stretched at the foot of an old tree, where he often sat with his

adored lady, looking where day last lingered upon earth, but now employed in thoughts of his journey, and in hopes of his success, when suddenly he observed a shadow different from his own reflected in the waters of the lake over which he was leaning, and, looking up, saw Paulo. Orlando started to his feet, as strongly as he might.—“You are well met, Monsieur Melancholy,” said Paulo with a malignant smile.—“If you have met me a foe, to part a friend, why then well met indeed; or, if you are come to do right to him whom you have wronged, then, too, we are well met. If not, 'twere better you pass on, and leave me to my meditations,” replied Orlando.—“I shall pay no right where I have done no wrong,” interrupted Paulo sternly.—“How!” demanded Orlando, “No wrong? Then never right was wronged. Why then came you hither?”—“To tell you what I never yet have told you, but yet you might have guessed—that I hate you!” answered Paulo.—“I never thought you loved me, though I have loved you much, my lord, and even now——”—“You have robbed me of a brother's love!” abruptly interrupted Paulo. “Like a cuckoo, you have been reared in my nest, to turn me out of it.”—“Your tongue,” returned Orlando, patiently, “is ruder than your heart.”—“My tongue is the true interpreter of my heart; and he who says it is not, lies—you hear me, Sir,—lies!” retorted Paulo.

Orlando started at this insult, and indignation rushed to his sickly cheek, as he counseled him to beware of using such language. “I am not prone to quarrel,” said he; “but do not trust too much to this; men have been known to loathe what they most loved, though 'tis my affection to love all things that live.”—“And mine to hate a creature called Orlando,” answered Paulo. “All men and things have their antipathies; and this is mine.—Did you think I came to flatter, minion? No, I came here to tell you, one of us must die, that he who outlives the strife may live in peace!—What! not moved yet? Why do you wear a sword, if nothing can insult you?”—Orlando, at these words, replied, “My lord, repeat not these disparagements, or, by my soul——”—“What, am I threatened by my brother's page?” cried Paulo. “That rouses you, then, Sir, and lest your chaste blood should be pacified, take

this first blow of many I intend to bestow on you, to keep it angry!" Saying this, he struck at him with his right hand, and drawing his rapier, said, "Take your ground, Sir, for I will have your life." His intention seemed, indeed, no less; for he rushed upon him, ere his sword was half unsheathed, and wounded him dangerously.—"Coward!" exclaimed Orlando, "you have wounded me ere I had drawn! But now have at you—blood for blood!"

Now Orlando, in his turn, pressed hard upon Paulo, making him retreat, until at length he fell from loss of blood. Paulo then advanced again, and, on seeing the fatal end of his revenge, his savage nature suddenly relented.—"What have I done!" he exclaimed in agony, dropping on his knee to assist Orlando. "I have shed the dear blood of the best heart in Mantua. But I have no tears; a villain hath none!"—"I can forgive, Sir," said Orlando, feebly, "if Heaven can!"—"Noble Orlando!" exclaimed Paulo, hiding his face with his hands; "Oh, how mean a wretch do I now feel myself!—But you are fainting!—Help!—ho! help!"—"Nay, let me die in peace! call not for help, for I die willingly—my hopes are in the grave!—Giulio!—my mother!—Alba!"

His life had bled out except the last few drops; and these were falling fast as Giulio entered the garden. "Oh thou abhorred wretch!" exclaimed he, as he glanced his eye through the thick underwood, and saw the bloody tragedy that had been acted;—and rushing with frantic eagerness to Orlando, he raised him up a little from the ground, so that his head rested upon his knee. It was too late, for he was dying; and, after a faint smile, his noble spirit fled to Heaven.

Paulo, in a fit of remorse, stabbed himself; Alba retired to a convent; and Giulio and Bianca were united.

A BRIDAL IN THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.*

An orphan, residing at Dover in New-Hampshire, attracted by her beauty, a young settler from Salem to a farm in her neighbourhood.—"The appearance

of Robert Wilson's farm might not have been exactly to the taste of the young gentlemen of the present day. It lay in all the wildness of nature, the tall trees tossing their heads proudly in the wind, as if bidding defiance to puny man, who was wishing to usurp the dominion they had held undisturbed for thousands of ages; and in the recesses of those dark old woods often lurked the insidious savage, more terrific and blood-thirsty than the prowling lion or the couching tiger. However, Robert surveyed the trees, and thought of the Indians without shrinking. He had a light heart, a strong arm, a sharp axe, and a sure gun; and the labours and dangers besetting his path of life gave him no more concern than would the obstruction of thistle-down in his road to the church.

"Within one year from the time of his striking the first blow in the forest, his land began to wear the appearance of a cultivated farm. The trees had all disappeared from an area of twenty acres, and its surface was covered, and stumps nearly all concealed, by a luxuriant harvest. There was the golden wheat, with the bearded rye,—corn as tall and straight as a company of grenadiers, beside pumpkins and squashes reposing on the ground and quietly ripening in the heats of August. On a gentle swell in the middle of this plantation stood a small dwelling, formed of neatly-hewn logs; the roof was covered with boards, the inside divided into two apartments, with one closet, and the whole lighted by three small glass windows. On either side of this dwelling rose a large fir-tree, and several small ones were in front, purposely left standing for ornament; and wild rose-bushes and other flowering shrubs had been spared, or transplanted by Robert, to give additional beauty to his rural seat. Thick dark forests formed the boundary of vision in every part, except the front of the house, where the clearing had extended to the Cochecho, whose bright waters were seen dancing in the sunbeams, and afforded a delightful relief to the eye, after it had dwelt on the gloom of the surrounding wilderness. To one always accustomed to the retreats of ease and opulence, the wild place would doubtless have looked dreary as a prison; but to Robert, who could almost call it the creation of his own hands, it was a little paradise; and,

* Abridged from the *TOKEN*, an American annual Miscellany.

when his bird of beauty should be placed within his bower, he would not have exchanged it for those stately halls which his mother had told him he was once destined to inhabit.

"When a sufficient time had been allowed for courtship, Mary Grant consented to reward her lover's attachment, and great preparations were made for the wedding. The expected day arrived in due course. It had always been anticipated by Robert as one that would bring unalloyed joy; but Mary had often felt a sadness, something like a foreboding of misfortune, come over her mind whenever her marriage was alluded to. She could not tell her own heart the cause of this melancholy; it was not that she was averse to the union, for she loved Robert more than all the world besides; nor that she feared to dwell in the wilderness, as there had not, for a long time, been an alarm from the Indians. Why is it that, at times, a shadow will fall on the spirit, which no efforts of the mind, no arguments of reason can dispel?

"The matrimonial ceremony was followed by a feast; and all the company who had horses, were to ride and escort the young couple to their dwelling. Of the wedding-dresses, I shall only say, that they were quite fashionable then, but would be very monstrous now; and a minute description of antiquated attire ought not to occupy much of a story so limited as this. After the ceremony, the whole party sat down at a long table, and feasted on pudding, roast beef, lamb and venison, and other good things, which they relished better for seldom indulging in them. But they had no wine, nor strong drink, in those days; and (what would be remarkable now) the host felt no mortification from not having them to offer, nor were his guests disappointed in not having them to partake. Robert's house stood about a mile and a half from that of captain Waldron, Mary's foster-father, and eighty rods from any human habitation. The distance was not great; but it was all wilderness, and the road was only cut and freed from the obstruction of trees. No carriage could have rolled over the rugged way; but that was no subject of regret, as not a wheel-vehicle, except great lumber-carts, had ever been seen in Dover. So the gentlemen mounted their goodly steeds, and, each gallantly taking a lady behind him, they set off, with the bride-

groom and bride at the head of the cavalcade, in great style, followed by the smiles and benedictions of those who could not join for lack of horses. Their progress was joyous and rapid, till they entered the winding path of the forest, where a more sober pace became necessary; but Robert's horse, being accustomed to the way, still pressed on at a quick rate. The path, just before entering the clearing, approached very near the river; this curve was made to avoid a large rock, that stood like a wall on the north side of the road, confining its width to a space barely sufficient for a passage. Just as Robert was turning this rock, Mary, uttering a shriek, was either torn or fell from her seat, the horse springing forward at the same instant; and while the youth, calling on his wife, was attempting to rein his steed, a gun was discharged by an Indian from behind the rock. The ball struck the horse, as he reared high from the effect of the rein, on the breast, and he fell backwards upon his rider. The report of the gun was followed by a loud shout from the wedding party,—not that they suspected the cause of the firing, or its fatal consequences;—they supposed that Robert had reached his own house, and fired his gun as the signal. Their shouts intimidated the savages, who precipitately fled with their prisoner, without even stopping to scalp her unfortunate husband. The party rode joyously up; but who can describe their consternation and horror, on finding Robert stretched apparently lifeless on the ground, covered with the blood of his dying steed, which they mistook for his own, while Mary was no where to be found?

"Calamities never fall with such an overwhelming force as when they surprise us in the midst of security and happiness. From that company, lately so gay, nothing was now heard but lamentations for the sufferers, or execrations upon the enemy.* The men were all unarmed: they could not, therefore, pursue the Indians and endeavour to rescue Mary; but, having ascertained that Robert was still living, they bore him back to the dwelling of captain Waldron, whence he had so lately gone in all the pride of youth and joy. There was no sleep that night in Dover. The inhabitants seemed panic-struck. They crowded to the fortified houses,—mothers pressing their children closer to their bosoms, as they listened in breath-

less terror, often fancying they heard the stealthy tread of the savages, and trembling in agony, as they thought of their horrible yells. But the night passed away without alarm, and a bright morning sun soon dissipated their imaginary terrors. Robert had nearly recovered from the effects of his fall; and, though his cheek was pale, there was a sternness in his dark eye that told his spirit was unquelled. It was his determination to seek his wife; and several young men, after they found his resolution could not be altered, volunteered to accompany him. They went first to the fatal rock; thence they followed the Indians nearly a mile into the woods; but for a long time no farther traces could be found. After searching many hours, they were joined by a praying Indian, named Mendowit, who had received many favors from the elder Mr. Wilson, and had loved Robert from his infancy. He soon discovered the trail of the Indians. They had returned on their own steps after the departure of the wedding-party, and kept the narrow path till it joined the more open one; and then they struck off through the wilderness. After following about three miles, their encampment was discovered. Mendowit examined it attentively, as also the direction the savages had taken. 'How many are there?' asked Robert. 'Two, beside the captive,' replied Mendowit. Robert's cheek became paler, as he stooped to pluck from a bush a fragment of lace and gauze, which he knew had belonged to Mary's bridal dress. Placing the fragment in his bosom, he inquired where Mendowit thought the hostile Indians were retreating. 'They are Mohawks,' returned the other; 'I know by the track of their moccasins; and they will go to their tribe on the great river or the lakes.' 'They shall not!' exclaimed Robert, stamping on the ground in fury. 'I will pursue them; I will rescue Mary, or die with her. Mendowit, you know the paths of the woods—will you go with me? I hope to overtake them before they reach the White Mountains! You shall have the best gun I can purchase in Boston, and my horn full of powder, and a new knife.' These were powerful temptations to the Indian; but a more powerful one was the ancient and inveterate hatred which he bore to the Mohawks. *Revenge* is an inextinguishable passion

in a red man's breast. Mendowit was a Christian as far as he could be, without ceasing to be an Indian; but his new principles could never eradicate his early prejudices, or subdue his ruling passion. Now, the Mohawks had injured a Christian friend, and the indulgence of his hatred seemed a Christian virtue. But there was an obstacle to his accompanying Robert. He concluded that these Indians would retreat through what is now called the *Notch* of the White Mountains, and of that pass he had a superstitious dread. But Robert urged him with so many persuasions, suggesting also the certainty of overtaking the Mohawks long before they reached Agicochook, that he finally consented.

'The sun was just setting when this arrangement was concluded. To follow the Indian trail during the night was impracticable; and Robert, now there seemed a possibility of recovering Mary, became reasonable enough to listen to the advice of his friends, and consented to stay till the morning. The night was mostly spent in preparations for his adventure, or in listening to the advice of those who thought themselves fully competent to judge of the best method of proceeding in the attack of Indians. So eager was the youth, that he rushed out in the night, to see if the morning light might not be discovered. It soon dawned; and, completely equipped, the Indian with his gun and tomahawk, Robert with a double-barrelled rifle, sword, and ammunition, and each carrying a pack containing their provisions and restoratives for Mary, they set off on an expedition, fraught, doubtless, with more *real* perils than the adventures of many proud knights whose deeds are recorded in historic legends. They entered the deep forest, and, guided by the traces of the retreating Indians, pressed forward, at first, with all the speed they could urge. But Mendowit soon checked his rapid pace, and represented to Robert that the two Mohawks were perhaps scouts from a large party, and that caution must be used to avoid an ambush. Slowly, therefore, they journeyed on through the old woods, where a civilised being had never before voluntarily ventured. All was silence, save when, at long intervals, the cry of some solitary bird broke on the ear with startling shrillness; or perhaps a rustling

among the dry branches made the travelers pause in breathless silence, till a deer, bounding across their path, would plunge into the opposite thicket; while they did not dare to send a bullet after him, lest the report of their guns should alarm the enemy, who might, even then, be lurking close beside them.

"There was during the journey a fearful apprehension, an undefinable horror on the heart and mind of Robert, far more terrible than he would have endured if he had known that Mary had ceased to exist. The tortures she might be forced to undergo haunted his imagination, till every sound seemed to warn him to hasten to her relief; and the delays and obstructions that were continually arising made his blood boil with a fury he could scarcely control. His impatience greatly surprised Mendowit, who, with the philosophic calmness of a sage, would take his own time to examine the traces of the fleeing foes, and calculate the chances of overtaking them. This would have been soon, had the Mohawks proceeded straight forward; but, as if anticipating pursuit, they were continually practising to elude it. They would often trace back their own footsteps, like the doublings of a fox; and, when following the course of a river, travel in the water, and cross and recross at places which none but the sagacity of a red man could have discovered. Notwithstanding these subtle movements, the guide at length announced to the youth, that they should soon see Mary. They were approaching the mountains, and Mendowit seemed eager to overtake the Indians before entering the defile that led to the Notch. By the foot-prints they ascertained that Mary did not walk, probably could not; and Robert shuddered, and clenched his gun with a convulsive grasp, as, at each step, his eye searched around in every penetrable direction, dreading to meet a confirmation of his fears; yet the sight of her mangled body would scarcely have added to his heart's agony. The weather, which had long been extremely dry and warm, now suddenly changed; and they seemed transported to another region. Thick black masses of clouds enveloped the mountains, and soon covered the whole horizon, and the darkness of night came down at once; and then the wind rose, and, at intervals, swept onward with the force of a

tornado. It required no effort of the imagination to fancy that the old woods were groaning with apprehensions of some terrible calamity. The trunks of the largest trees quivered, and their lofty heads bent almost to the ground, as the 'mountain winds went sounding by' from a chasm far more awful than the 'Roncesvalles strait.'—'We must return,' said Mendowit, pausing; 'we cannot overtake them. The secret path of Agiocochook, Mendowit must not tread.'—'You must,' returned Robert, sternly, mistaking the cause of his guide's reluctance; 'but you need not fight. Only shew me the Mohawks, and, be there two hundred, I will rescue Mary.' He was interrupted by a flash of lightening so vivid, that, for a moment, the mountains and their recesses seemed all revealed;—their high heads, that reached upwards to the Heavens—their yawning chasms and deep gullies—the huge rocks, some fixed as earth's foundations, and others apparently suspended in air, ready to topple on the heads of those beneath—the dark trees, with their roots and fibres twisted amid the precipices over which they were bending, and clinging, as it were, for safety. A tremendous peal of thunder followed; its echoes reverberated through the trembling mountains with a deafening roar, and then the rain burst in torrents. They at length reached a kind of cavern in the side of a precipice, which they entered in safety. They were now sheltered from the peltings of the storm, but not from its uproar. It seemed as if air, fire, and water, were loosened to work their pleasure on the shrinking and quaking earth. The lightening that shone in one continued glare—the awful rolling of the thunder that shook these everlasting hills—the rain, that did not fall in drops, but poured in large streams from the black clouds—the howling of the wind, as it raved through the hollow passes—the frequent and loud crash of falling rocks and trees,—all united to give to the scene an awful sublimity, which the soul could feel, but the pen can never describe.

"Amidst this wreck of matter, as it were, Robert heeded not his own danger; he thought only of his wife. At every fresh burst of the tempest, 'Oh, where is Mary now?' came over his heart, till his knees smote together, and large drops of perspiration started on his

pale forehead. Then he would rush to the narrow entrance of the cell, with clenched hands, and look abroad to see if there was any abatement of the storm; and then, in despair, he would seek the farthest gloom of the cavern, throw himself down on the damp rock, close his eyes, and endeavour to banish all thought from his mind. Thus passed the hours till after midnight: when, during a pause of the wind, a strange noise was heard. It was not like a shriek, or cry from any human voice, or the yell of a wild beast; but a deep dismal sound, thrilling the listener like a warning call from some unearthly being. Robert started on his feet. A bright flash of lightening shewed him Mendowit rising from his recumbent posture; his hands were falling powerless by his side, and his face expressed an internal agitation and terror which a red man rarely exhibits. 'It is the voice of the Abamocho,' said the Indian, in a low tone, that evidently trembled. 'He calls for a victim.'—'Where is he?' demanded Robert, unsheathing his sword. 'He is the spirit of the dark land!' said Mendowit, shrinking down. 'He rules over these mountains; he comes in the storm, and no one whom he marks for destruction can escape him.'

"The appalling noise, and Mendowit's singular manner, aroused Robert's curiosity to inquire what so moved the Indian. Mendowit, after heaving a deep sigh, replied, 'These mountains belong to Abamocho, the evil spirit. This spirit always favors the Mohawks; and it was to make them a path, when they were fleeing before the arrows of Tookenchosen, the great sachem of the Massachusetts, that he rent the mountain asunder. The evil spirit sat on the highest peak of the mountain, and beckoned for the Mohawks to pass by, laying his hand on his breast. They obeyed, and went in safety; but, when Tookenchosen would have followed them, the spirit spread his arms abroad, and great stones and trees were hurled down upon the warriors, till all perished except their chief. This was long before the white men came; but none of our warriors dared venture to Agiocochook, to bring away the bones of the slain. At last my father became the sachem. A thousand warriors followed his steps; and he said he would bring back the bones of his fathers. The tribe reached the dreaded spot, and in

this very cave my father and I passed the night. We heard the voice of Abamocho in the morning; he waved his arm for us to be gone. I saw it, and trembled; but my father would not depart. He sought all the secret places; but the bones of our fathers had perished. We returned home; but the evil spirit sent a curse upon us. Sickness destroyed our young men; the Mohawks scalped our old men and children; my father fell by their arrows. I avenged his death, but I could not prevent the destruction of my nation. I tried all the usual means of appeasing the spirit, but in vain; and I now dwell alone, the last of my tribe." He then sank down, and covered his face with his hands.

"Robert's life had been a laborious but a happy one. He was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and seldom had his imagination dwelt on the dark shades of human life. He had felt as if earth had been made purposely for the happiness of man, and existence would never have an end. A few hours had taught him solemn lessons of the vanity and change of all created things.—Around him was the destroying tempest, dashing to atoms the works of nature; and near him was Mendowit, an image of moral desolation. Robert sat down; and, while the picture of human vicissitudes was present thus vividly and mournfully to his mind, mingled with the thought of his own heart-sickening disappointment, he wept like an infant. The tears he shed were not merely those of selfish regret. He wept for the miseries to which man is exposed, till his mind was insensibly drawn to ponder on the transgressions that must have made such punishments necessary; but a sweet calm at length fell on his tossed mind, and he sank into a profound sleep, from which he did not awake till aroused by Mendowit. It was late in the morning; the storm had ceased; and they sallied forth to examine the appearance without. An exhalation like smoke arose from the dripping woods and wet grounds, concealing most of the devastations the storm had wrought. The clouds moved slowly up the sides of the mountain, still shrouding its tall peaks; but they did not wear the threatening hue of the preceding night. They had discharged their contents, and their lightened folds were now gradually melting, and ready to disperse before the morning sun,

though its beams had not yet penetrated their dark masses. The wind was entirely hushed, and not a sound, except the solemn monotonous roar of a distant waterfall, broke on the stillness:

"While Robert was contrasting this tranquillity with the wild uproar he had so lately witnessed, Mendowit touched his shoulder; and, looking round, he beheld the features of the Indian distorted, while he gazed and pointed upward toward a huge mountain. Above its tall peak reposed a black cloud, and it was the appearance of that cloud which so terrified Mendowit.—'It is Abamocho,' said he, in a suppressed hollow tone: and certainly, by the aid of a little imagination, it might be likened to a human form of gigantic proportions. The dark face, drawn against a cloud of lighter hue, was seen *en profile*; a projection, that might pass for an arm, stretched forward to a vast distance; and then a shapeless mass, that the Indian might call a robe, fell down and covered the surrounding precipice.—'Your evil genius,' said Robert, half laughing, as he looked alternately at his guide and the cloud, 'has, to my thinking, a most monstrous and evil-looking nose.'—'Pooh!' said Mendowit, interrupting him. That part which formed the arm of the spirit began slowly to move toward the body of the cloud, incorporating with it in such a manner, that the Indian might well be pardoned for thinking Abamocho had folded his hand on his breast. Mendowit had held his breath suspended during the movement of the cloud, and his deep aspiration, as he emphatically said, 'Abamocho is pleased—we may now go in safety,' sounded like the breathing of a drowning man when he rises to the surface of the water. After hastily refreshing themselves, they descended from their retreat, and began their progress through the defile. The storm had obliterated all traces of the Mohawks, but there were no diverging paths; those who once entered the pass must proceed. It was now that Robert saw the devastations of the storm. Their way was obstructed by fallen trees, fragments of rock, deep gullies, and roaring waterfalls, pouring from the sides of the mountain, and swelling the Saco, till its turbid stream nearly flooded the whole valley. They proceeded silently and cautiously for more than an hour, when Mendowit

suddenly paused, and, whispering to Robert, 'I scent the smoke of fire,' sank on his hands and knees, and crept forward. He approached a huge tree, uprooted by the late storm; sheltered behind this, he half rose, and, through the interstices of the roots, examined the prospect before him. He soon signed for Robert to advance, who, imitating the posture of his guide, instantly crept forward, and, at a little distance, beheld—Mary. She was seated with the two Mohawks, beneath a shelving rock, whose projection had been their only shelter from the storm. Their backs were toward Robert, and their faces fronted their prisoner, who, wrapped in a covering of skins, reclined against a fragment of the rock. Just as he looked, one of the Mohawks held some food toward Mary. She uncovered her head, and, by a gesture, refused the morsel. Her cheek was so pale, and her whole countenance looked so sunken, that Robert thought her expiring. His heart and brain seemed on fire, as his eyes flashed around, to see if any advantage might be taken ere he rushed upon the foe. At that moment, the Mohawks, uttering a horrible cry, sprang upon their feet, and ran toward him. He raised his gun; but Mendowit, seizing his shoulder, drew him backward, at the same time crying, 'The mountain! the mountain!' Robert looked upward. Awful precipices, to the height of more than two thousand feet, rose above him. Near the highest pinnacle, and the very one over which Abamocho had been seated, the earth had been loosened by the violent rains. Some slight cause, perhaps the sudden bursting forth of a mountain spring, had given motion to the mass; and it was now moving forward, gathering fresh strength from its progress, uprooting the old trees, unbedding the ancient rocks, and all rolling onward with a force and velocity which no human barrier could oppose, no created power resist. One glance told Robert that Mary must perish; that he could not save her. 'But I will die with her!' he exclaimed; and shaking off the grasp of Mendowit as he would a feather, 'Mary, oh Mary!' he continued, rushing toward her. She uncovered her head, made an effort to rise, and articulated 'Robert!' as he caught and clasped her to his bosom. 'Oh, Mary, must we die?' he exclaimed.—'We

must, we must,' she cried, as she gazed on the rolling mountain in agonizing horror: 'why, why did you come?' He replied not; but, leaning against the rock, pressed her closer to his heart; while she, clinging around his neck, burst into a passion of tears. He bowed his face upon her cold wet cheek, and breathed one cry for mercy; yet even then there was, in the hearts of both lovers, a feeling of wild joy in the thought that they should not be separated. The mass came down, tearing, and crumbling, and sweeping all before it. It might have been one minute, or twenty,—for neither of the lovers took note of time,—when, in the stillness that succeeded the uproar, Robert looked around and saw that the storm had passed by, covering the valley with ruins. Masses of granite, shivered trees, and mountain earth, were heaped high around, filling the bed of the Saco. Only one little spot had escaped its wrath, and there, locked in each other's arms, were Robert and Mary! Beside them stood Mendowit, his gun firmly clenched, and his quick eye rolling around him like a maniac. He had followed Robert, though he did not intend it; probably impelled by that feeling which makes us loth to face danger alone; and thus had escaped. The Mohawks were doubtless crushed, as they never appeared again."

"The rescued bride returned to Dover with her husband, and they lived long and happily in their dwelling on the banks of the Cochecho. In all the subsequent attacks of the Indians on Dover they were unmolested; and their devoted affection, which continued unabated even to extreme old age, was often ascribed to the dangers they had suffered and escaped together. Mendowit thought himself richly rewarded for his share in the expedition. He had, beside the promised gifts, both the guns of the Mohawks, which he kept as trophies of his complete success in tracking their paths. And, moreover, he enjoyed, till the day of his death, the friendship and protection of Robert and Mary; and, when he died, they saw him laid decently in the grave, and their tears fell at the remembrance of his virtues and his services."

NOTIONS OF THE AMERICANS, *picked up by a Travelling Bachelor*. 2 vols. 1828.

A TITLE ought to be free from ambiguity. *Notions of the Americans* may either mean such ideas and opinions as are entertained *by* them, or *of* them by others. The use of the expression, *picked up*, may seem to confine the author's meaning to the latter object; but the volumes, in fact, include both. The writer is Mr. Cooper, the novelist, whose defence of his countrymen has exposed him to severe attacks from the Tories of Great-Britain. He is undoubtedly a partial and prejudiced advocate; but these zealots are the last persons who ought to blame him; for what men, in any country, are more partial and prejudiced than *they* are? We confess that we do not admire the general character of the Americans; but we wish to see fair play. Let not a denizen of the United States be "wantonly run down" by the furious driving of a British Jehu, or crushed into insignificance by the aristocratic pride and overweening vanity of his former masters.

An intelligent periodical writer, alluding to the attacks upon Mr. Cooper, says, "The first charge brought against him is that of praising his country too much. This is a charge never brought against Englishmen by their own critics. We must place ourselves midway between the two countries, in the midst of the Atlantic as it were, and show no favor to either party. Do English tourists at *Travellers* never assert that all out of England is a mere *caput mortuum*? Do they never go swearing from city to city abroad, against and at every thing they meet with, because it is not what they have been accustomed to see at home, good or bad? Do they never make notes of every thing obnoxious among foreigners, that they may put them in array with all that is excellent at home? It is notorious that two-thirds of them do this; is it then just to censure the comparatively-moderate exaggerations of Mr. Cooper respecting the land of his birth, when he is stimulated by misrepresentations and falsehoods on these very subjects? Is he guilty of a crime for asserting that his countrywomen are as charming as any in the world, and that the advance of useful knowledge, among the mass in

America, is greater than in any nation of Europe?—The next charge is prejudice against England. Now, there is not in these two volumes one half of the prejudice against England that might be found in a single article in the *Quarterly Review* against America. Mr. Cooper is a man of fancy, and a novelist; and he frequently goes to the superlative, where the comparative would have been far enough. This must be fairly admitted as his grand fault. From his previous writings, we should not think him so well calculated for the present task as some others of his countrymen whom we have known; but there are topics in his work (particularly naval affairs with which few are so well acquainted. Another fault (an error in judgement only, we admit) was the giving it as the work of a fictitious character, instead of boldly affixing his own name, and thus sanctioning his assertions openly.

“Thus much for objections; let us now come to facts. There are great and momentous truths in these volumes,—information which all Englishmen should possess, not less for the sake of truth than sound policy. There are statements from which the deductions are unanswerable; and notwithstanding the tone of exaggeration to which we before alluded as pervading some parts, the work is well worthy of attentive examination by all Englishmen, in forming an opinion of America.”

In speaking of the American journals, Mr. Cooper is more modest than the editors of our principal newspapers, who boldly assert that they lead the public opinion at their pleasure.—“As might be expected, there is nearly every degree of merit to be found in these journals. No one of them has the benefit of that collected talent which is so often enlisted in the support of the more important journals of Europe. There is not often more than one editor to the best; but he is usually some man who has seen, in his own person, enough of men and things to enable him to speak with tolerable discretion on passing events. The usefulness of the American journals, however, does not consist in their giving the tone to the public mind, in politics and morals, but in imparting facts. It is certain that, could the journals agree, they might, by their united

efforts, give a powerful inclination to the common will; but, in point of fact, they do not agree on any one subject or set of subjects, except, perhaps, on those which directly affect their own interests. They consequently counteract, instead of aiding each other, on all points of disputed policy; and it is in the bold and sturdy discussions that follow, that men arrive at the truth. The occasional union in their own favour, is a thing too easily seen through to do either good or harm. So far, then, from the journals succeeding in leading the public opinion astray, they are invariably obliged to submit to it. They serve to keep it alive, by furnishing the means for its expression, but they rarely do more. Of course, the influence of each particular press is in proportion to the constancy and the ability with which it is found to support what are thought to be sound principles; but those principles must be in accordance with the private opinions of men, or most of their labour is lost.

“The public press in America is rather more decent than that of England, and less decorous than that of France. The tone of the nation, and the respect for private feelings, which are, perhaps, in some measure, the consequence of a less artificial state of society, produce the former; and the liberty, which is a necessary attendant of fearless discussion, is, I think, the cause of the latter. The affairs of an individual are rarely touched upon in the journals of this country; never, unless it is thought they have a direct connection with the public interests, or from a wish to do him good. Still there is a habit getting into use in America, no less than in France, that is borrowed from the English, which proves that the more unworthy feelings of our nature are common to men under all systems, and only need opportunity to find encouragement. I allude to the practice of repeating the proceedings of the courts of justice, in order to cater to a vicious appetite for amusement in the public.”

He describes, with spirit and accuracy, the scenery of New England.—“In order to bring to your mind's eye a sketch of New-England scenery, you are to draw upon your imagination for the following objects. Fancy yourself on some elevation that will command the view of a horizon that embraces a dozen

miles. The country within this boundary must be undulating, rising in bold swells, or occasionally exhibiting a broken, if not a ragged surface. But these inequalities must be counterbalanced by broad and rich swales of land, that frequently spread out into lovely little valleys. If there be a continued range of precipitous heights in view, let it be clad in the verdure of the forest. If not, wood must be scattered in profusion over the landscape, in leafy shadows that cover surfaces of twenty and thirty acres. Buildings, many white, relieved by Venetian blinds in green, some of the dun color of time, and others of a dusky red, must be seen standing amid orchards, and marking, by their positions, the courses of the numberless highways. Here and there a spire, or often two, may be seen pointing toward the skies from the centre of a cluster of roofs. Perhaps a line of blue mountains is to be traced in the distance, or the course of a river to be followed by a long succession of fertile meadows. The whole country is to be subdivided by low stone walls, or wooden fences, made in various fashions, the quality of each improving, or deteriorating, as you approach or recede from the dwelling of the owner of the soil. Cattle are to be seen grazing in the fields, or ruminating beneath the branches of single trees, that are left for shade in every pasture, and flocks are to be seen clipping the closer herbage of the hill sides. In the midst of this picture man must be placed, quiet, orderly, and industrious. By limiting this rural picture to greater, or less extensive scenes of similar quiet and abundance, or occasionally swelling it out, until a succession of villages, a wider range of hills, and some broad valley, through which a third-rate American river winds its way to the ocean, are included, your imagination can embrace almost every variety of landscape I beheld in the course of my journey."

He thus plausibly vindicates that free and independent spirit of the American populace which the English condemn as arrogant and disrespectful.—"It is saying nothing new, to say that the lower orders of the English more particularly those who are brought in immediate contact with the rich, exceed all other Christians in abject servility to their superiors. It may be

new, but in reflecting on the causes you will perceive it is not surprising, that, on the contrary, the common American should be more natural, and less reserved in his communications with men above him in the scale of society, than the peasant of Europe. While the English traveller, therefore, is more exacting, the American labourer is less disposed to be submissive than usual. But every attention within the bounds of reason will be shown you, though it is not thought in reason, in New-England especially, that one man should assume a tone of confirmed superiority over the rest of mankind, merely because he wears a better coat, or has more money in his purse. Notwithstanding this stubborn temper of independence, no man better understands the obligations between him who pays, and him who receives, than the native of New-England. The inn-keeper of Old England, and the inn-keeper of New-England, form the very extremes of their class. The one is obsequious to the rich, the other unmoved, and often apparently cold. The first seems to calculate, at a glance, the amount of profit you are likely to leave behind you, while his opposite appears only to calculate in what manner he can most contribute to your comfort, without materially impairing his own."

In the following passage, he treats more fully of the same topic.—"If servility, an air of *empressment*, and a mercenary interest in your comforts, form essentials to your happiness and self-complacency, England, with a full pocket, against the world. But, if you can be content to receive consistent civility, great kindness, and a tempered respect, in which he who serves you consults his own character no less than yours, and all at a cheap rate, you will travel not only in New-England, but throughout most of the United States, with perfect satisfaction. God protect the wretches whom poverty and disease shall attack in English inns! Depend on it, their eulogies have been written by men who were unaccustomed to want. It is even a calamity to be obliged to have a saving regard to the contents of your purse, under the observation of their mercenary legions. There seems an intuitive ability in all that belongs to them, to graduate your wealth, your importance, and the extent of their own servility. Now, on the

other hand, a certain reasoning distinction usually controls the manner in which the American inn-keeper receives his guests. He pays greater attention to the gentleman than to the tin-pedlar, because he knows it is necessary to the habits of the former, and because he thinks it is no more than a just return for the greater price he pays. But he is civil, and even kind, to both alike. He sometimes makes blunders, it is true, for he meets with characters that are new to him, or is required to decide on distinctions of which he has no idea. A hale, well-looking, active, and intelligent American, will scarcely ever submit his personal comforts, or the hourly control of his movements, to the caprices of another, by becoming a domestic servant. Neither would the European, if he could do any thing better. It is not astonishing, therefore, that a publican, in a retired quarter of the country, should sometimes be willing to think that the European servants he sees, are entitled to eat with their masters, or that he calls both 'gentlemen.' A striking and national trait in the American, is a constant and grave regard to the feelings of others. It is even more peculiar to New-England, than to any other section of our country. It is the best and surest fruit of high civilisation; not that civilisation which chisels marble and gilds *salons*, but that which marks the progress of reason, and which, under certain circumstances, makes men polished, and, under all, renders them humane. In this particular, America is, beyond a doubt, the most civilised nation in the world, inasmuch as the aggregate of her humanity, intelligence, and comfort, compared with her numbers, has nothing like an equal."

The distinctions of classes do not appear to be so strongly marked in America as in England.—"Though it is quite apparent that those conventional castes which divide the whole civilised world into classes are to be found here, as they are in Europe, they appear to be separated by less impassable barriers.—The features of society are substantially the same, though less strongly marked. You, as an Englishman, can find no difficulty in understanding, that the opinions and habits of all the different divisions in life may prevail without patents of nobility. They are the unavoidable consequences of differences in fortune, edu-

cation, and manners. In no particular that I can discover, does the situation of an American gentleman differ from that of an English gentleman, except that the former must be content to enjoy his advantages as a concession of the public opinion, and not as a right. I can readily believe that the American, whatever might be his name, fortune, or even personal endowments, who should arrogate that manner of superiority over his less fortunate countrymen which the aristocracy of your country so often assume to their inferiors, would be in great danger of humiliation; but I cannot see that he is in any sense the less a gentleman for the restraint. I think I have already discovered the source of a general error on the subject of American society. I have met with many individuals of manners and characters so very equivocal, as scarcely to know in what conventional order they ought to be placed. There has been so singular a compound of intelligence, kindness, natural politeness, coarseness, and even vulgarity, in many of these persons, that I am often utterly baffled in the attempt to give them a place in the social scale. One is ashamed to admit that men who at every instant are asserting their superiority in intellect and information, can belong to an inferior condition; and yet one is equally reluctant to allow a claim to perfect equality, on the part of those who are constantly violating the rules of conventional courtesy."

The American females seem to be treated with due respect and attention.—"To me, woman appears to fill, in America, the very station for which she was designed by Nature. In the lowest conditions of life she is treated with the respect and tenderness that are due to beings whom we believe to be the repositories of the better principles of our nature. Retired within the sacred precincts of her own abode, she is preserved from the destroying taint of excessive intercourse with the world. She makes no bargains beyond those which supply her own little personal wants, and her heart is not early corrupted by the baneful and unfeminine vice of selfishness; she is often the friend and adviser of her husband, but never his chapman. She must be sought in the haunts of her domestic privacy, and not amidst the wranglings, deceptions, and heart-burnings of keen and sordid traffic. So true

and general is this fact, that I have remarked a vast proportion of that class who frequent the markets, or vend trifles in the streets of this city, (occupations that are not unsuited to the feebleness of the sex), are either foreigners, or females descended from certain insulated colonies of the Dutch, who still retain many of the habits of their ancestors amidst the improvements that are throwing them among the forgotten usages of another century. The effect of this division of employment is in itself enough to produce an impression on the characters of a whole people. It leaves the heart and principles of woman untainted by the dire temptations of strife with her fellows. The husband can retire from his own sordid struggles with the world to seek consolation and correction from one who is placed beyond their influence. The first impressions of the child are drawn from the purest sources known to our nature; and the son, even long after he has been compelled to enter on the thorny track of the father, preserves the memorial of the pure and unalloyed lessons that he has received from the lips, and, what is far better, from the example of the mother."

He speaks with just praise of the attention paid to education in America.—In the Massachusetts state, there are very few who cannot both read and write. In that of New York, in 1814, there were 7642 schools, in a population of 1,600,000; and these have since increased greatly. There are, it is true, no great scholars, as in Europe; but the whole mass, taken in the aggregate, is more advanced than the mass in any European state. Pauperism is scarcely known; and every cabin has its newspaper or book, even in the distant woods. Intelligence is thus far spread, and it operates wonders.

Anticipations of the extent, power, and population of the American empire, are indulged in by some of the writers of that country until they become almost ludicrous. Mr. Cooper, however, does not go quite so far: his expectations are high, yet not ridiculously extravagant. He says, with some appearance of reason, "A new æra is now about to dawn on this nation. It has ceased to creep; it begins to walk erect among the powers of the earth. All these things have occurred in the life of man. Europeans may be reluctant to admit the claims of a competitor that

they knew so lately to be a pillaged, a wronged, and a feeble people; but Nature will have her laws obeyed, and the fulfilment of things must come. The spirit of greatness is in this nation; its means are within its grasp; and it is as vain as it is weak to attempt to deny results that every year is rendering more plain, more important, and more irresistible."

True greatness, we know, is mingled with simplicity. Tawdry pomp, overweening pride, and ostentatious vanity, border rather on the ridiculous than on the sublime; and a wise man, therefore, would not think the plainness of the lady-president's drawing-room inconsistent with the increasing greatness of the American republic.—"Mrs. Monroe opened her doors to all the world. No invitation was necessary, it being the usage for the wife of the president to receive once a fortnight during the session, without distinction of persons. I waited for this evening with more curiosity than any that I remember ever to have sighed for. I could not imagine what would be the result. To my fancy, a more hazardous experiment could not be attempted. 'How dares she risk the chance of insult—of degradation? or how can she tolerate the vulgarity and coarseness to which she must be exposed?' was the question I put to Cadwallader. '*Nous verrons*,' was the phlegmatic answer.

"The evening at the White House, or the drawing-room (as it is sometimes pleasantly called) is a collection of all classes of people who choose to go to the trouble and expense of appearing in dresses suited to an ordinary evening-party. I am not sure that even dress is much regarded; for I certainly saw many men there in boots. The females were all neatly and properly attired, though few were ornamented with jewelry. Of course the poorer and laboring classes of the community would find little or no pleasure in such a scene. They consequently stayed away. The infamous, if known, would not be admitted; for it is a peculiar consequence of the high tone of morals in this country, that grave and notorious offenders rarely presume to violate the public feeling by invading society. Perhaps, if Washington were a large town, the 'evenings' could not exist; but, as it is, no inconvenience is experienced.

"Squeezing through the crowd, we

achieved a passage to a part of the room where Mrs. Monroe was standing, surrounded by a bevy of female friends.—After making our bows here, we sought the president. The latter had posted himself at the top of the room, where he remained most of the evening, shaking hands with all who approached. Near him stood all the secretaries, and the most distinguished men of the nation. Cadwallader pointed out the different judges, and several members of both houses of congress, whose reputations were quite familiar to me. Individuals of importance from all parts of the Union were also here, and were employed in the manner usual to such scenes. Thus far the ‘evening’ would have been like any other excessively crowded assembly; but, while my eyes were roving over the different faces, they accidentally fell on one they knew. It was the master of an inn, in one of the larger towns. My friend and myself had passed a fortnight in his house. I pointed him out to Cadwallader, and I am afraid there was something like an European sneer in my manner as I did so.—‘Yes, I have just shaken hands with him,’ returned my friend, coolly. “He keeps an excellent tavern, you must allow; and, what is more, had not that circumstance been the means of your making his acquaintance, you might have mistaken him for one of the *magnates* of the land. I understand your look much better than you understand the subject at which you are smiling.—Fancy, for a moment, that this assembly were confined to a hundred or two, like those eminent men you see collected in that corner, and to these beautiful and remarkably delicate women you see standing near us; in what, except name, would it be inferior to the best collections on your side of the ocean? You need not apologise, for we understand one another perfectly. I know Europe rather better than you know America, for the simple reason, that one part of Europe is so much like another, that it is by no means an abstruse study, so far as mere manners are concerned, whereas, in America, there exists a state of things that is entirely new. We will make the comparison, not in the way you are at this moment employed in doing, but in the way common sense dictates.—It is very true that you meet here a great variety of people, some in mean conditions of life. This person you see on

my left is a shopkeeper from New-York: no—not the one in black, but the genteel-looking man in blue—I dare say you took him for an *attaché* of one of the legations. And this lovely creature, who demeans herself with so much elegance and propriety, is the daughter of a mechanic of Baltimore. In this manner we might dissect half of the company, perhaps, some being of better, and some of worse exteriors. But what does it all prove? Not that the president of the United States is obliged to throw open his doors to the rabble, as you might be tempted to call it, for he is under no sort of obligation to open his doors to any body; but he chooses to see the world, and he must do one of two things. He must make invidious and difficult selections, which, in a public man, would excite just remarks in a government like ours, or he must run the hazard of remaining three or four hours in a room filled with a promiscuous assembly. He has wisely chosen the latter.”

JOURNAL OF AN EMBASSY FROM THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA TO THE COURTS OF SIAM AND COCHIN-CHINA, by John Crawford, Esq. 4to. 1828.

THE commercial mission, so well described and illustrated in this volume, was not attended with the desired success. It was as fruitless as lord Macartney's embassy to China, and the cause of failure may be attributed, in both instances, to the jealousy, pride, and vanity, of the half-civilised despots with whom the intended negotiations were to be concluded.

From the documents left by Mr. Finlayson, the medical attendant of Mr. Crawford, an account of Siam and of Cochin-China was published some years ago; but it was not so satisfactory as that which the envoy himself has now given to the world. The religion and government, the laws, institutions, customs, and manners, are perspicuously and ably detailed; and, if there should seem to be a deficiency of information respecting various particulars, it is only because the writer did not reside very long in either of those countries.

As we paid due attention to Mr. Finlayson's account, we shall only give, at present, Mr. Crawford's opinion of the

Siamese character.—“Judging (he says) from those natives with whom we held intercourse, I make no hesitation in affirming that the people are servile, rapacious, slothful, disingenuous, pusillanimous, and extravagantly vain.

“Servility is of course to be expected as a necessary consequence of the rigid despotism by which the Siamese are weighed down. Subordination of rank is so rigorously marked in Siam, as to destroy all appearance of equality, and therefore all true politeness. Toward their superiors, the conduct of the Siamese is abject in the extreme, and toward inferiors it is insolent or disdainful. This character seems indeed impressed even upon their external deportment. Their gait is never graceful, erect or manly, like that of the military tribes of Western Asia, but, on the contrary, always sluggish, ignoble, and crouching. Perhaps the very attitude in which submission to a superior is expressed, contributes to banish even the graces of external deportment; and it seems, indeed, impossible to associate any elegance of external manners, however superficial, with the habitual practice of crawling upon knees and elbows, knocking the forehead against the earth, and similar observances.

“All the persons with whom the mission had any intercourse displayed a great share of rapacity, scarcely attempted to be disguised by the thinnest veil of decorum. They asked without scruple for whatever there was the least chance of their obtaining, and were neither offended nor repelled by a refusal. The lower orders in this respect imitated their superiors, and never scrupled to beg for whatever struck their fancy. In our walks through the villages in the vicinity of Bang-kok, we were frequently importuned for our pencil-cases, seals, watches, handkerchiefs, and neckcloths. One modest matron asked one of our gentlemen for his coat. He pointed out as well as he could, that it would be inconvenient to return home without it. Not repelled by this objection, she pointed to his shirt and waistcoat, informing him that these would be sufficient for so short a journey as he had to perform!

“We found the chiefs, at least, as slow to give, as they were ready to ask; and the court especially, both in its intercourse with foreign nations and with strangers, exhibits the utmost paltriness

in this respect. Any presents are received, however trifling, and a show is made of conferring a favor by making a return,—care being always taken, however, that a gain of thirty or forty *per cent.* shall be made by the transaction. Certainly not a vestige is to be found among the Siamese of the munificent liberality or prodigality which is so frequently met with among the chiefs and princes of Western Asia. All their bounty appears to be bestowed upon the Talapoins, and it seems as if they had no room for the exercise of liberality or charity in any other form.

“The Siamese appeared to us to exhibit in great perfection the indolence, disinclination to labour, contempt for the value of time, and disregard of punctuality, which are always so characteristic of the subjects of a bad and barbarous government. In point of candour and sincerity, their character is eminently defective; and the impression left on our minds from our intercourse with persons about the court, was, that they had no conception of the advantages of a manly, direct, and upright conduct, and that they practised dissimulation and artifice to as great an extent as the natives of Hindostan, although not with one half of their dexterity.

“I make no question, from what we saw of the Siamese, that they are generally destitute of personal courage.—Cowed by the worst political institutions, and deprived of the liberty of wearing arms, (the use of which, even under arbitrary governments, preserves to the individual some share of self-respect), and habitually accustomed to the infliction of the lash, it would be strange, indeed, if it were otherwise. La Loubere insists that ‘the determined air of a single European, with a cane in his hand, is enough to make a score of them forget the most positive orders of their superiors; and this is saying every thing of a people accustomed, under ordinary circumstances, to yield their leaders the most implicit obedience.

“The most distinctive feature of the character of the Siamese, as well as the most unreasonable and unaccountable, is their national vanity. It is no exaggerated description of the excess of this folly, which is given by the abbé Gervaise, when he says, that ‘they commonly despise other nations, and

are persuaded that the greatest injustice in the world is done to them when their pre-eminence is disputed.' During our residence in Siam, we could obtain neither by entreaty, nor by promise of reward, the services of the lowest of the people for menial purposes. On the day on which we were presented at court, it was made a matter of special favor to grant us a few bearers to carry our palanquins, and it was with great difficulty that we afterwards obtained, at exorbitant prices, a few rowers for our boats. The lowest peasant considers himself superior to the proudest and most elevated subject of any other country. They speak openly of themselves and their country as models of perfection; and the dress, manners, customs, features, and gait of strangers, are to them objects of ridicule. It is difficult to account for so great an excess of weakness and delusion; but no doubt the general causes are their ignorance of the world beyond themselves, their seeing no strangers but such as come to supplicate their government for favors, and the dominion and superiority which they have immemorially exercised over the barbarous and inferior tribes which immediately surround them.—From whatever cause it arises, there can be no question that the Siamese, ignorant as they are in arts and arms,—without individual or national superiority,—half naked, and enslaved, are yet the vainest people in the East.

"The virtues of a Siamese are of a negative complexion. They are generally temperate and abstemious; plausible, peaceable, and obedient. The temperance of such a people is in all probability the joint result of climate, constitution, and necessity. Religion prescribes a vegetable diet, and, as the slaughter of animals is forbidden, one might expect to find that animal food would be scrupulously rejected, as it is by the rigid Hindoos. But this is far from being the case; for they use indiscriminately every sort of flesh, not rejecting from their diet such loathsome objects as dogs, cats, rats, lizards, &c. provided always that they have had no hand in the death, and that there be a plea for placing the sin at the door of another. The same is the case in respect to wine and intoxicating drugs which are strictly prohibited by their religion, and the inhibition enforced by the civil power. A strong passion for

the use of ardent spirits appeared to us notwithstanding to be no-where more general, and no present which we could make to the lower classes, was more acceptable than a supply of ardent spirits, for which we were secretly importuned whenever an occasion offered. We saw, however, no excesses, and heard of none; and I am convinced that the Siamese are, upon the whole, a moderate and temperate people, although, at the same time, impure and indiscriminate in their diet, and uncleanly in their persons.

"The Siamese are favorably distinguished from their neighbours, the Malays, by the absence of that implacable spirit of revenge which forms so prominent a feature in the character of the latter. A Siamese, when wronged, seeks redress through his chief, and never attempts to retaliate with his own hand. Acts of desperation similar to the mucks committed by the Malays, are never heard of amongst them; nor is the tranquillity of the country disturbed by private feuds and animosities, as among more warlike and turbulent barbarians. The same spirit of forbearance, however, is by no means observed toward the public enemy, and their wars are conducted with odious ferocity. Prisoners of rank are commonly decapitated, and those of the lower orders condemned to perpetual slavery, and labour in chains. The peasantry of an invaded country, armed or unarmed, men, women, and children, are indiscriminately carried off into captivity, and the seizure of these unfortunate persons appears to be the principal object of the periodical incursions which are made into an enemy's territory.

"The peaceable and obedient habits of the people are sufficiently indicated by that security of life and property which exists in Siam, and are, at least, some compensation for the despotism to which they certainly owe their origin. A traveller accustomed to the insecurity and lawlessness which prevail in many other countries of Asia, reposes with some confidence and satisfaction in the security which he finds, at least at the capital of Siam and in its neighbourhood. We walked for miles unarmed and unattended, in the vicinity of Bangkok, without receiving insult or offence from any one, and never for a moment suspected danger to our persons or property. I feel convinced that the

property of a merchant or other stranger visiting Siam, is as secure from treachery or violence at Bangkok, either through the act of the government, or of private individuals, as it would be in the best-regulated city in Europe.

"In domestic life the character exhibited by the Siamese is, under all circumstances, commendable. Parental affection is strong, and perhaps too indulgent, and filial duty is prescribed even by the sanctions of religion, nor did we hear of any barbarous or revolting usages tending to impair the force of these ties. The Siamese women are not immured as in many other Asiatic countries, nor rigorously excluded from the society of strangers of the other sex. The numerous wives of the prahklang (prime minister) were in the habit of passing and repassing our dwelling unveiled, and without any attempt at concealment. On the river we often met large parties of females belonging to the families of the king and princes, sitting under canopies in their barges. On such occasions they drew aside the curtains to satisfy their curiosity, and afforded us an ample opportunity of gratifying ours in return, for concealment was by no means their object. Notwithstanding these outward appearances, women are far from being treated with respect, but on the contrary are viewed, as in other barbarous countries, as beings of a lower order. It is but justice, however, to state, that we never saw them subjected to any species of brutality or ill-treatment. The severe toils which they are compelled to undergo, (for they perform every description of out-door and field labour, such as carrying burthens, rowing, ploughing, sowing, and harrowing,) cannot fairly be quoted as examples of ill treatment toward them; for these labours fall naturally to their share, and are the necessary consequences of the conscription, which calls the men from their natural employments to the worthless and unprofitable drudgery of the state.

"As far as we could judge, the Siamese set no very high value on female virtue. The women, however, are not profligate, and at Bangkok they value themselves upon their chastity when compared with the Burman, Peguan, and Cochin-Chinese women. Divorces are frequent, being granted with-

out difficulty, and on slight occasions. The punishment of adultery is not heavy, being a pecuniary fine, varying according to the rank and wealth of the offender, from two catties of silver (twenty pounds) to six catties, or the substitution of imprisonment and the bamboo when the mulct is not forthcoming. Polygamy is allowed by the law and religion of the country, and the rich indulge in it to the extent of their ability. When we were in Siam, the king had three hundred wives, of one description or another; and the prahklang forty. The indulgence, however, is far from common, being of necessity limited by the small number of individuals, in any state of society, capable of maintaining more than one family.

"The Siamese are a ceremonious people, attaching, like most other oriental nations, an undue and ridiculous importance to mere form and ceremonial, breaches of which are rather considered in the light of political crimes than offences against mere etiquette. A Siamese seldom stands or walks erect, and an inferior never does so in the presence of a superior. In the latter relation, the couching attitude is the most frequent of all. The tenderest embrace between equals consists, as the language expresses it, in 'smelling' the object of affection. This practice is common to them and many of the Indian islanders. Hugging is another practice frequent among friends, or where a profession of friendship is made.—There was not one of our own party, during our stay in Siam, who, at one time or another, was not subjected to this inconvenient (and, we may add, ridiculous) ceremony."

DESCENT OF THE DANUBE, FROM RATISBON TO VIENNA, DURING THE AUTUMN OF 1827; *by J. R. Planché.*

FROM Mr. Planché's vivacity of talent, we expect light pleasant reading, and, in this respect, the present volume has not disappointed us. Without possessing a great expansion of mind, he is able to amuse and to entertain. He sketches with an animated pencil, and places his scenes and his groupes before us with theatrical effect. He intersperses, with picturesque descriptions, anecdotes and recollections historical and

legendary, and pleasingly illustrates the course of a famous and interesting river.

He thus describes the fortress and the neighbourhood where the lion-hearted Richard is supposed to have been confined.—“Amidst the wild scenery of the Schlagen, there is a “savage glen which has long been considered by the peasantry as the haunt of witches and evil spirits; and about thirty years ago a poor old woman, who was feeding her goat upon one of the precipices, was absolutely shot with a glass bullet as a weather-witch, a violent thunder-storm which had unfortunately arisen being charged to her account by the superstitious marksman. On emerging from this glen, the crowning glory of the romantic scene, the magnificent ruin of Dürrenstein, presents itself on its stupendous rock. Language cannot do justice to the sublimity of this view, which might task the united pencils of a Claude and a Salvator Rosa. Independently of its beauty and grandeur, what recollections crowd upon the mind, as the splendid picture dawns upon the sight—Richard Cœur-de-Lion! Six hundred years have passed, and the name is still a spell-word to conjure up all the brightest and noblest visions of the age of chivalry. What glorious phantoms rise at the sound! Saladin—the great, the valiant, the generous Saladin, again wheels at the head of his cavalry, and the whole host of red-cross warriors—the knights of the Temple and St. John—start again into existence from their graves in the Syrian deserts, and their tombs in Christian Europe, where still their recumbent effigies grasp the sword in stone. The lion-hearted Plantagenet once more flourishes with a giant’s strength, the tremendous battle-axe, whereon “were twenty pounds of steel,” around the nodding broom-plant in his cylindrical helmet, while his implacable foe, Leopold of Austria, leans frowning on his azure shield; his surcoat of cloth of silver “dabbled in blood,” that terrible token of his valour at Ptolemais, which is to this day the blazon of his ancient house. Yonder walls have echoed to the clank of the fetters with which his unknighly vengeance loaded Richard of England—to the minstrel-moan of “the Lord of Oc and No,” and (for who can coldly pause to separate such romantic facts from the romance they have inspired?) to the lay of the faithful

Blondel, which, wafted by the pitying winds to his royal master’s ear, soothed his captivity, and brightened his hopes of freedom. Many are the castles on the banks of the Danube pointed out to the traveler as the prison of Cœur-de-Lion. Aggstein, which we have not long passed, Griefenstein, which we are approaching, both assert a similar claim to our interest, our veneration; and it has been not improbably conjectured, that Richard was in turn the resident of each, being secretly removed from fortress to fortress, by his subtle and malignant captor, in order to baffle the researches of his friends and followers. Notwithstanding this dispute, Dürrenstein has, by general consent and long tradition, been established as the principal place of his confinement; and no one who, with that impression, has gazed upon its majestic ruins, would thank the sceptic who should endeavour to disturb his belief. They stand upon a colossal rock, which, rising from a promontory picturesquely terminated by a little town, is singularly ribbed from top to bottom by a rugged mass of granite indented like a saw. On each side of this natural barrier, a strip of low wall, with small towers at equal distances, straggles down the rock, which, thus divided, is here and there cut toward its base into cross terraces planted with vines, and in the ruder parts left bare, or patched with lichens and shrubs of various descriptions. On its naked and conical crest, as though a piece of the crag itself, rises the keep of the castle, square, with four square towers at its angles, and not unlike the fine ruin at Rochester.”

“Where the river Inn and also the Ilz join the Danube, the scenery is equally romantic.—“On our right arose the long walls and round towers of Oberhaus, upon a range of precipices richly hung with wood, and full four hundred fathoms high; on our left stood the Maria-Hilf-berg, crowned with its church, and the houses of the Inn-stadt picturesquely grouped at its foot—in the centre, the town of Passau, forming a salient angle upon a plane of water, nearly two thousand feet in width, and standing like an island between two of the noblest rivers in Germany. The time allowed us to contemplate this lovely scene, was as brief as the enjoyment was exquisite. The Danube, reinforced, rushes with redoubled speed round a rocky cape, and presto! your

boat is gliding between banks so savage and solitary, that you can scarcely believe some necromantic spell has not transported you, in the twinkling of an eye, thousands of miles from that "peopled city," the hum of which still lingers in your ear. In its eccentric course, the river now forms itself, as it were, into a chain of beautiful lakes, each apparently shut in by precipitous hills, clothed with black firs that grow down to the water's edge, while from amongst them there peeps out, here and there, a little Swiss-looking cottage, with perhaps a rustic bridge thrown across a small cleft or chasm, through which a mountain rivulet falls like a silver thread into the flood below. On doubling one of the abrupt points which produce this lake-like appearance, we came suddenly upon the chateau of Krempenstein, or Grampelstein, perched on a mass of rock, jutting out from a fir-clad precipice, that rises majestically behind it. It belonged, for nearly four hundred years, to the bishops of Passau, who, in conformity with the general practice of the time, levied contributions upon the passing vessels, translating the awkward term of *robbery* into the more legal epithet of *toll*. The peasantry and schiffers in the neighbourhood call it the Schneider-Schlossel, and tell a story of some poor tailor who, in flinging a dead goat into the river from the walls of the building, fell over with it and was drowned, a circumstance which they think exceedingly comical. The age of the building, and the terrific beauty of its situation, deserve a more interesting tradition. On turning another sharp corner—forgive, gentle reader the unnautical expression, for I know of no other that will so well describe the acute angles that present themselves at almost every thousand yards upon this extraordinary river—you perceive Birenwang with its mill, and in the distance, on the left bank, the small market-town of Hafner or Oberzell. Little would a traveler imagine, on looking at this unpretending town, that its manufactures have been, from time immemorial, eagerly sought throughout the civilised world; or that, from the banks of the Ganges to the Gulph of Mexico, from St. Petersburg to Peru, there are no articles of commerce more generally circulated and esteemed than those which are fabricated in this sequestered nook by the hands of a few German potters.

The famous crucibles, known by the name of Ipser or Passauer-Tiegel, are all made at Hafner-zell. About three hundred persons are constantly employed in this manufacture; but, as the towns of Passau and Ips are of greater consequence in the map, their names have been connected with the ware; and the goldsmith and chemist, while reaping the benefit of its industry, are ignorant probably of the existence of such a place as Hafner-zell. There are also here manufactories of black-lead pencils, and a particular sort of black earthenware, the materials for both of which are found in the neighbourhood, which is rich in mineral and other productions."

The following scene would have suited the pencil of Salvator Rosa.—"Nearly facing Waldkirche rises the ruin of Hayenbach, upon the ridge of the long, lofty, and nearly perpendicular mountain which terminates the chain on this side of the valley, and forms a promontory, round which the river, suddenly and rapidly wheeling, completely doubles itself, and enters a narrow defile, the romantic, and I may say awful, beauty of which surpasses all description. So acute is the angle here made by the Danube, that the ruin, though consisting of only one quadrangular and not very lofty tower, now presents its northern side to the eye in apparently the same situation that it did its southern side scarcely ten minutes before. Enormous crags, piled one upon another, to the height of from three to four hundred fathoms, the weather-blanchéd pinnacles of which start amongst the black firs and tangled shrubs that struggle to clothe each rugged pyramid from its base to its apex, form the entrance to this grand and gloomy gorge, through which the mighty stream now boils and hurries, winding and writhing, till at length you become so utterly bewildered, that nothing but a compass can give you the slightest idea of the direction of its course. The castle, which seems to guard this extraordinary pass, formerly belonged to the Oberhaimers, the lords of Falkenstein and Marsbach, who no doubt found it admirably situated for the prosecution of that predatory warfare in which they 'lived, moved, and had their being.' Falkenstein, with which this castle is confounded, lies above Rana, and is not visible from the Danube, and the same vague tradition is attached to each ruin; namely, that it was originally built by

a knight of the thirteenth century, who, having slain his brother, passed the rest of his days with an only daughter in that castellated hermitage. For more than an hour we glided through scenes increasing in sublimity, and calling forth exclamations of wonder and delight, till my companion and I mutually confessed that we had exhausted our stock of epithets, and stood gazing in far more expressive silence on the stupendous precipices which towered above us, almost to the exclusion of daylight, and on the rapid stream that, like Milton's fiend,

'Through the palpable obscure toll'd out
His uncouth passage
. plunged in the womb
Of unoriginal night and chaos wild.'

The grandest views upon the Rhine sink into insignificance when compared with the magnificent pictures which the Danube here presents us at every turn. The two rivers have admirably illustrated Burke's Essay on the Sublime and Beautiful. Nature has contrasted them precisely according to the rules he has laid down."

The misfortunes of the fair Agnes of Augsburg are related with some marks of feeling.—"In a small chapel in the Alt-stadt, is a red marble tablet, on which reclines the effigy of a female surrounded by the following inscription:—'Anno Domini, mccccxxxvi, xii die Octobris, obiit Agnes Bernauerin. Requiescat in pace.'—The fate of this unfortunate lady has furnished the subject for a tragedy to the count of Töring-Seefeld, and one more deeply affecting is scarcely to be found in the page of history. Albert, the only son of duke Ernest of Bavaria, was one of the most accomplished and valiant princes of the age he lived in. His father and family had selected for his bride the young countess Elizabeth of Wurtemberg.—The contract was signed; and the marriage on the point of taking place, when the lady suddenly eloped with a more favoured lover, John count of Werdenberg. The tidings were brought to Albert at Augsburg, where he was attending a grand tournament given in honour of the approaching nuptials; but they fell unheeded on his ear, as his heart, which had not been consulted in the choice of his bride, had just yielded itself, 'rescue or no rescue,' to the bright eyes of a young maiden whom he had

distinguished from the crowd of beauties that graced the lists. Virtuous as she was lovely, Agnes Bernauerin had obtained amongst the citizens of Augsburg the appellation of 'the angel;' but she was the daughter of a bather, an employment considered at that period, in Germany, as particularly dishonourable. Regardless of consequences, however, he divulged his passion, and their marriage was shortly afterwards privately celebrated in Albert's castle at Vohberg. Their happiness was doomed to be of short duration. Duke Ernest discovered their secret, and the anger of the whole house of Munich burst upon the heads of the devoted couple. Albert was commanded to sign a divorce from Agnes, and prepare immediately to marry Anna, daughter of duke Eric of Brunswick. The indignant prince refused to obey; and being afterwards denied admission to a tournament at Regensburg, on the plea of his having contracted a dishonourable alliance, he rode boldly into the lists upon the Heide Platz, before the whole company declared Agnes his lawful wife and duchess, and conducted her to his palace at Straubing, attended as became her rank. Every species of malice and of misrepresentation was now set at work to ruin the unfortunate Agnes. Albert's uncle, duke Wilhelm, who was the only one of the family inclined to protect her, had a sickly child, and she was accused of having administered poison to it. But the duke detected the falsehood, and became more firmly her friend. Death too soon deprived her of this noble protector, and the fate of the poor duchess was immediately sealed. Taking advantage of Albert's absence from Straubing, the authorities of the place arrested her on some frivolous pretext; and the honest indignation with which she asserted her innocence was tortured into treason by her malignant judges. She was condemned to die, and was thrown over the bridge into the Danube, amidst the lamentations of the populace. Having succeeded in freeing one foot from the bonds which surrounded her, the poor victim, shrieking for help and mercy, endeavoured to reach the bank by swimming, and had nearly effected a landing, when a barbarian in office, with a hooked pole, caught her by her long fair hair, and, dragging her back into the stream, kept her under water until the cruel

tragedy was completed. The fury and despair of Albert, on receiving these horrid tidings, were boundless. He flew to his father's bitterest enemy, Louis the Bearded, at Ingolstadt, and returned at the head of an army to his native land, breathing vengeance against the murderers of his beloved wife. The old duke, sorely pressed by the arms of

his injured son, and tormented by the stings of conscience, implored the mediation of the emperor Sigismund, who succeeded after some time in pacifying Albert and reconciling him to his father, who, as a proof of his repentance, instituted a perpetual mass for the soul of the martyred Agnes."

THE COCK'S SHRILL CLARION,

with a Moral.

"WHY screams so shrill the restless bird of morn,
Breaking my sleep ere half my night be spent?"
He counts each fleeting hour from early dawn.
Blame not his zeal, though rude, yet kindly meant.

Shake off thy sleep of soul; rise; sluggard, rise!
So the wise Sadi pours his moral strains;
An hour of life is past! he warning cries;
Let not a bird admonish men in vain.

Life was not given that man should waste away
His hours in sleep, or ease, or idle joy;
Life is the twilight of a brighter day;
Sublimar labors should a soul employ.

A Sadi's lessons rouse an Asian's mind;
By us unheeded oft the poet sings;
The Persian wakes to walk the path assign'd;
Yet here the cock a double lesson brings.

To us, as them, this herald of the sun,
Rousing with cheerful crow to duty's call,
Proclaims the course that all were form'd to run;
Warns, too, of dangers that beset us all.

He bids of childish confidence beware,
Which triumphs ere the middle of the race;
From Peter learn, he cries, through fervent prayer,
To arm your feeble strength with heavenly grace.

THE ANCIENT SPINSTER BEAUTY,

by Mrs. G. Richardson.

WHEN I was young and passing fair,
The men in crowds came flocking round me
Each with polite, discerning air,
Some patent grace or merit found me.

My mother bade me not be vain,
Said beauty was a fleeting treasure,
And sense and goodness were the twain
In which alone the wise took pleasure!

But old, and young, and wise, alike
 Seem'd with my slender stock contented :
 How could such saws conviction strike,
 To which no mortal act assented ?

I saw poor homely Merit grope
 Her way to coach or chair unaided,
 And prosy Prudence lonely mope,
 Where Beauty with-her train paraded.

I heard papas their daughters chide
 For vanity, and dress, and flirting,
 Who quite good-humour'd by my side
 Thought all I did and said diverting.

I found that rosy Nonsense charm'd,
 Where wrinkled Wisdom oft was slighted ;
 Sage critics by a smile disarm'd,
 Divines with sparkling eyes delighted.

Whene'er the merits were review'd
 Of nymph new-launch'd in town or city,
 The question was not, Is she good ?
 But, Tell me, tell me, is she pretty ?

Mamas who, met in social chat,
 Would sometimes tire, discussing duty,
 Decorum, virtue, and all that,
 Had still a friendly word for beauty.

What noses, lips, and cheeks, and eyes,
 And form, and grace ! I oft heard ponder'd ;
 And then—for graver thoughts would rise—
 At folly and conceit they wonder'd !

I wonder'd too ; for, preach who may,
 Youth reasons from effects, not causes ;
 I pleased, was always right ; then say,
 Could I distrust the world's applauses ?

Girls without charms, who strove to please,—
 Who wore the fashions Beauty sported,
 Those were the vain, the foolish these,
 And I, the wise—for I was courted !

And 'twas no vanity to lend
 A meek assent when others praised me ;
 'T had been presumption to contend,
 And pride to spurn the throne they raised me.

But Oh ! when fifteen years were flown,
 I found my empire had departed ;
 For wrinkles came, and youth was gone,
 And lieges, courtiers, all deserted !

Well ! let them go, who beauty prize,
 A gaudy flower, not worth preserving !
 I still may charm the good and wise,
 And be of lasting fame deserving.

I trimm'd the lamp, I turn'd the page,
 I woo'd each Muse of hill or grotto;
 Track'd science through each modish stage,—
 For *hope to please* was still my motto.

And when the wretched sought my door,
 (For charity was now in fashion),
 With chemistry I dragg'd the poor,
 And patronised the nymph Compassion.

Schools I endow'd, cot-gardens plann'd,
 To make contentment more contented;
 Shook knowledge o'er the clod-pole land,
 And pauper luxuries invented.

I loved the poor in days of yore,
 And some loved me, and praised my beauty;
 But now I must bring something more
 Than smiles or alms to win their duty.

And was this all—was love of fame
 The only motive that could move me?
 Papas, mamas, share ye the blame;
 Nor, beauty-worshippers, reprove me.

The visions of my infant head,
 Like daisies in the sun delighting,
 Look'd all to heaven from their green bed,
 Ere yet disclosed to flattery's blighting.

I had no doubt, I had no thought,
 But Goodness was life's only pleasure;
 Kind deeds the daily work she wrought,
 And piety her hoarded treasure.

Why fled those dreams of happier hour?
 Why was the work I loved deserted?
 A root was wanting—and the flower
 Sufficed to please the hollow-hearted.

STANZAS SENT WITH A WREATH OF VIOLETS,

by Miss Eliza Rennie.

THE rose in its flush of crimson pride,
 For the lovely and gay,
 And the lily white let the youthful bride
 On her brow display;
 A myrtle sprig, for the tried and the true,
 Is offering meet;
 And freshest, greenest laurels strew
 At the conqueror's feet.
 But oh! for the heart that is breaking fast,
 With its visions of bliss for ever past,
 Bring, ere life's sun is in darkness set,
 The crush'd and the wither'd violet!

They have brought me pale flowers, whose purple light
 Is faded and gone!
 Oh! they look like the records of days that were bright,
 Now shadow'd and flown!
 Yet fragrance still haunts and hallows the leaves,
 Like the odorous spell
 Of mystic enchantment kind Memory weaves,
 From joys we lov'd well!
 The essence they caught from spring's early breath,
 Like love that is constant, they yield but in death;
 Oh! then, ere life's sun is in darkness set,
 Bring, bring me the sweet faithful violet!

I would not a glittering jewel should be
 The gift which last,
 From the hand and the heart of the loving, to thee
 The lov'd one pass'd!
 No—India's rich gems are a pompous dower,
 And to pride belong;
 Love breathes remembrance in lowly flower,
 Or plaintive song;
 Take thou, then, my gift, and, whenever thine eye
 Meets the violet's, bestow on my fond girl a sigh.
 Oh! then, though life's sun be in darkness set,
 I shall still live to thee in the violet!

THE MISERIES OF A STUDENT.*

HIM Oxford sent, a scholar deeply read,
 With all her classic honors on his head,
 (Of the year's galaxy her brightest star,)
 To grope through terms and dinners to the bar:
 That lottery of fame and fortune—where,
 To one who gains, a thousand in despair
 Have turn'd their backs upon the tardy prize,
 And sought a humbler fate and brighter skies.
 Law, and the studies of the law, his mind
 Too soon adopted, and too soon resign'd;
 Careless of health, and prodigal of time,
 He sought the regions sterile but sublime,
 With vent'rous aim and wing of fire to soar,
 Where the immortal Milton led before;
 To find, like Milton, 'no fit audience,' bent
 On his high theme and solemn argument.
 Still as the tempter beckon'd he obey'd,
 And, with a spirit unsubdued, he stray'd
 Into those paths which Newton trod, to find
 How weak the highest efforts of the mind
 To fix attention in a trifling age;
 And science proved a barren heritage.
 What he became, as his small means grew less,
 He blush'd to think—a hireling of the press!
 To squeeze the grape, while others quaff'd the wine,
 And write that others upon plate might dine;

* This picture is too highly colored; but we introduce it as a specimen of Mr. Joseph Snow's poetical talent.

To see with scorn, or with contempt more calm,
 Triumphant dullness bear away the palm;
 To feel that bitterness of heart which flows
 From conscious powers in indolent repose;
 To find, in every channel he could seek,
 The race was to the slow, the battle to the weak.
 With am'rous songs he could not youth entice,
 Nor pamper passion with poetic spice;
 He could not rave in misanthropic lays,
 Nor for a dinner barter venal praise;
 A tale with feeble elegance to pen,
 Required of books less knowledge than of men:
 His classic temper he could not dilute:
 No annual trifle his high thoughts would suit;
 He was above the spirit of the time,
 And he is dying now in manhood's prime,
 Much from the toil of study, but much more
 From the deep wrongs his wounded spirit bore;
 Like learning's highest votaries, he has found
 The laurel poisons whom it should have crown'd.

A BIRD STORY,

from the American Whim-Whams.

MR. AHASUERUS Bird
 Was a young man of fashion;
 A peacock in exterior,
 'Mongst ladies quite the passion.

He lived at Paris, where men have
 No scruples 'bout religion,
 And but few quirks of conscience when
 They find a fleshy pigeon.

Bird soar'd amid the highest flocks,
 And scouted quite the nether;
 He ruffled, bullied, drank, and ne'er
 Exhibited *white feather*.

One night—a fatal night to him—
 For Bird, in sooth, was *raw*,
 He was, by friends, seduc'd to take
 A game of *rouge et noir*.

He dash'd, and boldly play'd, resolv'd
 No man should call him *tame*:
 The sharpers round about cried out,
 "Indeed, this bird is *game*."

Luck was, comparatively, good:
 He thought of better, best,
 Determin'd, ere the morning broke,
 To feather well his *nest*.

But, oh! a tyro's oft deceiv'd,
 In games and faces new;
 And of surrounding things poor Bird
 Took but a *bird's-eye* view.

Luck turn'd, and his loose cash was gone ;
 But he a draught had still—
 His last resource; said he—"I'm *sing'd*,
 But I can change my *bill*.

One friend-remonstrated in vain—
 "Bird, you'll be *wing'd* to-night;
 And when your cash is gone, what then?"
 Said Bird—"I'll take to *flight*."

His last Napoleon went down;
 It had a nimble run;
 The prey was *claw'd*, but not by Bird:
 Said he, "I'm *pluck'd* and done.

"My purse is quite clean'd out, my cash
 Exhausted to the dregs;
 My death a legacy I'll leave,
 To haunt these vile black-legs."

He stagger'd home, a frantic man,
 In one unlucky night,
 Quick clapp'd a pistol to his head;
 His soul then took its *flight*.

A gentleman in the same room
 The detonation heard;
 He rais'd his pillow'd head, and cried,
 "Some one has shot A BIRD!"

OBSERVATIONS ON THE INEQUALITY OF MANKIND.

NATURE seems to have intended that all persons should be equal in point of rank or condition; but, in the progress of society, various circumstances arise, which modify that apparent object, and produce a great and striking inequality. Nature, while she wishes that all her children should live, leaves the particular mode of supporting life to the exercise of activity and talent. The strong gain more than the weak, and, except where wealth has been already acquired, the industrious obtain more than the idle. Thus some introduce themselves to a greater share of the exterior advantages and enjoyments of life than others find the means of acquiring: and this share generates what we call *power*. The individuals who thus push themselves forward, quickly attract that notice which leads to influence, and to an increased ability of acting with effect. This state of affairs must have preceded the regular formation of political societies; and the ques-

tion then is, whether the former inequality is augmented or diminished by such institutions. When laws are enacted, their framers profess that they are founded on a spirit of equality; but, whatever the ostensible declaration or object may have been, this, we believe, never was the case in practice, from the foundation of the earliest monarchy to the present period. Even in the most popular governments, there are many privileged persons who escape the rigors of law, and are suffered to avoid those restrictions and oppressions which too frequently harass the mass of the community. There is perhaps no country in which the laws are equal to all, or are administered with a due regard to the natural equality of mankind; and, even if they were, people would not be equal in their state or condition. The inequality which arose before the institution of governments, must, we presume, have been increased by their establishment, because a greater scope is thus afforded, not only for the exercise of that talent and industry which tend to elevate one man above another, but

also for prodigal habits and vicious irregularities. Under such circumstances, property cannot long remain to the same amount in the same hands, and the comforts of life cannot be uniformly enjoyed. One becomes poorer, another richer. The acquisition of property, indeed, first led to inequality; and, when that property was secured by law from predatory violence, it was still liable to fluctuation and change from a difference of disposition in its owners, from varieties of use and management, and from accidental contingencies and circumstances. It could not long remain stationary, and the inequality which it first produced was not merely continued, but widely propagated. A fondness for power, and a desire of luxury, tend to perpetuate that striking difference which prevailed even in early times; and, in the majority of states, the members of the aristocratic class continue to exact the services, limit the profits, and abridge the comforts, of the rest of the community.

It might be supposed that the rapacious and grasping spirit of those who have thus soared above their fellow-creatures, would long ago have had the effect of concentrating in a few hands all that is valuable in life. But we must recollect that, as in the material, so in the moral world, there are opposite laws and tendencies which counteract each other, so that the weaker portion, though it never can subdue the stronger, may be enabled in some degree to check the progress of the opulent and superior class, and prevent it from pushing its advantages to dangerous extremities.—Leveling principles are constantly at work, which obstruct the otherwise alarming career of the domineering party, and secure the balance of society from total subversion.

One of these counteractive principles may be said to arise from the number of adventitious wants which make the rich dependent on the lower classes. If the rich had no fantastic wants or desires, no more poor, perhaps, would be suffered to subsist in a country than would suffice to procure abundant sustenance for the lordly proprietors of the soil: but, where taste and fashion bear sway, their various demands draw off, by a multiplicity of channels, a great part of that wealth which its possessors would otherwise be disposed to retain in their strong grasp. Not only the mechanic arts are

thus encouraged, but those which minister to fancy and refinement are also promoted and kept in operation.

That personal consequence which is the result of capacity and experience is obviously connected with the same principle; and it may be affirmed that no artificial state of society, and not even the most servile station, can entirely divest an individual of the due weight of these attainments. Skill is power. The servants and dependents of a rich man, and the workmen whom he employs, by possessing various portions of skill and talent, exercise over him that influence which all his authority cannot effectually control. His actual superiority, however apparent in his style of living, is thus rendered less powerful, less arrogant and oppressive, and the sense of inequality is less keenly felt by his inferiors.

The secret combination of the poor against the rich has also the effect of a leveling principle. There is in man an obscure sense of natural equality, which, without the formality of reasoning, impresses on the mind a tacit conviction, that those who have too much ought to spare a great deal for such as have too little. Upon this principle, they are not conscious of acting dishonestly, when they lessen the stores of the opulent by overcharges, extravagant bills, and a variety of impositions. "It is not sufficient," say some of these artisans or tradesmen, "that the rich should live for themselves; they must also live for others." This advantage is so eagerly seized by the inferior classes, that a rich or a titled man generally pays much more than another for whatever he purchases or orders. Even juries sanction this encroachment on well-filled purses; for, when some gentlemen have refused to pay the demands of their tailors or other *artists*, enormous sums have been allowed upon a trial to these members of the secret combination.

Whatever may be the effect of these counteractive endeavours, there is still too great an inequality in all civilised communities; but, although this state of affairs may not satisfy or please the lower classes, let us be content with that which no laws can prevent. The dream of universal equality cannot be realised. An attempt has been made by Mr. Owen, a well-meaning North-Briton, to level all distinctions, and introduce that *pantisocracy* of which the

great poet-laureate once fondly dreamed : but the scheme proved abortive, on the partial scale by which it was tried, and would, without doubt, be equally ineffective on a larger scale. By banishing the vivifying principle of hope, it led in a great measure, to a stagnation of ideas and of intellect, and a cloud of dullness and discontent overspread the *New Harmony* of the pretended sage. The dread of absolute indigence, which makes many persons unhappy, was certainly excluded from the settlement, as it is from a poor-house ; but cheerfulness did not enliven the countenances of the inmates.

The doctrine of equality, it may be remembered, was a part of the quackery of the French revolutionary leaders, who hoped to seduce the rabble into their views by that idle pretence. They declared, in one of their codes, that all men were equal, but did not seriously endeavour to carry their own maxim into effect. They reduced, indeed, many of the noble and the rich to a state of poverty, and made the people of all ranks *equally* slaves, except the national representatives. This seems to have been the only equality at which the demagogues aimed.

Equality, indeed, in the social state of mankind, is more than can be expected from human nature. It is precluded by the unavoidable varieties of character and disposition, of mind and of talent. But those who wish for such a state may derive some consolation from reflecting that a ruinous excess of *inequality* may be, and is daily, prevented by various circumstances, particularly by that philanthropy, or that spirit of concession, which tends to bring the poor into frequent contact with the rich.

THE DISGUISE ;

(continued from Page 431.)

WHEN the party reached the Vine, Mrs. Layton again exposed her ridiculous affectation ; and, after some frivolous remarks, she proceeded to inform her visitors what improvements she had made in her grounds, and how much her exquisite taste had astonished every one. "Indeed," she added, "I may say the Vine will shortly far surpass any seat in England."—Mr. Blaquiere, disgusted at this and other strange

speeches, began to make fidgety movements ; and Eleanor, fearing some ebullition of his caustic though naturally good temper, seized the first pause in the lady's enlogium on herself to propose returning home.—"I would cross the lawn with you," said Mrs. Layton ; "but the fatigue would confine me to my sofa for the rest of the day."—Mr. Blaquiere, who was retiring, paused, looked at her steadily for some moments, and then, ejaculating, "poor woman!" walked sturdily out of the house.

The returning party found Mrs. Catharine with Mrs. Trevannion.—"I am glad you did not pay that conceited woman the compliment of a second visit," exclaimed Mr. Blaquiere ; "she is even worse than I expected." He then related her conversation, mimicking her manner exactly. "You are too severe, Mr. Blaquiere," observed Mr. Mortimer ; "Mrs. Layton looks extremely delicate, and her taste is displayed in the arrangement of her plants, and the beautiful vases and statues placed among the shrubs."—"For the choice of these she must be indebted to some other person ; for so ill-bred a woman can never possess good taste."—"Her well-chosen dress declares to the contrary," said Mr. Mortimer.—"Indeed, Sir, I do not think so," cried Isabella ; "it was, I allow, very becoming ; but I am sure she was more indebted to the taste of her milliner than to her own."—After some farther conversation, in which Mr. Mortimer warmly defended Mrs. Layton against all attacks either on her taste or her person, Eleanor prudently sent off Isabella into the garden, on pretence of looking after her plants, and good-humor was restored.

The progress of acquaintance did not raise Mrs. Layton in the esteem of any person except Mr. Mortimer, whose admiration was strongly expressed, and whose attentions were received with evident satisfaction. To others she continued cold and supercilious, particularly to Mrs. Catharine, Eleanor, and Arthur. The patience of Mr. Blaquiere was severely tried by her affectation.—One morning, after sitting an hour with Mrs. Catharine and her nephew in an unusual mood of taciturnity, he suddenly invited Arthur to walk with him. He entered the garden, and took two or three turns in silence : at length, turning

abruptly to the youth, he said, "I have bad news for you, my dear boy! very bad! your uncle will be drawn in to marry that conceited little minx."—"I can scarcely think so," replied Arthur; "My uncle certainly is struck with Mrs. Layton's beauty; but can he ever relinquish the society of my aunt for the insipid trifling of a woman who has not two ideas, and whose selfishness equals her folly?"—"It will be, boy, it will be; she is laying every possible snare. Your uncle is at the Vine every day, and I saw him there as I passed that way this morning; I foresee misery from the connexion. Mrs. Layton already hates Eleanor for her beauty, and will then doubly dislike one whom she has injured."

Mr. Blaquiere and Arthur had paused during their conversation. Eleanor's favorite spaniel had followed the youth from Silverbourne, and was lying at his feet; but, suddenly starting up, he rushed, barking violently, into a shrubbery, dashing the boughs aside as he went. The two friends turned to see what had roused the dog, when they heard a faint scream, and distinguished two persons gliding swiftly through the shrubs. "That pelisse belongs to Mrs. Layton," whispered Mr. Blaquiere; "and there is little doubt as to her companion. Your uncle alone can induce her to walk, though I very much fear they have been *standing* longer than I could desire."—"I certainly did not wish my uncle to know my opinion of one whom I may be obliged to call *aunt*," replied Arthur; "but, if the opinion be thus obtained, he cannot blame me."—"No," said Mr. Blaquiere; "but people often punish where they cannot blame."

The following week produced two events in the village of Eversfield. Mrs. Layton left the Vine for Eastbourne, and, on the same day, Jane and Isabella Trevannion quitted Silverbourne for Torquay on a visit to a titled friend of their mother. A fortnight passed happily for Eleanor and Arthur, while Mrs. Trevannion was busily employed in giving directions for the wedding dresses. Mr. Mortimer did not express any regret at the absence of Mrs. Layton, while Mr. Blaquiere openly declared his joy. Mr. Mortimer then announced his intention of going to London for a few days:—"At this season of the year!" enquired Mrs. Catharine with surprise.—

"I have business," he said, "and my stay will be very short." His sternness of manner precluded farther inquiry.—Four days elapsed without any intelligence from him.—on the fifth, Arthur was much alarmed, on his return from Silverbourne, by finding his aunt in tears. In answer to his eager inquiries, she put a letter into his hand. He read as follows.

"My dear Sister,—I intend being soon at home, and you will probably be a little astonished at learning that I shall not return alone. I flatter myself you will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Layton has bestowed her hand on me this morning. My relations and true friends, I am certain, must congratulate me on obtaining not only so handsome but so amiable a wife. My Caroline desires me to say every thing that is kind to her new relations, whose congratulations we are eager to receive.—I remain your affectionate brother,

PHILIP MORTIMER."

After pacing the room in violent agitation for some time, Arthur exclaimed, "Thanks to our friend Mr. Blaquiere, this event has not taken me entirely by surprise, though this clandestine method I never expected."—"A little notice would have been kinder," said Mrs. Catharine, "particularly to you, whom he frequently declared the future heir of Eversfield."—"I sincerely lament," replied Arthur with a bitter smile, "that I am now five-and-twenty, without having applied to any profession. I was thankful to Eleanor Trevannion for accepting the hand of the presumptive heir of Eversfield; but, alas! she is not engaged to the pennyless son of a younger brother."

Mrs. Catharine assured Arthur of her trust in Eleanor's constancy; but, when he admitted his firm reliance on her, yet urged his fears of a change in her step-mother's sentiments, she was too conscious of Mrs. Trevannion's chief failing to afford him any consolation.—"My own troubles have made me selfish, my dear aunt," said Arthur after a pause, "yet believe me, miserable as I am from the fear of losing Eleanor, I feel additional grief from my inability to offer you a home; for I am convinced you can never reside with Mrs. Layton."—"I do not intend to try," replied Mrs. Catharine; "it will be better to quit the hall immediately. I have a sufficiency for my comfortable subsistence; and, if

I wish for a larger income, it is more on your account than my own. To quit Philip will indeed cost me a severe pang." The lady was here interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Mr. Blaquiere.—"You need not tell me," he exclaimed: "I know it all."—"Know what, Sir?" enquired Arthur.—"Why, that your uncle has made a confounded fool of himself."—"How did you hear of this affair, Sir?" said Arthur.—"From my man, who met Mrs. Layton's housekeeper: she had just received a letter from Miss Brook, informing her that the Vine was advertised for sale: every thing must have been arranged before this precious journey; but I have no right to be in a passion about it. I went to Silverbourne first, that my rage might be exhausted before I arrived; but I have enough to make me bilious for a year. I shall be obliged to go to Cheltenham to recover."—"Have you related the unpleasant news?" said Arthur.—"I thought I should tell the story best—you are anxious, I dare say, to see Eleanor after this disappointment; so do you go off, and I will remain with Mrs. Catharine."

Arthur was indeed anxious to meet Eleanor, and yet more eager to learn the state of Mrs. Trevannion's feelings. He crossed the park to Silverbourne, and, on entering the shrubbery, was delighted to find his sweetheart walking alone.—On the seeming ruin of his own prospects he dwelt long and mournfully; yet, if the constancy of Eleanor could have recalled his visions of joy, his happiness would have been immediately restored. He resolved to seek Mrs. Trevannion; and, as if in mockery of the present state of the two lovers, she was surrounded with gauzes and satins just arrived for the bridal attire. After some expressions of regret she said, "These purchases may as well be laid by for the present, as of course prudence will recommend delay till Mr. Mortimer's future plans are known."—Eleanor rose hastily, and quitted the room.—"You must acknowledge the propriety of waiting till your prospects are more decided," resumed Mrs. Trevannion.—"When I requested (said Arthur) your consent to my union with Eleanor, by the desire of my uncle, I mentioned my future expectations from him; but these brilliant prospects have faded: yet, trusting to my diligent exertions, I cherish the hope of calling Eleanor my

own at some future period."—"We will hear your uncle's opinion," said Mrs. Trevannion; "I wish that Eleanor and you would consider yourselves free for the present, and I think a temporary separation most desirable."

The cold unmoved manner of the widow pierced Arthur to the heart. She seemed anxious to finish the conference, and, saying she was going to take a drive, gave a hint that his departure would please her. He rose, and quitted Silverbourne in search of Mr. Blaquiere, whom he wished to consult as to his future arrangements. He found his friend at the hall; and, after some deliberation, the study of the law was decided on.—"I wish I could help you," said Mr. Blaquiere; but the manner of living in India transforms so many luxuries into absolute necessities, that I am far from being a rich man."—Arthur immediately disclaimed all idea of looking to him for any thing beyond advice.—"Now pray don't be so very warm; I know you did not expect any thing; indeed, I should have been afraid to offer, lest you should throw the "dirty lucre" in my face; but the time may come when—Dear me! What a foolish old man I am! I wish I might tell you to hope; but I don't know whether I ought not to despair myself—Fish! it is very provoking—I can't speak out—and very silly—I can't hold my tongue. Come now, we have settled all that can be done at present."

Arthur visited Eleanor the next morning, and again found her alone in the shrubbery. He informed her of his plans, which she approved; but the only comfort he received was from her assurances of unalterable attachment, as Mrs. Trevannion strongly objected to any engagement, unless Mr. Mortimer would settle one of his estates on Arthur. Permission to see Eleanor in her step-mother's presence was the only indulgence he could obtain till the return of his uncle. He then resolved to enter himself at the Temple, and Mrs. Catharine determined on taking a furnished house in London to afford him the comfort of a home. Mr. Mortimer and his bride soon returned, and Mrs. Catharine and her nephew left the hall. Arthur informed his uncle of his future plans, not even mentioning Eleanor's name. Mr. Mortimer appeared confused; but, quickly recovering his com-

posure, said, "It will be best for you to enter on some profession immediately; and Catharine said something about going to town with you. She is silly, I think, but I suppose she does not like giving up the head of the table."—"My aunt," replied Arthur with warmth, "is above all petty rivalry, and her only motive in visiting London is to prevent my feeling the loneliness of living in chambers."—"Your marriage," said Mr. Mortimer, interrupting him, "must be delayed: but at your age that is of no importance. My estates I have settled on my wife; but I shall leave you a handsome sum out of my personal property, and I do not doubt your making a rapid progress at the bar."

Disgusted at this cold heartless speech, and lamenting that the blandishments of a vain selfish woman had banished all former attachments from his uncle's heart, Arthur again sought the temporary society of Eleanor.—"This is almost our parting interview," he said; "my hopes are wrecked; I must quit the home of my childhood to struggle with many difficulties; and, even if I should meet with success, I may find her for whom I strive estranged, or even the wife of another. Mrs. Trevannion will exert her influence to induce you to forget a beggared lover; and can you, will you, Eleanor, resist?"—Her assurances of constancy were mingled with tears, when approaching footsteps warned him to depart. "Farewell till to-morrow, dearest Eleanor, and then farewell perhaps for ever!" He then rushed from the shrubbery, and wandered in the unfrequented paths of the park, feeling solitude to be his only friend.

Every circumstance seemed to militate against the hopes of Eleanor and Arthur. That day's post brought to Mrs. Trevannion the most pleasing intelligence from Torquay. Sir Godfrey, lady Vivian's only son, had been captivated by the beauty of Jane; and, having obtained her consent, he wrote to solicit the sanction of her mother to their immediate union,—a consent which was most joyfully granted. When a marriage with a rich baronet was so easily procured, Arthur could only expect that Mrs. Trevannion would oppose the rash engagement of Eleanor to a poor student of the law.

The hour of separation at length arrived. The lovers took a fond farewell

of each other, and Arthur re-appeared at the hall with as much unconcern as he could assume, while Eleanor was indulged by her mother in retiring to her room for the remainder of the day. He passed the evening with Mr. Blaquiére, whom he found in a disordered state of mind.—"I would not remain here," said that gentleman, "were it not to look after Eleanor;—not that I doubt her constancy, but I doubt whether we can even answer for ourselves." A heavy sigh then escaped him, which he endeavoured to cough away.

The next morning Mrs. Catharine and Arthur left the park in a hired chaise for London. The morning was fine, and warm for the season. As Arthur contemplated a brilliant sun setting behind a beautiful groupe of trees, he sighed deeply from the reflection that it was Eleanor's favorite hour. Mrs. Catharine eclipsed the sigh, as she said, "Many days will probably elapse before we shall again enjoy this glorious sight, uninterrupted by the smoke and din of London."

While Arthur was pursuing his studies in London, the time passed heavily with him, and it was not enlivened by frequent letters from Mr. Blaquiére, who had promised to be a regular correspondent: but, after an interval of silence, his friend mentioned the arrival of Mr. Layton (a cousin of Mrs. Mortimer), who was reported to be immensely rich. Shortly afterwards Mrs. Catharine received an invitation from her sister-in-law to visit the hall before she and Mr. Mortimer left it for London. A true lady's postscript, intimating the real motive of her letter, hinted at an "approaching marriage between a relation of hers, then a visitor at Eversfield, and a certain young lady." Mrs. Catharine communicated the intelligence to Arthur, adding her doubts as to its truth; but his mind, harassed and worn with intense study, yielded to every presage of evil, and he wrote to Mr. Blaquiére, entreating an immediate reply; yet ten days passed without any answer. A letter then arrived, accounting for his silence by his having been absent from Eversfield for three weeks; all he knew was that Mr. Layton certainly had offered his hand to Eleanor, and that every endeavour was exerted by her step-mother and Mrs. Mortimer to prevail on her to accept it. Of Eleanor's inclination he could give no in-

formation, as he was never allowed to see her except in Mrs. Trevannion's presence. The intimacy between that lady and Mrs. Mortimer had increased wonderfully since the arrival of Mr. Layton.

This letter added to the anxiety which Arthur already felt; and, unable to witness his increasing grief, Mrs. Catharine conquered her disinclination to the idea of becoming Mrs. Mortimer's guest, and accepted her invitation immediately. Most anxiously did Arthur count the hours from the departure of his aunt till the arrival of the postman with her promised letter. The well-known knock caused his heart to beat violently, and with an unsteady hand he broke the seal, and read as follows:

"My dear Arthur,—You will be surprised when I inform you that Eleanor is engaged,—not to Mr. Layton, whom, in defiance of the wishes of her mother and Mrs. Mortimer, she remained firm in rejecting; but you will be both hurt and astonished when I tell you she has, with her own free will, accepted the offered hand of Mr. Blaquiere! His silence is now accounted for, and his absence has been occasioned by a journey to London, relative to a large property of which he will shortly take possession. He has offered a splendid settlement, and, as Mr. Layton's proposals were far inferior, Mrs. Trevannion has abandoned his interest, to the great indignation of Mrs. Mortimer, who, forgetting that Philip is twenty-four years older than herself, inveighs bitterly against marrying an old man for money, while Mrs. Trevannion coolly replies, "Every body has a peculiar taste, and, though Mr. Layton is younger, he is very plain."—I have not seen Mr. Blaquiere since my arrival. Eleanor called upon me this morning; and, though much thinner than when we left Eversfield, was in good spirits; the only circumstance I can add in her favor is her agitation when addressing me.—To be thus deceived in two beings—one fondly loved, and the other highly esteemed—is sufficient to destroy all confidence in human nature; the aggravation of the blow, I hope, will bring its cure. At the expiration of a fortnight I intend returning, and trust I may find you have made some progress in forgetting one so faithless."

CATHARINE MORTIMER.

We will not endeavour to paint the agony of Arthur on receiving this letter, or the misery which he endured during the next week, when a second arrived confirming his grief. Mrs. Catharine informed him, that Eleanor was uniformly cheerful, and constantly accompanied by Mr. Blaquiere. He was going to London in a few days, and on his return every thing was to be arranged for the marriage.

All shadow of hope now vanished. Arthur wrote to his aunt, saying that he had succeeded in banishing Eleanor from his mind, and he believed what his haggard countenance and feverish frame denied. In this state of mind he suddenly encountered Mr. Blaquiere in Hyde-Park. The latter hesitated, and at length said, "I did not wish to meet you just now, Arthur."—"That, Sir, I can easily believe; such duplicity in a friend, and equal faithlessness in her whom I have loved too well for my own peace, cannot be immediately forgotten, though the enormity of the deception will soon heal the wound."

Arthur endeavoured to pass Mr. Blaquiere, who planted himself so completely in his path, that, without actually pushing him, he found it impossible to proceed.—"Now, angry as you look," exclaimed Mr. Blaquiere, "I will wager half of my fortune on your willingly paying me a visit at the Moat before Eleanor becomes a bride, and I hope that event will shortly take place."—"Do not add insult to artifice, Sir," said Arthur; "your years alone protect you."—"What! tell an intended bridegroom that he is too old to fight! replied Mr. Blaquiere, with a most provoking smile.—"No—I will not be indebted to my age for safety; and, if you should remain in the same mind, as soon as Eleanor is a wife, I will meet you at any place you please to appoint."—"Sir," said Arthur, "this *badinage* is insufferable; I must insist on your permitting me to pass."—"Well, as you will, young Hotspur, good bye—I shall not call on you before I leave town."—"If you do, Sir," said Arthur, "I shall be under the necessity of forbidding my servant to admit you."—"Very well," replied Mr. Blaquiere with provoking coolness, "I will not give you that trouble; yet I still tell you, I hope and trust you will come to my wedding—aye—and kiss the bride too with hearty good-will—good bye."

When Arthur was expecting the arrival of Mrs. Catharine, and wishing, yet dreading, to hear intelligence of Eleanor, the sound of the postman's knock roused him from a reverie, in which he was recalling the happy days passed at Eversfield a few short months before. The servant brought him a letter: a moment burst the seal, and gave the following lines to his view.

"My dear Arthur,—I fully intended returning to you to-morrow; but a most unexpected event has occurred, deeply affecting my brother, which induces him to request your immediate presence. I will reserve all explanations till your arrival, which I hope will be as soon as possible."

CATHARINE MORTIMER.

Arthur instantly commenced his journey to Eversfield. The family had not risen when he reached the hall; but the servant told him that Mrs. Catharine had desired to be informed of his arrival.—As he threw himself on a sofa, waiting her appearance, his eyes mechanically turned toward Silverbourne. The morning was clear and cold, and the first rays of the sun were darting on the upper windows of the house, rendered visible by the leafless trees. How many agonising thoughts were awakened by the sight! He closed his eyes; but memory,

"To former joys recurring ever,
And turning all the past to pain,"

could not be easily banished, and even his anxiety to learn the cause of his being summoned was lost in the variety of painful recollections that crowded on his brain.

He was roused by the entrance of Mrs. Catharine. "My dear Arthur, said she, this is very kind; I thought you would banish all remembrance of Philip's late conduct—his trouble, like your own, is occasioned by Mr. Blaquiere."—"Mr. Blaquiere!" exclaimed Arthur; "how can he possess any influence over my uncle?"—"By his residence in India, where he became acquainted with Mr. Henry Somerville.—(here something like a blush passed over Mrs. Catharine's cheek as she continued)—You may remember he was once on the point of being related to my brother."—"Yes," said Arthur, "had he not resembled his friend Mr. Blaquiere in a spirit of deception, and quitted you for another, he might now have been living and your husband."—"Speak not thus harshly of

the dead, Arthur," said Mrs. Catharine, while tears glistened in her eyes; "poor Henry was severely punished by his uncle, who was so displeased at his conduct, that he cut off the entail, and left Eversfield to Philip. Henry Somerville's prospects being thus blighted, and an eligible appointment in India offered to him, he with his wife left England and settled in Calcutta, where it appears he formed an intimacy with Mr. Blaquiere, whose friendship for him must have been extreme, as it gave rise to so great an enmity to Philip, that, on his return to England, though Henry has left no heir to profit by the event, he has discovered that the late Mr. Somerville, on hearing of his nephew's death, not being aware of any male descendant then living, willed his estate to my brother without cutting off the entail. He was mistaken; some male relations still exist in a distant part of England, whom, from a most extraordinary desire of revenging his friend's injuries, Mr. Blaquiere has taken much trouble to discover, and the heir at law is every day expected at the Moat to claim his possessions."—"And to such a man Eleanor will give her hand," exclaimed Arthur!"—"Certainly, she will; her affection for him appears to increase daily."—"Strange infatuation!" said Arthur. "Does my uncle intend to resign the estate without a struggle?"—"Unfortunately Mr. Blaquiere has obtained such undeniable proof that no hope remains. But here is poor Philip; he now feels the pain he so lately inflicted on you."

The meeting between the uncle and the nephew was most unpleasant, and Mrs. Mortimer's appearance at the breakfast-table did not render the scene less annoying. The day being Sunday, Mr. Mortimer asked his wife if she intended going to church. "Yes," she replied peevishly; "for I suppose it will be the last time I can sit in the pew belonging to this house; it is very provoking that people will be so careless: I should have enquired into the title-deeds before I announced myself as the owner of two estates."—"I did not announce myself to you as such, Caroline," said Mr. Mortimer sternly; "but I believe you knew, before we ever met, that I supposed myself to possess two estates." The lady darted an angry glance at her husband, which appeared likely to be followed by as angry a reply, when Mrs.

Catharine prevented her by asking Arthur, whether he was going to church.—"Not till the afternoon," said he; "I require sleep after my hasty journey." He knew he must see Eleanor at the church, and felt that he required time to summon resolution as much as to take rest. The tinkling of the bell for afternoon prayers sounded before he had acquired the degree of composure he sought. "This is folly," said he, mentally, as he snatched up his hat, and accompanied Mrs. Catharine to the church. He closed the crimson curtain carefully on entering the pew; but, when the service was ended, an insurmountable feeling urged him to withdraw the shade, and cast one look toward the Silverbourne pew. Eleanor was there alone. Their eyes met; hers sank beneath his reproachful glance, while her cheeks were covered with blushes. He waited not for a second look, but hurried his aunt from the church, and in a few minutes he closed the park-gate with a feeling of security. "I cannot trust myself to see her again," said he in a low voice, "till she is the wife of Mr. Blaquiere; she will then have sealed her infidelity, and it will be easy to forget her." Mrs. Catharine knew that all consolation would be vain, and walked on in silence.

Some days afterwards the unusual mildness of the weather tempted Arthur to stroll in the park at an earlier hour than usual; and, trusting to Eleanor's not walking so soon in the day, he ventured to take the path toward Silverbourne. He had advanced in sight of the shrubbery, and stood gazing on each well-known tree, when her spaniel Bran (of whom he had taken charge when he parted from her), catching a glimpse of a figure, instantly sprang into Mrs. Trevannion's grounds.—Scarcely had he whistled for the animal's return, when he heard a well-known voice say, "Bran, poor faithful Bran, do you yet remember me?" He advanced almost involuntarily, and, on reaching the gate, saw Eleanor caressing the dog, who was giving her every possible proof of his undiminished attachment. She started on his approach, and, endeavouring to disengage herself from Bran, appeared anxious to retreat.—"Bran seems eager to return to his former home, Miss Trevannion," said Arthur, with as much coolness as he could assume; "probably you will grant the request which he is thus pow-

erfully enforcing."—"Not unless you are tired of the charge," replied Eleanor, in a trembling voice.—"I am not tired of Bran; indeed he was for many months my only solace; now, though he is but a memorial of past joys, joys that are turned to the keenest anguish, I do not wish to part with him: the animal, I believe, loves me, and true love is so rare (he added, with a smile of bitter irony), that I would not part with even a dumb friend."—"Then go, good Bran," said Eleanor, patting his head, while the dog stood irresolute which to follow; but, on Arthur's repeating his whistle, he leaped over the gate, and was in an instant by his side.—"This is the last time we may ever meet," said Arthur; "in a few days most probably you will be a bride."—Eleanor colored deeply, but remained silent. Arthur continued; "Mr. Blaquiere has deceived me and my family most cruelly; the regard I must ever feel for you induces me to hope you may not become a victim to similar duplicity. I do not speak with any wish to change your firmly-fixed plans, but may not the false friend become a tyrant husband?"—The confusion of Eleanor increased: at length interrupting him, she exclaimed, "Oh! do not judge him so severely; I admit that his conduct is not all I could wish; but wait till he is married."—"Wait till he is married, Eleanor! before that time I trust we shall be far removed from Eversfield: surely you will have the delicacy to wait till my uncle quits the house he has so innocently usurped!—to wait (he added in a lower tone) till I am out of hearing of the wedding-bells!"—"Oh! Arthur," cried Eleanor, "you distract me; I am not mistress of my actions: if you knew the urgent and importunate entreaties of Mrs. Trevannion, and indeed the persecution which I endured from her, you would not blame me."—"I do not reproach you," said Arthur, smiling with scorn; "it would be too much to hope that such a brilliant offer should be refused for a ruined first love; but hark! I hear Mr. Blaquiere's voice; I cannot stay to wish him joy, though he has insulted me by inviting me to his wedding.—Adieu! Eleanor; painful as were my emotions at our last parting, they were bliss to what I feel now—Adieu!"—As he spoke he turned hastily toward the hall. Regardless of Eleanor's exclamation which he caught

as he retreated, "Stay, Arthur, stay, for one moment only!" he rushed into the most retired part of the wood.

(To be continued.)

CONVERSATIONS ON GEOLOGY. 1828.

WE do not strongly recommend to ladies the study of geology, because we do not think it absolutely necessary that they should endeavour to ascertain the origin, the substantial nature, and the arrangement, of the great masses which compose the globe; but, as this pursuit is growing into fashion, it may be expedient to be able to converse on the subject in company, without an exposure of ignorance and error. The study is not so certain as the mathematical science, for the wildest theories of the earth have been formed by different philosophers; but much may be learned by progressive inquiry and research.

In this volume, a lady (or perhaps a gentleman in disguise) instructs an inquisitive boy and girl in the principles of geology, and enters into incidental details respecting primitive and secondary rocks,—the formation of hills, valleys, plains, and the channels of rivers,—the convulsions of the earth,—the origin of coral islands, &c. The last topic is so curious, that we are induced to quote a part of the dialogue, as a specimen of the work.

"*Mrs. R.*—The quantity of coral reefs between New Holland, New Caledonia, and New Guinea, is such, that it might justly be called the Coralline Sea, there being here, for three hundred and fifty miles, in a straight line, a coral reef or harrier, uninterrupted by any large opening into the sea; and this reef is connected with others, so as altogether to make an extent of nearly one thousand miles in length, and from twenty to fifty miles in breadth.

"*Edward.*—What is the process of the coral polypus in framing an island of this kind?

"*Mrs. R.*—It is the same with the process of forming the snail-shell. The sea-water always contains lime, as do the vegetables upon which the snail feeds; now, you know that, when lime meets with carbonic acid gas, it unites with it, and forms chalk, or limestone, or marble.

"*Edward.*—All this is obvious; but I cannot conjecture where the coral animalcule, or the snail, gets the carbonic acid gas to unite with the lime.

"*Mrs. R.*—So you have forgotten your pretty chemical experiment of blowing through a glass tube into lime-water?

"*Edward.*—Oh, no! but I did not know that a coral polypus, or a snail, breathed as I do.

"*Mrs. R.*—It seems to be a general law of all living things: they produce carbonic acid gas in a way similar to ourselves; and it is probable that, in the snail and coral polypus, this gas passes off from the surface of the body, where it meets with the lime that forms the basis of the shell; and this is cemented into a firmer substance by the slime of the animal. Some sorts of coral, you know, are so hard as to take a fine polish, and are made into trinkets; but they all consist of lime, carbonic acid gas, and the slimy substance of the polypus for a cement.

"*Christina.*—I can understand this perfectly, and I am quite delighted with this history of coral, but had no notion that I should meet with such things in geology.

"*Edward.*—I cannot, however, conceive well how such animals consent to form a reef or an island, as I presume that they are no less stupid than snails seem to be.

"*Mrs. R.*—With respect to their intelligence, we can derive our information only from their works, from which it must be concluded, either that they are very wise and skilful, or that they are immediately directed in their operations by an all-wise Providence.

"*Edward.*—In the formation of the shell, at least, there is no intelligence manifested on the part of the little manufacturer: it is only the result of a natural chemical process, over which it seems to have little, if any, control.

"*Mrs. R.*—Right; but what I refer to is an union of purpose and design in all the individuals of a coral colony, which you will confess to be surprising, when I tell you that most, if not all, of the coral reefs are built in the form of a crescent, and sometimes in that of a circle, with the back to the sea, as if the animalcules were aware of the property of the arch, and knew that it would resist the dashing of the waves better than a straight line.

"Edward.—This is, indeed, most wonderful.

"Mrs. R.—The wonder is increased when we find that the back of the coral crescent is generally directed toward the quarter from which storms most frequently come. Now, these are circumstances which cannot be explained otherwise than by the operation of intelligence and design; for the sea would naturally beat in the back of the crescent, and, by reversing it, turn its bottom to waves in the form of a bay.

"Captain Flinders says, that, when the coral animalcules cease to live, their structures adhere to each other, by virtue either of the glutinous remains within, or of some propensity in the salt water; and, the interstices being gradually filled with sand and broken pieces of coral washed up by the sea, which also adhere, a mass of rock is at length formed. Future races of these animalcules erect their habitations upon the rising banks, and die in their turns, to increase, but principally to elevate, this monument of their wonderful labors.

"To be constantly covered with water seems necessary to the existence of the animalcules; for they do not work, except in holes upon the reef, beyond low-water mark; but the coral sand, and other broken fragments thrown up by the sea, adhere to the rock, and form a solid mass with it, as high as the common tide reaches.

"The bank thus formed is soon visited by sea-birds; salt plants take root upon it, and a soil begins to be formed; a cocoa-nut, or the berry of a pandanus, is thrown on shore; land-birds visit it, and deposit the seeds of plants, shrubs, and trees; every high tide, and every gale, add something to the bank; the form of an island is gradually assumed; and, last of all, comes man to take possession."

THE DUTCH SMOKER AND THE BARBER;
a Scene at New-York.

THERE was an old Dutchman, named Haggelwetter, who smoked more tobacco than was necessary to perfume the atmosphere for a league; and he would bully like a soldier, and swear like a reprobate. His fierce whiskers diffused terror, and his very name, whispered at candle-light, made the people tremble as

if they saw a ghost. He was naturally thick-set and puffy; and, by a habit of drinking, he was at length so swollen, that he seemed ready to burst. Some of his neighbours thought he had dealings with the devil, and one said, "He will continue to swell in his sinfulness, and anon go off in a tremendous puff."

The place where the character of Haggelwetter was most freely discussed, was the shop of Solomon Soper, a blood-letting barber, who, though not a very bold man, was glad to take this formidable citizen by the nose. Solomon formerly had a good run of business; but, as he was a peevish ill-humored man, his practice gradually declined, so that at last he had very few customers except the old Dutchman. He was musing in his chair at midnight on his impending ruin, when he fancied that his shop appeared like the interior of a church, and that a funeral was on the point of being solemnised on the spot. A knock at the door roused him from his reverie. It slowly opened, and a muffled figure entered, which proved to be an old black female servant of Haggelwetter.—"The old smoker is dead," she said in a hoarse whisper. The barber clapped his hand quickly to his forehead, and staggered back. "What!" he cried, in a tone sharp even to fierceness, "my best and almost my only customer gone!"—"He is gone to his place," said the woman; "I have laid him out, and he must be buried at low-water-mark before the change of the tide. And hark you! See that you come speedily with your tools, and shave him for the last time." She slammed the door, and left the barber to his melancholy thoughts. When he reached the Dutchman's house, he lifted the latch with a trembling hand, and entered. The black domestic was couched down in a corner of the kitchen chimney, moaning and muttering to herself. All the diabolical stories he had heard of the mansion and its inmates thronged on his memory at the sight. His countenance turned to a deadly paleness; his knees smote each other with fear; and he essayed in vain to speak. An accidental turn of the head discovered him to the hag. She arose, and, without saying a word, ushered him to the fatal chamber.

There is something in the visit of a barber to the couch of death, that is calculated to arouse all the tender sensibilities of the breast. To enter the silent room, to approach the cold and extended

form, to gaze on the unconscious features of one long known in joyous life, cannot but excite the most saddening emotions. It is beyond the power of language to describe the scene;—nothing but the warm imaginations of the young and susceptible, can conceive what pangs of anguish rend the bosom of the barber, when, for the last time, he takes an old friend by the nose!

Solomon wildly gazed on the scene before him. His teeth chattered, his limbs trembled; he wished to retreat; but some mysterious power, like fascination, drew him toward the remains of his departed friend. With a noiseless step he approached the solitary couch. —He uncovered that countenance upon which it had been his happiness to operate for so many years, and which now would no more shrink beneath his razor. With one hand he softly held the cold nostril, while with the other he applied the blade. At that moment he was startled by a singular noise. He paused with apprehension, and looked around. The body then slowly opened its eyes, and fixed them upon him with a hideous stare. Breathless and motionless, the barber stood like a marble statue. His very soul seemed escaping with the glance that he fixed upon the corpse. —“Tausand deyvils! let go my nose;” roared a voice of thunder. The barber turned a somerset of fifteen feet in the air, and dropped on the floor as dead as a sturgeon.

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.

August 15.—Ministerial Negligence and royal Vigilance. — While some princes repose in a state bordering on torpor, others are active and alert. — Three young men of Weimar arrived at Stutgard, and applied several times during the day at the commissioner's residence, to have their passports examined; but that officer was absent. The king of Wurtemberg, who frequently walks alone in his capital, perceived them, and, on accosting them, learned that the absence of the commissioner was the cause of their repeated journeys to and from his office. He immediately opened the door of the office, requested the young men to enter, received their passports, and thus signed them; “The King, for the absent Commissioner.” —

This officer, being summoned before his majesty, excused himself in a plausible manner; but the king declared that, if he should again detain travelers longer than was necessary to settle their passports, he must make out one for himself, and quit the kingdom.

25.—Domestic Rebellion. — The butler of lady Gresley, and three of his fellow-servants, were apprehended on an extraordinary charge. We knew a lady who was forcibly excluded from her own kitchen by an impudent female cook; but the confinement of a mistress is a still greater outrage. The above-mentioned domestics, being dissatisfied about their wages and some other matters, openly revolted, shut up the female servants, confined lady Gresley and two young ladies, visitors, in the drawing-room, and barricaded the door, refusing egress or ingress to any one. A young gentleman, who happened to be in the house, was beaten by them with a poker, on attempting to admit a person who called, and was glad to escape over the garden-wall. Lady Gresley, from the window, desired that some smiths might be sent for, and a party proceeded to demolish the door with sledge-hammers. Some police-officers attended, and protected the smiths, threatening the servants with punishment, if they should continue to resist the orders of their mistress. An entrance being effected, the offenders were captured, and bound over to keep the peace.

31.—Love and Madness. — We do not wish to check the prevalence of honorable love, but merely hint at the propriety of keeping it within reasonable bounds. Some may ask, “How is love to be controlled?” — we answer, by prudence and good sense. — A miller at Berlin had a son, who fell in love with a servant, and frequently expressed a wish to marry the girl; but his father would not consent, because he deemed such an engagement an ill-sorted match. However, this proved no sufficient argument to the young man to subdue his passion. He therefore continued his addresses to the object of his affection, and renewed his request the more urgently to his father; but a peremptory refusal was still the only answer. The youth then ran away, and in his despair threw himself into the river. The account of this act of suicide reached the ears of the young woman. Almost deprived of her senses, she hastened to see

the remains of her lover. Her grief knew no bounds; she cried, she screamed, and tore her hair; and, when the father in his troubles upbraided her on account of the loss of his son, the unfortunate girl precipitated herself under the cog-wheel of the mill, where she was crushed to death in a minute.

Revels and Sports in the antique Style.—Lord Gage entertained a numerous party, at Fittle-place in Sussex, with a grand tournament. The tilting more particularly served to display the viscount's skill in horsemanship. In the *jeu de carrousel*, a ring or apple trans-fixed, and carried off at the point of the lance, entitled the knightly rider to a pair of ornamental lady's gloves, an artificial *bouquet*, or some other mark of honor. Riding at the quintain followed, and afforded equal diversion to the guests. The knights and their fair companions then left the lawn, and indulged in the luxury of a repast, after which the bow and arrow were put in requisition. A band of musicians enlivened the company with occasional strains; but minstrelsy in the old style would have been more appropriate to the rest of the entertainment.

September.—*State of Ireland.*—In this country there is at present an *imperium in imperio*, one government within another;—that is, an unlawful exercise of power in the midst of legitimate authority. The catholics are in a state of the highest excitement. Their leaders form them into well-disciplined associations, and do not suffer the zeal of their followers to subside into indifference. It may be remembered that the armed associations, in the late reign, over-awed the British court and legislature into the grant of various indulgences; and, as the present combination is more general and determined, it is supposed that the urgency of the case will enforce the compliance of our parliament with the demands of O'Connell. But, whatever may be said by those English journalists who support the cause of the Romanists with most intemperate warmth, it is proper to pause and reflect deeply before the most intolerant sect that ever enslaved the people be admitted to a plenitude of power under a government essentially Protestant.

THE FAIR MAID OF PERTH AND THE HIGHLAND CHIEF;

with an elegant Engraving.

WHILE Catharine was engaged in a conference with a Carthusian monk, who persuaded her to accept the offered love of the prince of Scotland, some Highlanders approached the spot, and, when she attempted to move off, obstructed her retreat; but her apprehensions of danger were dispelled by the sudden appearance of a young man of the same race, with whom she had been acquainted at Perth.—“A handsome and stately youth, springing like a roebuck from a cliff of considerable height, lighted just in front of her. His dress was of tartan, closed at the throat and elbows with a necklace and armlets of gold. The hauberk which he wore over his person was of steel, but so clearly burnished, that it shone like silver. His arms were profusely ornamented, and his bonnet, beside the eagle's feather, marking the quality of chief, was decorated with a chain of gold, wrapped several times around it, and secured by a large clasp adorned with pearls. His brooch, by which the tartan mantle was secured on the shoulder, was also of gold, large and curiously carved. He bore no weapon in his hand, except a small sapling stick with a hooked head. His whole appearance and gait, which used formerly to denote a sullen feeling of conscious degradation, seemed now bold, forward, and haughty; and he stood before Catharine with smiling confidence, as if fully conscious of his improved appearance, and waiting till she should recognise him.—‘Conachar,’ said the maiden, ‘are these your father's men?’—‘No, fair Catharine,’ answered the young man; ‘Conachar is no more, unless in regard to the wrongs which he has sustained, and the vengeance they demand. I am Ian Eeachin Mac-Ian, son to the chief of the clan Quhele. I moulted my feathers, as you see, when I changed my name; and, as to these men, they are not my father's followers, but mine, who breathe but to do my will. But Conachar’ (he added in a softer tone of voice) ‘lives again as soon as Catharine desires to see him; and, while he is the chief of a clan to others, he is to her as humble and obedient as when he was Simon Glover's apprentice. See here is the stick I had from you when we nitted together in

the sunny traces of Lednoch; I would not part with it, for the truncheon of my tribe."

"While Eachin thus spoke, Catharine began to doubt whether she had acted prudently in requesting the assistance of a bold young man, elated, doubtless, by his sudden elevation from a state of servitude to one which gave him extensive authority over a lawless body of adherents.—'You do not fear me, fair Catharine?' said the chief, taking her hand. 'I suffered my people to appear before me for a few minutes, that I might see how you could endure their presence; and methinks you regarded them as if you were born to be a chieftain's wife.'—'I have no reason to fear

wrong from Highlanders,' said Catharine firmly, 'especially as I though Conachar was with them. He has drunk of our cup, and eaten of our bread, and my father has often had traffic with Highlanders, and never was there wrong or quarrel betwixt him and them.'

The maiden closed the interview by requesting that the chieftain would protect her friend the monk, who, laboring under false charges, wished for concealment and safety until the storm should pass away. He promised compliance, and of the performance of such a promise, on the part of a Highland warrior, she had no reason to entertain the smallest doubt.

Fine Arts.

A New Picture by Haydon.—Encouraged by the favorable reception of his "Mock Election," this artist has recently finished a companion picture, called *the Chaining*, in which a family likeness to the elder birth of his genius is admirably preserved. The moment which has (we think, most happily) been chosen for the representation, is that in which, the excitement of the opposing parties being at the height, soldiers are introduced for the preservation of the peace. Were this picture the representation of an imaginary scene, it would, like Hogarth's rare productions, be still an object of high and well-deserved admiration; but the interest is in a peculiar manner increased by the knowledge that the pencil is here as true to fact as to nature.

Martin's Engraving of the Deluge.—This artist's painting of the *Deluge* is well known, and the engraving, though more mechanical, is very skillfully executed. The lights and shadows are given with even greater force than in the original. It is difficult to conceive the skill with which the artist has supplied the absence of color and its contrasts, in the breadth of his powerful masses of darkness; the gradual development of shades may be said to produce almost the effect of varied tints, and the eye and imagination have little to fill up in the eloquent details of this fine work of art.

An amateur observes, that some critics have raised an objection to this

magnificent engraving, by saying that the figures are too ethereal; that they are not physical, and want the roundness of nature. "But this defect—if it be one—is compensated in the wonderful machinery of the scene. In the universal crash of waters, pouring in gigantic columns heaved out of the caverns of the earth, while the fountains of the deep are torn up, and mountains roll like pebbles into the roaring abyss—the affrighted inhabitants assemble in the highest place where footing can be had. The foreground of the picture is the pinnacle of a rock, which the rush of water has not yet buried; the oldest man, bowing to the visitation of the God of the creation, sits in majestic resignation near his kindred; a blasphemer, with outstretched arms, is denouncing the coming inflection; a family in silent horror cling, one to the other, surrounded by ravenous wolves, who forget in the general ruin the instincts of their nature; horsemen are seen plunging in despair from a precipice into the boiling torrents below; myriads of cowering wretches fly into a huge cavern from the coming flood that heaves higher than mountains at their backs, and are chased out again by the crowds within, who fly from the waves that have already inundated their retreat from the farther end; the wild beasts of the hills and forests mingle in the maddened groups, astounded and harmless; women, in postures of prayer or phrensy, are scattered through the scene; the

lurid moon, the solemn sun, and a majestic comet sweeping across the heavens, are in conjunction; and the beams of the celestial phenomenon tipping the lofty forehead of Mount Ararat, seated amidst the clouds, descend through the mists, that shoot up from the foam and spray, upon the placid ark that stands in subdued light at the back of the picture upon a rock, whose base forms the level of the gathering billows. These are some of the leading characteristics of this vast conception; but there are minute points of excellence beyond all

praise: such are the pine-trees struck with lightening on the edge of the cliff on the right, where the severed mountain is tumbling in huge fragments into the depths; the figure of a man in horrid fear clenching his hands and invoking mercy; the clambering people ascending by the blasted and partly-uprooted shrubs at the sides of the precipice, and the fine burst of light in the centre struggling with the mists, and in its cloudy illumination rendering all things fearfully distinct."

Music.

THE musical meeting of the three choirs lately took place at Hereford: and, although Madame Catalani was not present, the vocalism was of a high order. Madame Caradori Allan took the lead, and her exertions were attended with universal applause. Miss Paton particularly distinguished herself at the representation of the Messiah, and gave

"There were Shepherds," and "Rejoice greatly," in a manner which left nothing to be desired. Braham gave the Battle of the Angels with the most animating effect; and, among the instrumental performances, the fantasias of Nicholson and Puzzi were greatly admired.

Drama.

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

A FARCE was brought forward at this theatre with some promise of amusement, though not with strong stamina, under the title of *Miss Wright, or Courting by Proxy*. It had several situations which provoked hearty laughter; but its inconsistencies, and the hurried and unmeaning changes with which it abounded, excited toward the conclusion considerable disapprobation. Keeley was very droll in some scenes, and his character was a well-imagined satire on the "march of intellect," and the effect of literary and scientific institutions in producing *gentlemen* shoeblacks.—Wrench was bustling and lively; Vining performed with spirit; and Bartley's Old Man was in his best style of good humor and pleasantry. Two or three songs were pleasing, but not strikingly effective.

On the 5th of this month, Weigl's opera of *Gli Amori Marinari* was performed for the first time in England.—The *Pirate of Genoa* is its English ap-

pellation. The scene is laid in the house of Captain Tornado, who is called the pirate, but who is really, according to the story, only the commander of a privateer, by which he has gained both glory and wealth. While he is absent on a cruise, his son Dorimante has introduced into the house an opera-singer, Claretta, who pretends to be a countess. The youth is deeply enamored of her, and about to marry her, when his father returns, accompanied by Lucilla, who has been sailing with him in disguise as a seaman, and who, by her skill and bravery, has raised herself highly in his favor. She has recourse to this stratagem in order that she may follow Dorimante, with whom she had become acquainted at Naples, where they had pledged their faith to each other. Tornado doubts the character of the mock countess, and insists on breaking off the match. Dorimante yields to paternal authority, and the enraged lady then invites a silly stammering Count Orival, who seems introduced into the piece for no other purpose, to take revenge on

her false lover. The count is assisted in his attempt on Dorimante's life by an adventurer, Merlino, who passes as Claretta's brother; but the design is frustrated by Lucilla, who rushes into the chamber at the critical moment, and repulses Merlino, while she disarms the count. Dorimante recognises her, and in this stage of the plot the first act closes. The second act contains hardly any incident. Dorimante seems equally in love with each of the ladies. He forgives Claretta, and pursues her as earnestly as ever. Tornado, however, by means of a whimsical professor of music, Signor Solfeggio, whom he had captured at sea, and brought home with him, succeeds in detecting the opera-singer, who at once confesses the fraud she was practising. Lucilla avows herself, and the old captain is so filled with admiration at her heroism and devotion, that he resolves upon her immediate mar-

riage with his son. The opera ends with the performance of a hymeneal chorus, in which all parties join. This was the most humorous scene of the whole.—Solfeggio, who has composed the chorus, superintends the performance, and no exhibition could be more ludicrous than that of Mr. Penson on this occasion.—His imitation of Velluti was so perfect that it provoked an universal burst of laughter and applause. The *finale* was encored, and again very heartily cheered. Mr. J. Russell played the part of a cunning and roguish servant, Pasquale, with good effect, and sang a very amusing sketch of the tricks by which persons of this class contrive to turn the vices and follies of their masters to their own pecuniary benefit.

Neither the dialogue, nor the poetry, is entitled to praise: but a specimen of the latter may amuse the reader. Madame Fern, as Claretta, says,

“ Though not fortune, rank, or splendor,
Are on me their radiance gleaming,
Still to none will I surrender
Woman's title, admiration to command.
Beauty, so benignly beaming,
From these eyes its flashes glancing,
Talent, too, so soul-entrancing,
Prove the power of Nature's hand.
On the stage whole crowds delighting,
Melting some, and some affrighting,
Heroes for my favors fighting,
Oh! how charming! oh! how grand!”

The music of the *Pirate* is not of the first order; but it is, in general, agreeable and melodious. A writer affirms that, “with the exception of the overture and the finale, it is common-place, dull, and ineffective:” but the critic, who is sometimes too mild, is in this instance too severe.

An operetta, styled the *Quartette, or Harmony Interrupted*, has been favorably received. It is a light, merry, bustling little piece, in one act, which kept the audience in a roar of laughter from its commencement to its end. The story may be briefly told.—A young lady, Madame de Luceval, dissatisfied with the follies of Paris, retires to a chateau, with a determination to spend the remainder of her days in a solitude on which no being is to intrude. Her cousin Ernest, however, a gallant hussar, soon knocks at the gate and is admitted, after the lady has entered her protest against the intrusion. The secluded fair

one is passionately fond of music, and the soldier excites her curiosity by the intelligence that Rossini has produced at Paris a new opera which contains a quartette that delights the whole world. He has a copy of it in his pocket; but the difficulty is how to sing such a piece without four voices. The difficulty is removed by the introduction of the major of Ernest's regiment, and the assistance of the lady's *femme de chambre*. The harmony of the four is “interrupted” by the entrance of a large party of officers as auditors, and again by the visit of the uncle and aunt of the lady, who come to sympathise with her in her solitude. They of course discover the troop of hussars, who issue from innumerable hiding-places at the call of their trumpeter. The piece is terminated by the lady's changing her mind, and resolving to go back to Paris with her gay cousin.

THE HAYMARKET THEATRE.

GREAT applause has attended every representation of *the two Friends*.—The piece possesses considerable merit, notwithstanding two drawbacks, which consist in the introduction of a brother, who seeks in marriage a lady that proves to be his sister, and of a lady who actually owns to herself a passion for a man whom she believes to be her brother; and, though these affairs are adjusted in time, we cannot help feeling that the writer is tampering with subjects which would better be let alone. The chief performers were Farren and Cooper, and Miss F. H. Kelly. A sort of subordinate couple, Mr. West and Mrs. Humby, are less agreeable to us; but they seem to please the audience in general, and relieve the interest when it might be oppressive.

A short comedy, entitled, *Valeria*, borrowed from M. Scribe's *Valérie*, has been repeatedly performed with an appearance of approbation.—Sir Clarence Plaintive has two nieces, one a widow who can see, and the other a maiden who cannot. The latter, whose name is Valeria, had formerly the use of her eyes, but lost them by a cataract.—While blind, and residing in Paris, an English peer, the Earl of Melsom, falls in love with her, and, under the name of Elliot, binds himself apprentice to an oculist, in order that he may discover some cure for the calamity which has visited his mistress. After studying the profession for some years, he fancies that the surgeon with whom he resided would be able to perform the desired operation. He comes to England, whither Valeria had gone to live with her uncle, and, in an interview with the young lady, he prevails upon her to let the French oculist be sent for, to try the effect of his skill. The operation is successful; the lady instantly makes the amplest use of her recovered sense, and the union is adjusted. There is an under-plot, in order to increase the business of the piece, between the widow-niece, the Countess of Bloomfield, and Mr. Henry Milner; but it only arises out of a little painful suspense and embarrassment on the part of the gentleman, who mistakenly imagines that the countess is in love with lord Melsom. We ought to have mentioned, that, when his lordship arrives at the

house of Sir Clarence, he has no immediate expectation of meeting Valeria, but intends to propose marriage to the countess; which seems extraordinary, if we consider the fervor of his attachment for the blind niece, for whose cure he had consented to walk the hospitals. On this subject also we cannot perceive the necessity of requiring an oculist from Paris to couch Valeria, especially as he was to be sent for and to arrive in the interval between the second and third acts. An English surgeon of second-rate eminence would have done as well, except that perhaps he would not have allowed the young lady to run about wild after the operation, without either a green shade or the powerful magnifying-glasses always necessary after the destruction of the lens of the eye. Perhaps it is meant that the French surgeon has some peculiar and newly-discovered method of his own; and, if M. Scribe had thought fit to pay this compliment to the English faculty, it might be very proper for the "Lady of rank," in her translation, to return the compliment to the French faculty. Another incongruity in the story is, that the operation is performed before any body but the surgeon and lord Melsom (who still acted as his assistant on the interesting and painful occasion) knew that it was to be undertaken: and the uncle, the widow-niece, her lover, a country squire who was an old friend of the family, Nancy, the waiting-maid, and John the footman, were therefore all taken by surprise when Valeria ran into the room staring about her, and recognising every body by secret sympathy, without even hearing them utter a syllable.

The success of the piece (says a critic) principally depended on the exertions of Miss F. H. Kelly as Valeria; if she had failed, the piece must have failed. It was evident that she had seen Made-moiselle Mars in the part, and she showed that she knew how to profit by good example. Her acting was unquestionably inferior, but not so inferior as those, who affect to like nothing much unless it be continental, may consider it. To us the whole piece is disagreeable; and, the better the acting, the worse on some accounts we should be disposed to like it. The story of her love was very prettily told by the actress; but she was too rapturous and

obstreperous after the recovery of her sight; and it had an absurd effect to see her fling herself down on the ground in the presence of six or eight people, one of them her lover, while they did not attempt to prevent her from receiving an injury. There was also something ludicrous in the manner in which she gazed at the pit, boxes, and galleries, declaring that she "saw so many objects." She might have looked any where else with much greater propriety."

A farce called the *Barber Baron* excited, by its title, some expectations of humor and pleasantry; but it is still more deficient in those respects than even *Le Barbier Chatelein*, from which the subject was taken. In the original piece, *Alexander Anibal Frissac* is the fortunate holder of a ticket in the Frankfort lottery, which entitles its purchaser to a barony in Bavaria. He immediately sets off in a diligence to take possession of his estate—is received by the proper authorities, accompanied by a deputation from the hair-dressers—is presented in due form with the keys of the castle, and sits down to supper in high glee with two guests, who, suddenly arriving, have requested his hospitality. One is the right heir to the estate, a young colonel in the Bavarian service, and the other is a lady of whom he is enamored. A plot is laid, to induce the barber to resign his pretensions for "a consideration." A *ci-devant* trumpeter, who was also the porter of the castle, undertakes to personate the long-bearded ghost of an ancient proprietor of the building, who, (according to the village legend), for some crime committed while in the body, is condemned to walk the gallery, &c., at midnight, until some one is found bold

enough to shave him. The new baron retires to his chamber; the ghost appears, and makes the traditional proposition, to which Frissac's fears and professional habits are on the point of inducing him to accede, when, with the first flourish of his razor, the clock strikes one. The ghost overturns chairs, table, candles, and operator—the guests enter in alarm, and the terrified barber is soon persuaded to accept a handsome sum of money in lieu of his lordship, which he has previously found it would be necessary to sell, in order to keep it up with proper dignity!—This strange story is not improved by the English translator; and the farce gave so little amusement to the audience, that it was soon withdrawn.

THE SURREY THEATRE.

THE announcement of the first opera of Carl Maria von-Weber excited the attention of musical amateurs. The title is *Sylvana*; the plot is unworthy of detail, and the dialogue poor; but the music is evidently the work of a master-hand; and, though it does not equal the later productions of its lamented composer, still it is a composition of a beautiful and scientific description.—Several of the choruses reminded us of *Der Freischutz*, particularly that which preceded the first entrance of count Rudolph, which was deservedly encored, as were several of the pieces, especially the overture, which was particularly striking. In short, the getting-up of the piece reflects great credit on the activity and liberality of the manager, and likewise on the performers in general, both vocal and instrumental, who did all in their power to ensure that success which it obtained.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE EVENING DRESS.

EVENING-PARTY DRESS.

THIS is a dress of pink crape over a white satin slip; two flounces form the trimming round the border; each is embroidered at the edge with black floize silk. The corsage is *à l'enfant*, and the sleeves are short, trimmed with blond next to the elbow. The head-dress consists of puffs of pink gauze, tastefully disposed among the tresses. The ear-rings are of beautifully-wrought gold, and the necklace and bracelets are of fine pearls, both set *à l'antique*.

WALKING DRESS.

THIS elegant dress is made high, and is of light-blue *gros de Naples*: a white muslin pelerine is worn over it, trimmed round with a double frill of the same, laid in small plaits. Two pointed flouncers surround the border of the skirt. The long sleeves are *à la Marie*, as far as the elbow, with the fullness confined by one band; but, beyond that part to the wrist, they fit almost close to the arm. The cuffs are pointed *à la Vandeyck*. A hat of pink *gros de Naples* is worn with this dress, trimmed with a very rich gauze riband. A scarf of sea-green silk is usually added to this costume.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

AT this time of the year, fashion wavers between winter and summer costume; the modish fair one knows not on which to decide, and, consequently, the novelties that meet our sight are few. Hyde-Park and Kensington-Gardens are merely beautiful deserts, as far as relates to the gay *living* objects which lately added such charms to their attractive powers. The balls are all rural, and, on these occasions, little dress is required: yet there are some changes which have come under our inspection.

Some new autumnal pelisses have appeared, which are delicately elaste, both as to color and elegant simplicity of style. We may mention two which particularly pleased us. One was of Egyptian sand color, exactly fitted to the shape; the sleeves were plain and full, and the skirt closed down the front, without any trimming. The other was of a light olive-green, with a full *ruche* of the same round the edge of the skirt, next to the shoe, and another *ruche* down the front, concealing the fastenings.

The black velvet pelerines, the muslin canezons, and silk or Cachemire shawls, remain without any change, and are adopted alternately according to the temperature of the weather. During the fine days of September, many ladies in carriages wore, over a high dress, a gauze scarf of white, with the ends beautifully brocaded in colors.

In the size of bonnets there is a reform. We have seen two of moderate dimensions, which were sent to two sisters of distinction on their visit to a late musical meeting in a distant country; they were of white crape, and trimmed at the edge with costly blond of a superb pattern. The crown was tastefully decorated with puffs of crape edged with narrow blond, and bouquets of sweet peas, so faithfully copied

from nature, that it was hardly possible to distinguish them from Flora's own treasures. These bonnets were tied under the chin, on one side, with white brocaded riband, and under the brim, on the right side, was a bouquet of sweet peas, lying on the hair. The favorite bonnets for walking in the country, are of Leghorn or Dunstable; the latter are simply tied down with a broad white riband; the former are more smartly trimmed, but not redundantly: a broad riband, with satin stripes and figures of different hues, is tastefully disposed, in a few puffs about the crown, and the strings are in a long loop.

White muslin dresses yet prevail; they are chiefly of the fine India *mulmul*, and are splendidly embroidered. Dark silk dresses are worn in home costume, and in half-dress. Colored muslin, with a broad hem round the border, frequently appears: and the favorite ball-dress seems to be one of tulle with one deep flounce of blond. Pointed zones, over every kind of dress, are very general.

Turbans and berets are in high favor as head-dresses; the former are worn in almost every style of dress, except that in home costume they are unornamented, while sprigs and wheat-ears of gold or silver mark those which are destined to a display of greater gentility. The berets are of a variegated kind, and often consist of separated puffs of very broad gauze riband, in the Vienna *toque* style; between these puffs are sometimes introduced very small branches of delicate flowers. The caps for home costume are of blond or exquisitely fine thread-lace, and the most approved ornaments are puffs of gauze of some lively hue, and two short strings of gauze riband of the same tint. The hair is separated on the forehead, and the curls on each side are lightly and gracefully disposed.

The colors most admired are pink, Egyptian-sand, olive-green, corn-flower-blue, and marshmallow-blossom, for dresses and pelisses. The berets and turbans, the bonnets, scarfs, &c. are of celestial-blue, pink, jonquil, sea-green, amber, and bright geranium.

*MODES PARISIENNES,
avec une belle Gravure en Taille-
douce.**

PELERINS, of a square form, are now much worn in out-door costume; they are surrounded by a double row of trimming, and a full ruff surmounts them, and encircles the throat. Cachemire shawls prevail much; yet muslin pelisses are occasionally seen in the morning walks.

Bonnets of straw, called English bonnets, are lined with blue or rose-color. Large straw hats tied with white riband, and a gauze veil, are adopted by all ladies who are desirous of preserving their complexions. Some fashionable females have, however, appeared in the Bois de Boulogne, braving the clouds of dust, and supporting the *cunui* of wearing large hats with towering plumes. Some hats for the promenade are of crape, tied with a riband under the chin. Bonnets of lapis-blue *gros de Naples*, with lining of a roseate hue, are fashionable, as are also crape hats, under which is often worn what the French *modistes* call an English head-dress, which is a cap à la *Marie Stuart*. On each side of the face are three cork-screw ringlets; they are rather more stiff than the beautiful ringlets à la *Ninon*.

* See the annexed representation of a Parisian belle in a ball-dress, and of another in genteel evening attire.

Clintzes in Arabesque patterns are favorite materials for dresses; they are bordered by a flounce having a double head, and finished by a braiding of two of three shades, analogous to the colors of the dress. The cuffs are very elegantly worked in embroidery. Batiste, embroidered with colored worsted, is also a prevailing article for dresses. The trimmings are worked in colors of the same shades. The *mancherons* now consist of one point, which falls over each shoulder. At a grand assembly this summer, was seen a dress of white Palmyrene, embroidered with white floize silk; a scarf of white blond fell over this dress, and a complete set of aqua-marina [beryl] was worn with it.

The few white muslin dresses that now appear are trimmed with flounces, richly embroidered in feather-stitch. Young ladies wear, at evening dress-parties, rose-colored gowns of cot-pati, with blond trimmings; they have either one flounce of remarkable depth, or two flounces of narrower blond, falling one over the other; and the corsage is trimmed round with blond at the bust, forming a *colerette*. The waists are long, and pinched in to an unnatural slenderness.

Among the head-dresses, very large berets are in high favor; they are placed on one side; some are very flat on the crown, and form an oval. The new caps are very elegant, formed of blond, ornamented with flowers, and require the hair to be well arranged, as they are placed almost at the back of the head. The newest dress-hats are of white Chinese crape, adorned with white feathers, amongst puffings of gauze riband. The hair is arranged on the temples in very full clustered curls.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to the baroness of Durham and lady Jemima Elliot, and to the wives of Sir W. R. Boughton, the hon. C. Clifford, lieutenant-colonel Harding, Sir J. Croft, Mr. T. C. B. Cave, Mr. Charles Bacon, Dr. Wylie the physician, Mr. Robert Peake, and Mr. R. W. Jennings.

Daughters to lady Fitzherbert and lady Emma Pennant, and to the wives of the hon Mr. F. Twisleton, Mr. Fazakerly, Mr. D. Ricardo, Mr. R. M. Baxter, the rev. S. Madan, Mr. Fox the proctor, major Mackenzie Fraser, Mr. A. Greig, Mr. J. H. Fletcher of York.

MARRIAGES.

Lord Clarina, to Miss Susan Barton of Battle-Abbey.

The only son of lord Boyne, to the daughter of the late Mr. Russell of Branspeth-Castle.

Mr. Richard Marsh, of Canterbury, to Miss Jemima Fourdrinier of Lower Tooting.

Sir Richard Williams, to the relict of the rev. P. Bingham.

Sir J. Jervis, to Miss Bradford of Sandbach.

Lieutenant-colonel J. Mac-Innes, to Miss Anna Sophia Reynolds of South-Lambeth.

Captain J. Marshall, of the navy, to Miss Augusta Wynne, grand-daughter of the late Dr. S. Parr.

Mr. J. S. Saunders, son of the chief justice of New-Brunswick, to Miss Elizabeth Storie of Thames-Ditton.

Mr. Philip Firmin, to Miss Anne Peppercorn of Rochester.

DEATHS.

Mr. D. Browne, uncle to the marquis of Sligo, in his 69th year.

In his 98th year, the earl of Erne.

Lord Oriel (formerly Mr. John Foster) in his 88th year.

Sir Andrew Snape Hamond.

General Arabin.

The only brother of the earl of Harrington.

Sir Philip Carteret Silvester, of the royal navy.

The hon. and rev. Augustus George Legge, chancellor of Winchester.

Dr. Waddilove, dean of Ripon.

The rev. T. D. Trollope.

Mr. serjeant Heywood, one of the Welsh judges.

By a fall out of a chaise, Dr. Owen, the physician.

Mr. T. V. Cooke, of Sunning-hill.

Mr. W. Beardmore, an artist.

Mr. Robert Boulton of Holles-street.

Jane, the sixth daughter of colonel Blair.

The widow of the rev. Dr. Robins.

The lady of Sir James Montgomery, M.P.

The duchess of Manchester.

Georgina, daughter of Mr. John Drew by lady Susan Douglas.

Mrs. Goodwin, wife of the architect.

Mrs. Waller of Fleet-street.

In Myddelton-Square, the wife of Mr. T. Dibdin.

The mother of Mr. Thomas Jonathan Wooler.

At Notting-hill, Mrs. Alexia Hume.

Mrs. Mortlock, daughter of the rev. Basil Wood.

At Norwich, Mrs. Tinkler.

The wife of Mr. Henry Percy Hamer.

In consequence of a fall from a pony, the eldest sister of Sir Thomas E. Tomlins.

In her 102d year, Mary, sister of Dr. Calvert, formerly dean of the arches.

At Pentonville, Mrs. Giffard.

Mrs. Chapman, daughter of the bishop of Sodor and Man.

Dr. Gall, the craniologist,—a man more fanciful and eccentric than wise or learned.

Drowned soon after his return to Sweden from the naval service of Great-Britain, the count Frederic Wachtmeister.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE "First poetical Attempt of a Girl of Fifteen," is so contemptible, that we should have supposed the piece to have been written by a girl under ten years of age. It may seem invidious to check the *aspirings* of the fair; but, when they are not *inspired* with talent, it is better that they should desist from courting the Muse.

The writer who favored us with the Disguise is desired to finish that tale for our next number.

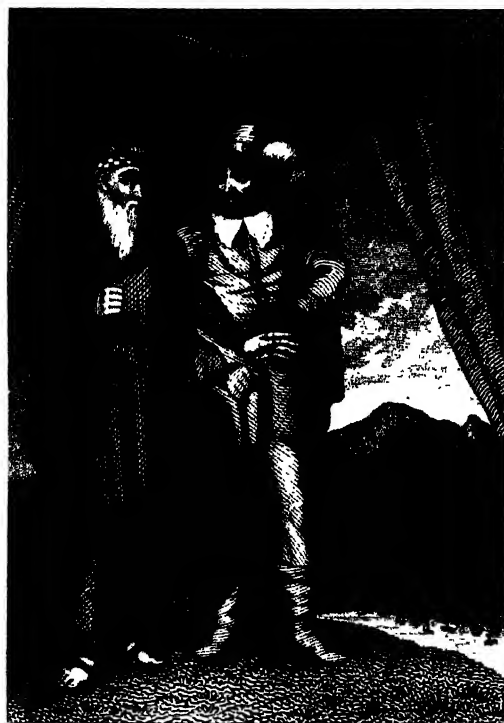
We decline an insertion of the Memoir of the late Archbishop of Canterbury. We do not wish to undervalue the learning, abilities, or piety of his grace; but there was nothing in his character beyond the ordinary merit of a respectable clergyman. He was merely distinguished by high birth and pre-eminent station, and the incidents of his life were by no means remarkable.

The Journal of an Officer is accepted with thanks, even though remuneration is demanded for it.

The Odes of S. G., and other poetical effusions, are under consideration.



French Fashion for the Year 1820





• *Gowning Dress*

Engraved by J. W. G. and published by the Ladies' Magazine, N° 10, 1878



Equestrian Costume

Designed by Mrs. Pierpont & engraved for the Ladies' Magazine N^o 10 1893

THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;



OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

OCTOBER 31, 1828.

SOME PASSAGES IN THE JOURNAL OF
A MILITARY OFFICER.

MR. EDITOR,

I do not wish to trouble the fair readers of your Miscellany with a narrative of warlike operations, as such a detail might outrage their feelings. I merely request your insertion of those parts of my friend's journal, which were written before he took an active part in the Spanish campaign of 1823, and, instead of bearing a sanguinary character, breathe benevolence, friendliness, and love.

December 25th, 1822.—This is Christmas-day—a day of mirth and festivity to millions: to me, however, it brings no change, no merriment, for I am pursuing the same dull, monotonous, and unhappy course of life. In my evening walk I saw all around me preparing to drown their cares in joy and gladness;—*All, did I say?*—No—not quite all! I passed one poor shivering wretch,

scarcely covered with clothing, who was crawling along by the railings, and looking wistfully at the kitchen windows below, where all was warmth and mirth and happiness. As I stopped to gaze at her, I saw the tears trickle down her pale and faded cheeks, and she gathered her tattered garments around her, as if *that* could shut out the remembrance of her sorrows. I passed her again, and accosted her. I asked why she was wandering about thus forlorn, when almost all others were happy and rejoicing. She said that her husband was ill, and her children starving. I instantly gave her some relief, and heard her sobbing out thanks in the silent street, as I hurried onward from one even as wretched as myself.

January 1st, 1823.—Another day of festivity and rejoicing! and with many justly so; but with *me*—alas! it only adds another day of sorrow to a life already worn down by suffering.

Another fleeting year hath pass'd!
The dawn of this no pleasure brings;
Come, Hope, thy cheering influence cast,
Around me spread thy radiant wings.

Yet can I court thy flatt'ring smile,
Too often meant but to deceive,
To soothe the languid heart the while,
Then reckless doom that heart to grieve?

No—no—I will not trust thy power,
 And yet I dare not bid thee fly;
 For thou can'st cheer the long sick hour,
 Thy whisp'ring hush the tearful sigh.

This *was* thy influence o'er my heart;
 But now no more thy power I know,
 Since fell misfortune's piercing dart
 Hath chased all hope, and seal'd my woe.

There was, indeed, a time when I welcomed the coming year with as much joy as any one. Then I was happy, and life was young, and I had parents and friends, and kindred, and I knew not what sorrow was. I remember well the last happy new year that I spent at home. At home! How keen a pang does that dear word inflict! How many fond remembrances rise up as I write it! Alas! what is it now but a dream, a withering dream? My father, and Jane, and little Frederic, were at home in union and happiness. My mother had died long before, beside my uncles and aunts and some cousins.—Jane had just left school, and was shining in all the charms of ripening womanhood. What a lovely creature she was! I think I see her now—her graceful form bending over her young brother, her long auburn hair overshadowing his happy smiling face, while her bright and beautiful eyes were glistening, like those of the gazelle, with affection and happiness. Then we were happy, and little did I anticipate the

calamities which were about to fall upon my devoted head.

February 24th, 1823.—This is the sixth anniversary of my last happy visit to my native village. I had been absent so long, and all were so glad to see me, that I was almost spoiled with kindness. Well do I remember the parting, the *maladie des adieux*!—Jane clung round my neck with all the agony of ungoverned grief, sobbed as if her young heart would burst her heaving bosom, kissed me again and again, and implored me not to leave her.—Poor girl! could she have had a presentiment that on earth we were doomed never to meet again? I had been absent only two months when her eyes were closed in death!

It was a dull, heavy, cheerless, gloomy morning when I left my home. A heavy mist hung over the hills, and came down occasionally into the valley, which it filled with oppressive dampness, while the carriage-windows were covered by the condensed vapor.

The mist was on the mountain, as I went
 From that lov'd spot, where my young days were spent;
 The gladd'ning sun withheld his cheering ray,
 The gloomy skies pour'd o'er my gloomier way,
 And all was cold and cheerless.—

I have often thought of this since, and considered it ominous of my future destiny. Is there such a thing as presentiment? And can the spirits of our departed friends have any influence upon our thoughts and actions? Can they imperceptibly endue our minds with a foreboding of good or evil? It has been thought by many that they can, and I have often imagined that my own

feelings have been uncontrollably influenced by some such agency. It may, perhaps, be only the effect of imagination—of a sensitive, bewildered, morbid imagination. Yet there is a holiness as well as beauty in the supposition of supernatural appearances, and sweetly has it been advocated by the bard of the "Faery Queene."

"And is there care in Heaven?—and is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is; else much more wretched were the case."

Of men than beasts. But oh ! th' exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves his creatures so,
And all his works with mercies doth embrace !
The blessed angels he sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked men—to serve his cruel foe.

“How oft do they their silver bowers leave
To come to succour us, that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The fitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
And all for love, and nothing for reward.
Oh ! why should heavenly God for men have such regard ?”

May 2nd.—This is my thirty fourth birth-day—and thus early do I find myself alone in the world, without kindred or friends that care for me—without even a home or an abiding-place !—And was it for this,—for this desolate dis-

mal doom that I was dragged into the world ? The spring-tide of my life promised better and happier things ; but all its budding hopes are withered, and I am now a miserable, morose, and melancholy being.

Once, when life was new, the hours
Cast o'er my fate a few fresh flowers,
Like opening roses, faintly red ;
But quickly all their color fled.

Once my heart like the air was light,
And my young glance was sunny bright ;
But soon that airy spirit faded,
And heavy clouds my young eyes shaded.

Now, I wear upon my brow
Furrows stamp'd—no matter how,
But such as, with a hand severe,
Grief often prints, ere age be near.

Still, though in premature decay,
The pulse of life ebbs slow away ;
Like northern spring where day is bright,
'Thou'ghev be long, 'tis never night !

This, to many, is the most pleasant and lively season of the year : Nature is preparing to put forth her brightness, and to burst upon the sight in all the grandeur and splendor of the summer. To me it is but the bitter mockery of faded happiness and withered hope.—When I strolled out this morning, all nature seemed verdant and rejoicing ;

The sun in unapproachable divinity
Career'd, rejoicing, in his fields of light ;

the birds sang, and all was joy and hilarity, painfully reminding me of the insignificance of individual misfortune, when compared with the mighty and

magnificent evolutions of nature. I could not but reflect, what an inconsiderable atom every single man is with respect to the whole creation ; and I thought it a shame to lament the sufferings of such a trivial animal as myself. The morning after my departure, the sun will doubtless rise as bright as ever ; the flowers will smell as sweet, and spring up as green and flourishing ; the world will proceed in its old course ; people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were wont to do. When one goes, another takes his place ; and those who remain, forget those who are gone. Is it not written, that the me-

mory of man passeth away, as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth only for a day?

May 8th.—I was rambling this morning in the environs of London, when chance led me into a small shop to purchase a pair of gloves. The only person I could see was a girl about eighteen years of age, very beautiful. I could not avoid gazing intently, and she turned away from my scrutiny with a blush, which added to her beauty. I felt awkward and confused. And why?—What were my feelings?—Were they those of incipient love?—No—I can never love again. She thanked me for my purchase, and timidly enquired if there was any thing else that I wanted, “Oh yes,” I answered, and purchased a number of articles, the very names of which I scarcely knew. She asked to what house she should send them? I told her that I would call for them the next day, and with another gaze I left the shop. I must see her again! But is it right that a wretched being like me should attempt to engage this poor girl’s affections, and then leave her to mourn over her withered happiness? Pshaw! woman is not so tender-hearted and sensitive, and, as soon as she loses one lover, she makes up the deficiency with another. I thought otherwise *once*, and reposed all my love and all my confidence, every fervent feeling of my young unsuspecting heart, upon one who treacherously abused them all!—Oh! how fervently did I love the dark-eyed Marianne! and how serpent-like did she deceive me! We were married, and how happy was I when I led my blushing bride from the altar! She was my first, my best, my only love; and the burning ecstasies of our wooing are too indelibly impressed upon my memory ever to be forgotten. But alas!—such is the frailty of human nature—two years had not gone by before she fled from me with a villain whom I had cherished as my best friend!—And this double shock I survived!—but it was only to become a restless, wretched wanderer, shunning and shunned by all. The idea of the destruction of a man’s happiness by cruelty or perfidy on the part of a woman is not often credited. Love, in all its ethereal and exquisite intensity, in all its holy and bewitching purity, is a passion so

seldom felt by man, that in most instances his accommodating apathy is not to be disputed. But do you think that those who have loved as I have loved,—who have incorporated all their thoughts and actions with the fair creature that they worshiped,—who have fondly monopolised the feelings, and even the very smiles and tears of one fond confiding object, will smile upon the blow which destroys their visions of more than mortal bliss, or rise from the shock to rove again in the fields of beauty and delight, with a heart as bounding and benignant as before?—Believe me,—never! For them on this earth there is no more happiness, no more joy; their sun is clouded, and the pleasures and pastimes of the world disgust them. Those feelings which were once radiant and rejoicing are clouded by melancholy, and they drag on an existence, rendered still more miserable by a constant rumination on days of former bliss. Thus is it with me, and thus has it been with others.

May 9th.—When I went for my parcel to the pretty little hosier’s, I learned that the lovely girl’s name is Maria Stedman. I am more charmed with her than ever, and I fancied she looked pleased, when she saw me enter the shop. She certainly blushed, and appeared confused, as she handed me the parcel. From what could this arise?—I find thoughts coming thick into my mind, which it would be sinful and dangerous to encourage. Shall she become the friend—the only friend of the unhappy heart-broken W——? No!—Let me go out into the air to dispel these thoughts.

It is past eleven, and I have just returned from Drury-Lane theatre, where I witnessed a scene that I shall never forget. I had entered a box, the front seat of which was occupied by a gentleman and a female, very fashionably attired. They were both young, but the girl was younger than her companion; she could not have been more than seventeen, and he might be thirty. He was a gay, careless, foppish-looking man,—a *roné* to all appearance; she was very pretty, but bold and impudent. As my eyes wandered listlessly over the pit, I encountered the gaze of a countryman. At first I imagined that he was looking at me; but I soon saw that his scrutiny was directed to my

companions, particularly to the female, between whom and himself I observed a very striking resemblance. Presently he quitted his seat in the pit, and shortly afterwards I heard the door of our box open, and he entered. His face was pale as ashes, his lips quivered, and there was in his eyes the most frightful expression I ever beheld. The play was over, and they were preparing for the after-piece, so that there was a little bustle in the house. The countryman passed me hurriedly, and in an instant was by the side of the gentleman who sat before me. He seized him by the collar, and thundered into his ear, as he dragged him out of the box, "Have I found you at last, you infernal counsellor? I'll teach you to seduce young women from their homes, you wretch!" and with a blow, which would have felled an ox, he laid the aggressor prostrate. There was soon a great disturbance in the theatre, and it was quickly ascertained that the individual, who had been knocked down, was the seducer of the countryman's sister, who sat in the box with her betrayer. I waited to hear no more. The scoffings and revilings of an enraged mob reached my ears, as I hastened from a scene which awakened every stormy feeling of my soul; and imprecations justly provoked were thickly showered on the profligate seducer, as he crawled, like a worm, in his groveling posture. How the uproar terminated, I know not; but the whole scene is now before me; and the groans and curses of the people are still ringing in my ears. Good God! what must that wretched brother have suffered!

I am glad I have witnessed this scene; it has determined me in my conduct toward Maria. I might have continued my attentions to her, so as to win her confidence and esteem. This, perhaps, would not have been an arduous task; it would at all events have been a gratification, though purchased at the expense of every just and honorable feeling. Maria could never be my *wife*!—and Heaven forbid that I should in an unguarded moment (for deliberately I never could) ruin her peace of mind, and destroy her happiness for ever. But suppose I should not go so far as

this, and should merely lead her from that reserved modesty which she now evidently possesses. Even this would be an evil, because it could not occur without first undermining that fixed and steady virtue, which is the best preservative against the crafty designs of the libertine. My passions are as strong as those of most people; but it is merely as passions that they are so; it is no part of my conduct, systematically to yield myself to their tyranny. At the impulse of the moment, indeed, I have done rash and unwise actions: but deliberate reflection has never failed to awaken in my bosom (scathed and scorched as it is) that virtuous resolution which was planted by my sainted mother's parental solicitude. I will forego, therefore, my intention of cultivating Maria's acquaintance, although it would be a source of happiness to me to possess the love of any one, but especially of such an innocent, artless, unsophisticated being; but she is now happy and contented. Should any one lead her a single step from her innocence, he may have much to answer for; I most assuredly will not be that one.

I have long thought of leaving England; for it holds nothing now but that which is hateful to me. The present war between France and Spain affords me the desired opportunity, and I can draw my sword in the cause of freedom. I have now no wish to live; and, if I join the Spanish patriots, some friendly ball may end all my woes. I shall apply to-morrow to the Spanish agent, and then—

"My native land—good-night!"

May 10th.—I have just seen a friend who has afforded me facilities for leaving England, as soon as I please. But I must once more visit the graves of my mother and sister, and I will leave London for W—— to-night.

May 13th.—I have been once more at W——, and have wandered unnoticed and undisturbed over those broad and fertile lands which own me for their master, and which might have flourished under my care. Now all is desolation and ruin.

"Ruin is there, but ruin slow and mild:
The spider's wand'ring web is thin and gray;
On roof and wall now clings the dusky bat;
And, where sweet infants' voices used to sound,
Now moans the sullen owlet."

I went into the court-yard, where the weeds and long grass almost choked up the entrance. I looked at the garden, and there was the same scene of sadness and decay. The summer-house was closed; but I burst open the rusty lock, and beheld many a well-remembered token of *days that were*. On the wooden bench were the initials of my name, coupled with those of my dear sister; and a swallow which had built its nest regularly every year in one corner, was twittering with joy as it flew to and fro to build its habitation. Behind the summer-house is a large oak, under which I have gamboled on many a summer's day. I looked on its

trunk, and saw the letters of a name, which it is agony to look upon. I had cut them on the bark, when I was at home and happy—oh! how happy!—Some moss had grown about the letters, and I rubbed it off with my handkerchief. I did not go into the house, for the hall-door was locked; but I looked in at one of the parlour-windows, and saw that the rats and the spiders had been gaily reveling amidst the furniture. I walked through the park to the village, and sighed as I passed by each well-known avenue. The deer gazed at me with their bright and beautiful eyes, without knowing that I was their master. I passed on in sorrow, for

"The friends, with whom in youth I roved these woodland dells among,
Have ceas'd their kindly sympathies; the birds have ceased their lays:
Stern Ruin throws around the spot her melancholy hue;
She withers all she looks upon—and I am wither'd too!"

There is a little mount near the lodge, which guards the gate leading to the village; and I walked to the summit to behold, for the last time, the domains of my ancestors,—the placid scene of all my youthful happiness. It was a lovely evening, and the sun cast over all that

rich and varied scene the glowing beams of his departing glory. I looked toward the mansion, and there it stood unconscious of its desolation. I remained on the mount until evening, with all its gentle accompaniments, had succeeded the brilliancy of day. I heard

"The ploughman's careless whistle, the low bleat
Of youngling flocks, the drowsy tinkling bell,
The bark of village watch-dogs, as they gave
The homeward shepherd greeting;"

and I then retired to the village to meet the mail-coach, my bosom swelling with the melancholy consciousness, that I should never again behold those beloved scenes.

My path led toward the church-yard, where all my ancestors lay buried: I sprang over the gate, and stood beside my mother's grave. The tablet which was affixed to the tomb was still glistening in all its freshness, and I read with a tearful eye the name and lineage of my beloved parent. I knelt down and prayed for a release from sufferings which had become intolerable: I prayed for one whose passions had plunged her into guilt, which would require a deep and terrible expiation; I prayed, also, for speedy re-union with the spirits of those beloved objects which were sleeping in peace and quietude below, and I then found myself better prepared for an eternal separation from the green and smiling valleys of my native land.

she was as beautiful and as modest as ever. I told her I was going to leave England, and she seemed concerned. At parting I held out my hand, and she immediately gave me hers; it was very soft, and trembled exceedingly. I pressed it gently and put it to my lips, and then quitted the house, but not before I had given a trifling memorial of my regard for the maiden.

August 26th.—This evening will, perhaps, decide my doom. The detachment to which I belong has received orders to surprise a party of the enemy, sheltered among the rocks of the Sierra de Busaco. This is always a dangerous duty, and I rejoice that I am among the gallant spirits who are deputed to execute it. I have been occupying an hour or two in arranging what few *memoranda* I have retained, and in looking, (it may be for the last time) at those memorials of mingled joy and misery which I have preserved. There is a miniature painting of Marianne, taken

May 16th.—I have just seen Maria;

when I first loved her, and exhibiting all the beauty and artlessness of one who could not then have known deceit. It is very like her, and seems to require only a spark of some Promethean fire to make it breathe and live. There is a sketch, also, of Marianne, made in an idle hour from memory; and this is also a striking likeness; but the calm beauty of one presents a forcible contrast to the brilliant charms of the other. I shall never see again the original of either.

The hour of attack approaches; for the sun has long since set, and we only wait for the more pervading darkness of actual night to rush upon our foe. I go prepared for death, and I have a cheering consolation in the reflection, that, ere to-morrow's dawn, my spirit, freed from its clog of clay, may again meet those whom it best loved while living.

THE ANGLO-IRISH OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. 3 vols. 1828.

THE affairs of Ireland have now reached the highest point of interest. Three-fourths of the population are (not indeed in arms, for they cannot procure a sufficiency of arms, but) in a state of strong irritation and high resentment, for reasons which we have occasionally noticed; but, without dwelling on the religious and political dissensions of the country, we shall advert to the manners of the people, as exemplified in the present novel; observing, by the way, that the war of opinion has relinquished its moral characteristics, and assumed the attitude of physical strife.

We find too much of politics in these volumes; but, in such a critical state of affairs, how can we expect that a writer should wholly abstract himself from the public concerns of his country? They force themselves upon his notice, and seem imperiously to demand his attention in treating of manners and of life.

The leading personage of the tale is Gerald Blount, a young man of a noble family, educated in principles decidedly favorable to the protestant ascendancy; but it is the author's object to afford satisfactory grounds for a change in the opinions of his hero, or a relaxation in his obstinacy.

The following extract will afford an

amusing specimen of the work.—Gerald visits his sister in Devonshire, where she resides under the care of her guardian's wife.—“At a turn of the road, where on one side the fence was high and overshadowed by an elegant group of slight ash-trees, the sound of young female voices, in laughter and joyous hilarity, caught Gerald's ear. Climbing gently up the fence, and peeping through a cluster of bushes, he saw, seated in a garden chair, employed at her needle, his sister's protectress and nurse, Mrs. Knightly; before her, on the grass, and sitting face to face, were his sister herself and a little girl, some years her junior, with glowing blue eyes, flaxen hair, shaken wildly about her face, a beautiful straight nose and cherry mouth, and cheeks so brilliant with the colour of health and loveliness, that they might remind one of sunlight breaking in transparent suffusion through a garden-screen of roses. A book turned down on the grass, a guitar, and a little work-basket, lay near them; but they seemed to have given study and work of every kind to the winds, and shouts of laughter rang merrily through their rural retreat, as the strange girl archly contested some point with her companion.

“As Gerald peeped at this scene, his first feeling was sympathy with its unrestrained enjoyment, particularly on account of his sister. The subdued motherly smile of Mrs. Knightly, always kept up, but increased now and then by a glance at the two delighted girls, or by some ecstatic climax of their laughter, also pleased and interested him; yet soon after he began to ask himself if such a display was characterised by the elegant decorum to which lady Augusta ought to be habituated. Then he was struck by what he felt to be the boisterous mirth of her little playmate,—by a peculiar air about the child that, beautiful as she was, seemed, when put in comparison with the high-born children of her age, neither fashionable nor proper; and at length some words and phrases addressed by her to lady Augusta becoming distinctly audible through the laughter of both, he began to doubt if her rank and quality entitled her to be made, by Mrs. Knightly, the familiar companion of his sister.

“‘Sing it, I tell you!’ cried the blooming little stranger, holding up to

Augusta, in mock threat, two or three long stalks of grass she had just plucked at her side; and the tone in which she spoke, though musical; had a strange sound.—‘I can’t, Rhoda!’ replied her companion, clasping her hands playfully in appeal.—‘Say it then!’—‘Nay, that’s the difficulty, Rhoda! I’ve no great demur to your air—’tis pretty enough; but your words, oh, your words!’ in affected horror.—‘Sing it, or say it, or I’ll kill you dead!’ continued Rhoda, shaking aloft the formidable scourge in one hand, and twining the other through Augusta’s beautiful brown tresses.—‘The pure brogue,’ thought Gerald.—Rhoda went on, gently applying the grass stalks to her playmate’s neck, while both now clung to each other, laughing loudly.—‘Come, you proud English lady!—say my words—my beautiful Irish words—or—I’ll be the death o’ you—what! are they ugly, or not musical?’—‘The little pigs say words like them!’ shouted Augusta, struggling with her dictator.—‘Take that, then!’—and that, and that!’ and Rhoda again used her scourge; ‘that for your disobedience—and that for your bad speech!’—‘Well, Rhoda—I will, I will learn them of you!’—‘Listen, then!’ and Rhoda warbled, to an air that Augusta had called pretty, ‘her beautiful Irish words,’ during the pronunciation of which, although assisted by melody, the harsh sounds of several *acghs*, *oeghs*, and *ueghs*, sadly offended Gerald’s ear.—‘Why don’t you go on?’ resumed Rhoda, as Augusta interrupted her with mocking laughter.—‘No—not for the world?’ answered her pupil, putting out her hands in abhorrence.—‘You won’t, won’t you?’ and again Rhoda offered to inflict chastisement; again she was resisted, a struggle ensued, and they rolled down on the velvet grass.

“Gerald now felt displeased: it was evident, he concluded, that, in the person of this little wild girl, Mrs. Knightly had introduced, to the intimate acquaintance of his solitary sister, the child of some Irish peasant-servant, brought over by the good lady from the hills and bogs of her native country.—With some coldness and reserve of manner he presented himself to Mrs. Knightly from his peeping-place, and passing her, after a low bow, gravely advanced to Augusta. As his eye still

divelt on Rhoda, her dress corrected his first conclusion; it might, however, have been bestowed on her; but when, as much in consequence of Mrs. Knightly’s gentle exclamation of surprise and welcoming, as of his own approach, Augusta started up to embrace her brother, the sudden change from hilarity to gravity and self-possession, and from that again to a provoking mixture of loftiness and *naïveté*, of propriety and archness, which marked Rhoda’s manner, more fully convinced him that she was no clown’s child.—‘Gerald!’ said Augusta: ‘come here and know and fall in love with my friend and companion, my wild Irish princess, who sings me wild Irish songs made to her beauteous wild Irish ancestresses, ever so long ago, by bards with white beards, on their wire harps and things—our good, kind, delightful little cousin, Rhoda Knightly.’—‘Miss Knightly!’ stammered Gerald, bowing.—‘My daughter, Sir, Miss Knightly;’ and the mother, quietly evincing the impression, such as it was, which she had received from Gerald’s reserve at his first appearance, rose, and held her daughter by the hand, at her side.—‘All the worse,’ thought Gerald.—‘the kind of assumed equality here will only assist the impression of disagreeable peculiarities on my sister.’

“Rhoda now returned his repeated bow in a way so distant and at the same time so proper, as must have satisfied, so far as it went, the most scrupulous brother; and, indeed, it went far to satisfy him, as might be seen by the expression of his face, changing from the blank of disapprobation to the glow of interest. When she escaped, however, from the demureness half produced by, and half-affected at, the sudden appearance of a stranger, she was relapsing into a vivacity, which Gerald thought *un-English*. Holding a grave side-face to him so long as she pretended to think he was regarding her, she voted his eyes off whenever she pleased, and then, with strange contortions of her beautiful features, continued playfully to threaten Augusta for her recent obstinacy, and to do all in her power to keep up the loud mirth of that young lady. Again, however, something dignified or graceful appeared about her, which, recommended by her beauty, the young critic admired; and yet, again, its effect was marred by a return of something

arch and rather bold; and thus did his notions of his new acquaintance fluctuate for some time. An Irish peasant-girl then approached from the cottage, with cream and strawberries. The broad and rosy face, the wide-winged nose, and wide mouth, which, when she smiled, allowed the upper gum to be seen, reminded Gerald of visages he had beheld in St. Giles's, and indeed laid claim to almost unadulterated Celtic descent. Her shyness too, her gait, and the crude fashion in which her gown had been cut (obviously she had brought it from home with her), struck him as characteristic of sad inferiority in the scale to her parallel class in England.—'Get more cream, Biddy; lady Augusta likes it,' said Mrs. Knightly, as the girl deposited her dishes and plates on the grass.—'God bless her darling young ladyship, *I shall, Mam,*' answered Biddy, with a drop-curtsey, so sudden and deep as to be rather startling; and though the zealous smile that lighted in her large good eyes, and the phrase of respectful affection toward his sister, with which it was accompanied, were not quite lost upon Gerald, still the broad sing-song brogue, the vile *shall, Mam*, the name Biddy, and even the wordy acquiescence, when silence and obedience alone should have been her proper part, effectually disposed of the girl in his estimation. He became confirmed in all his former dislikes to pure Irish people, and the reflection that Augusta was surrounded by such specimens of native manner, pressed upon him."

The appearance and manners of an Irish priest are neatly sketched.—"Mr. O'Burn sat on a sofa in almost devoted attention to the discourse of another Roman-Catholic clergyman, an old French priest, of a venerable imposing air, possessing the suavity of the *ancien regime*. And this was a bad situation for Mr. O'Burn. His vulgar (yet not vulgar-featured) face, his uneasy figure, his restless hands and legs, his ill-worn new clothes, every thing about him contrasted with the staid, complacent, self-possession of his companion. On being introduced, he started up, bowed six times very strangely, mumbled, laid one hand on a corner of the sofa, and between the finger and thumb of the other kept coiling the corner of the lapel of his coat. Nothing could well be more certain than that he then felt

himself painfully out of place. Indeed his fidgets made him pale; and his legs seemed ashamed of their new acquaintances, the black silk stockings; they did so shift, and shy, and behave themselves in such a manner.

"As soon as Gerald had taken a place at his side, they began to speak about Ireland. But this Gerald did not exactly want, so much as what it would lead to. Collegiate pursuits in Ireland turned up. The man proved to be really uneducated, although, with poor smiles that petitioned for indulgence and good opinion, he quoted Latin every second sentence. Polite literature was glanced at; he was dumb. Some slight general views of the country were taken; he was an ass.

"Gerald was preparing to leave him, when the poor young man proposed an invitation to eat a leg of mutton with him next Sunday. Gerald, wishing he could swoon, politely (and, in pity, his politeness was more kindly than stiff) pleaded a prior engagement.—'Well, Sir, but the next;' another engagement. 'Well, then, but surely the next;' another; 'the next' was called up from the womb of time—and, in short, to save Mr. O'Burn the trouble of going through what remained of the year's calendar, Gerald at last seemed to assent. In a few days he sent a formal though still not unkind apology; a quick answer came, that, with all its offences against common usage and sense, only proved that the writer had not understood the politeness with which he was treated. It breathed Irish wrath, suppressed into the utmost possible Christian charity, and a sickly sense of having been ill-treated, mixed up with a bad effort at ecclesiastical grandeur, which was exceedingly risible. 'I must have stood very low in your opinion, Sir; when—you absolutely refuse to dine with me,' it said; 'but believe me, Sir, you are not warranted by any previous conduct of mine in violating every rule of good-breeding toward me. But I forgive you, dear Sir; for, although my family motto is—[here followed some Latin which Gerald could not make out.] I assure you I don't keep ill-will to any one in my mind many minutes. However, the respect I have for myself as a clergyman and as a gentleman, obliges me to say, (however reluctantly) that you never again shall be annoyed by an in-

vitation from me. However, God bless you, my dear Sir, and, although I don't mean to see you again, I hope time will change the opinion you have too hastily formed of your humble servant.'

The hero enters into the dissipations of fashionable life, intrigues with a baronet's lady, wounds the friend of her husband in a duel, and makes his escape to France. The vindictive baronet shoots through the heart another lover of his wife, and (like Virgil's *Mezentius*) binds her to the dead body, placing its arms round her neck, in which posture she passes a night of horror. This, by the bye, is a strange improbability.

In Paris, the fugitive meets a mysterious lady, who tells him some secrets of his fortune that deeply interest him. All subsequent enquiries after her prove vain, and he leaves France with a determination to seek English ground once more. He is wrecked on the Irish coast, and, after a variety of adventures amongst the Rockites, throughout which he is aided and preserved by the address and attachment of the fair unknown, he at last discovers that the lady is no other than Rhoda Knightly, who had at first so unfortunately (and, we may add, unreasonably) excited his aversion.

THE LIFE AND REMAINS OF WILMOT WARWICK. 1828.

You must not suppose, reader, that this volume contains a biographical sketch or a genuine character of a real personage. On the contrary, Mr. Warwick is a non-entity; but the name serves, in concert with the pretended discovery of manuscripts, to introduce a variety of tales and other compositions, in most of which the author is an evident imitator of Washington Irving. They are not all equally amusing; but the Haunted Mill is one of the most entertaining pieces.

"In one of the most secluded spots of this our sea-girt land, were to be found, some sixty moons back, the remains of an old village, comprising about a dozen cottages, all, save one, untenanted, and falling to decay. No road or path marked its connection with any other habitable place; nor can the imagination conceive a scene more barren and desolate than the neighbourhood of

Rock-Town. The village itself occupied the centre of a deep dell, the sides of which formed a striking medley of rock and precipice, partially clothed with fir-trees and wild evergreens. Bold and romantic, the scene would have been prized by Salvator Rosa, as a subject for the canvas, requiring nothing but the adjuncts of a black sky, and group of bandits, to render it most effective.

"The history of Rock-Town is singular, commencing with a tale of love and elopement. A certain scape-grace, one Andrew Harbottle, having conceived a violent passion for a young maiden, denominated Jenny Dowlas, declared his passion, and was referred by his mistress to her father. He was rejected, and retired in tears. Jenny followed him, and in a tone of the deepest affection asked him why he wept.—'Go,' said Andrew; 'since you cannot relieve, do not pity me.'—'Thou art a poor-spirited fellow,' said Jenny.—'Thou art a cruel girl to taunt me thus,' exclaimed the desponding youth; 'for, however I may be unable to regain my own happiness, I have at least sufficient spirit to refrain from injuring yours, by the renewal of a snit which your parents have declared shall be ineffectual.' 'Did I ever say it would be ineffectual?' said Jenny, blushing.—'Why, then, refer me to your father?' inquired Andrew.—'Twas a matter of duty,' said Jenny.—'And why do you follow me now?' asked Andrew.—'Tis a matter of—of—affection,' simpered Jenny.—'Then,' exclaimed Andrew exultingly, and catching the little panting beauty in his arms, 'tis a matter of no farther doubt; I must and will have thee. Go, gather thy few little valuables in a bundle—meet me down at the stile in the dusk of the evening, and we'll off to the parson!'

"Jenny, acceding to the proposal, decamped with her lover; and, about three weeks after, their parents were informed that they had been married in the border town of the adjoining county; but months passed away ere any thing more transpired concerning the fugitives. At length, when the old women of the village had decided that young Harbottle was gone to the devil, he suddenly appeared among them in the dress of a miller, seated on the front of a new cart, and driving a very noble and well-caparisoned horse. All parties

came flocking forth to meet him, anxious to know the fate of Jenny.—‘Faith,’ said Andrew, ‘Jenny will be happy to see just as many of ye as can find a place in my cart, and are willing to go back with me over the moor;’ and then he went on to relate how chance had conducted him to a most beautiful little valley, how he had worked himself into favour with the neighbouring farmers, and how he was now employed as miller to the surrounding community. He rang forth the praises of Rock-Town; enlarging upon the blessings of peace and retirement, and doing all he could to instil into his old companions the spirit of emigration. Many of the younger villagers accompanied him back, and established themselves in the new settlement, which increased in riches and consequence, till the death of Harbottle, who was shortly followed by poor Jenny, leaving her son Adam proprietor of the mill.

“Among the villagers there was an old woman much given to lying and prophecy. She had the credit of understanding something of medicine: a few chance cures established her as a mistress of the art; and, having thus insinuated herself into the high opinion of her neighbours, she ventured on a farther stretch of cunning, and at length assumed the wand of necromancy. But for this old woman, Adam Harbottle, like his father, would probably have been regarded as ‘the great one of the city;’ and Dame Ducket, in disputing the precedence, so far irritated her more legitimate rival, that, in the heat of his wrath, he denounced her as a vile impostor. The astonished villagers now turned their eyes upon Dame Ducket, who, lifting her withered hands above her grey head, declared him a lost man, a very devil incarnate!

“From that time poor Harbottle was looked upon mistrustfully by the inhabitants. He had drawn this imprecation upon himself in a moment of choler; and, his rage having subsided, he now began to doubt the security of his soul. Superstition soon spreads; and the worthies of Rock-Town were certainly not proof against the infection. They listened with dread credulity to their prophetess, who pronounced it unlucky to have any dealings with the object of her wrath, and prognosticated that he would come to some miserable end. The old woman, flat-

tered by her partial success, kept up the imposition, and increased her influence every day. She foretold that Harbottle would be either drowned in the mill-dam, or crushed between his mill-stones. She even ventured to pronounce the evil day;—it came—he was missing! The villagers surrounded the mill, but none could muster sufficient hardihood to enter. At length Dame Ducket appeared, and, commanding her disciples to follow her, began to ascend the step-ladder leading to the mill-door. The ladder was of considerable height; and her agility not having increased with her years, she soon began to tremble with feelings of insecurity. When about two-thirds up, she turned upon her followers, exclaiming against their cowardice in not daring to enter the mill, and, making a false step, fell with a shriek to the ground. The villagers, having conveyed her home upon a slutter in a state of insensibility, returned to prosecute their search in the mill.

“The discovery was soon made.—Between the mill-stones were seen sundry pieces of rag and broad cloth; doubtless the remnants of Adam’s dress, while the pulverised bones and tufts of hair which lay scattered about on the boards just by, were, with equal certainty, fragments of the unfortunate man himself! Dame Ducket, so great an adept in the curing of other people’s maladies, could discover no remedy for her own, and she died in a few days, declaring that her ghost, in company with that of Harbottle, should haunt the mill ever afterwards.

“Thus ended the prosperity of Rock-Town. Half of the houses became immediately tenantless, and the mill was regarded as a place set apart for the reception of goblins. In the howling of every blast was heard the moaning of Adam’s spirit; in the creaking of every timber, the voice of Dame Ducket; and no one ventured to pass the mill after night-fall. It stood, therefore, for a length of time without any tenants, except the rats and mice, unless, indeed, the ghosts of the miller and the dame may be reckoned as such. Many were the tales told of their having appeared in various forms and places. Sometimes Adam was to be seen running round the water-wheel, hard chased by the old woman; and then strange noises would be heard in the mill, as of

two spirits struggling with one another. Every gust of wind stripped the roof of a tile, which ever and anon came rattling down into the street—a sure omen of coming evil to any one near whom it happened to fall! and there it would remain, no one daring to touch what he conceived to be influenced by the charms of magic. The water-wheel was now choked up with nettles. The wooden bridge which crossed the mill-stream, fell into the water, and was carried away by the current. Terror reigned within the building, and Desolation roamed without!

"It was in this state, when an old miser, grudging the expense of a cottage, consented to become its inhabitant, in consideration of occupying its chambers rent-free. The villagers could hardly credit the reality of his intention to enter the Haunted Mill, and did all in their power to dissuade him from a step which they conceived must inevitably lead to destruction. He persisted, however, in his rash determination, and the whole community assembled to see him take possession. They accompanied him to within a few yards of the broken bridge, and there paused, huddling themselves together, and trembling like the reeds in the mill-stream. The miser, taking a plank of sufficient length to reach over the rivulet, placed one end of it close to the water's edge, and then raising the other, brought it to a perpendicular. It was a moment of the utmost terror with the villagers. They could not believe that he would have the courage to let it fall on the opposite bank. He looked back at them for a moment as if he half feared it himself.—Down it went! The spectators shrank back, in dire expectancy of something terrible, while Abel the miser walked quietly over. Whether he would have the daring to go farther, was, however, yet a question. A gust of wind whistled over the building, and a tile leaped from the roof as the warning of danger. This was enough to convince the trembling witnesses of Abel's rashness, that his case was next to hopeless; and they began to put up prayers for his safety. By no means daunted, however, he moved up the step-ladder, stood upon the landing-place, and placed his hand upon the latch of the door.—'Will he dare to push open the door?' said some of the spectators. He did so; a dire yell accompanied the

motion, and away flew the whole assembly, as if a legion of devils had possessed them!—Abel, quietly remarking that the hinges were rusty and wanted oiling, walked deliberately in.

"The next morning the villagers came in a body to witness the issue of Abel's temerity. They found every thing as they left it. All was silent. Suddenly they heard a groan! The casement opened, and a head in a white cap popped out! Supposing it to be Abel's ghost, they turned to flee, when a low sepulchral voice arrested their steps.—'Stop!' said Abel: 'No ghost am I, although with ghosts I hold communion.—Thus saith the miller's ghost: 'Abel, go round each morn from house to house, and in this wooden bowl collect from every cot a slice of bread.'—And thus saith old Dame Ducket;

'Nor bread alone, but bacon too;
And beer a pint, they'll add thereto.'

"The imposition was readily agreed to by all the inhabitants save one—old Rugby, who suspected that the whole was a trick, and refused to pay his contribution on the first day. He slept so miserably, however, on the following night, and was so haunted in his dreams by ghosts of millers and misers, that he never afterwards grudged payment.—He sometimes smiled, as if in contempt of his folly in submitting to the rogues of old Abel; but he could not make up his mind to repeat the experiment of a refusal, and, therefore, for the mere sake of his comfort, compounded with his common sense.

"One morning, old Abel was missing at the usual hour of making his rounds. The day passed, but he came not; the next morning, and yet he did not appear.—'He's dead!' exclaimed Rugby. This same Rugby had a son, Dick, whom he treated more like a slave than his own child. The ill-used lad frequently thought of running away, but was detained in the place by the attractions of a rosy-cheeked damsel who scoured his father's copper kettles. This girl was the only one of the Harbottle family now remaining in the village; and, if a haunted mill could be looked upon as a matter of any value, such was little Kitty's patrimony.

"Abel not having made his appearance for two or three days, it was thought necessary that a true report of his fate should be obtained; and Dick

Rugby, being the stoutest young fellow in the village, was deemed the fittest man for a ghostly embassy, and deputed accordingly. It will not be wondered at, that his father should be ready to sanction the enactment of a part assigned to poor Dick by the community at large. Like Brutus, he conceived the public good was all in all; and he consigned his son to the risk of perdition with Roman-like composure.

"The villagers, being collected, moved onward to the mill. When they arrived at the mill-stream, there was a dead stand, and old Rugby turned pale. —Dick advanced a few steps, then paused; his manhood for the moment failed him. To the surprise of every one, Kitty sprang from the crowd, and offered to go herself! This roused every atom of Dick's waning courage; he bounced over the bridge, and ascended the step-ladder to the mill-door. Kitty, bursting with affection, and fearing for her lover's fate, could no longer resist the desire of sharing his danger; and, escaping from her master's grasp, she quickly joined Dick, and they entered the haunted precincts together. A full half-hour passed on in solemn silence; and, neither of them appearing, old Rugby began to tremble with apprehension, while the rest of the witnesses looked at one another most dolefully, and shook their sapient heads in mournful concert. At length a deep groan was heard; a shriek followed; and Dick, springing out of the mill, made but one step from the top to the bottom of the ladder, and in a tone of the greatest terror exclaimed, 'A ghost! fly!—a ghost!'

"No words can describe the consternation which ensued. The affrighted spectators scampered to their respective homes, bolted their doors, and went to prayers; nor did they dare to venture again from their abodes till the following morning, when old Rugby was to be seen running about from house to house, in a state of distraction, beating his breast, and calling upon the names of his little house-maid and son. His former scepticism now turned upon him like a fiend; and his cruelty as a father embittered his feelings; he loaded his neighbours with invectives for their dastardly spirit in deputing his only son as a champion against the devil, and soundly upbraided himself for acceding to so base a measure. The

villagers, beginning to doubt the safety of his wits, followed him about the place wherever he went, fearing that he might commit some act of desperation. He rambled into a garden which communicated with the haunted precincts of the mill: hut, as he approached the stile leading thereto, his trembling companions slackened their steps, and conjured him not to hazard a nearer advance.—'Silence!' said Rugby; 'some one speaks!'—They listened, and a hollow sepulchral voice exclaimed, 'Bury me!'—The sound evidently proceeded from the other side of the hedge. 'They listened again: 'Bury me!' cried the voice in a much louder tone than before.—'Who are you?' said Rugby, bold in despair.—No answer was made; so Rugby, after a short pause, leaped the stile, and nearly tumbled over the prostrate body of the deceased Abel. Let us lift him into the garden,' said Rugby coolly; but his companions appeared loth to undertake the task. Some ran off, and the rest seemed inclined to follow the example, when another ghostly voice, resembling that of old Dame Ducket, pronounced the following;

'Bury him, bury him, ere you sleep,
On the hill, by the mill, six feet deep.'

"No one dared to disobey the mandate, and old Abel's body was disposed of accordingly.

"After this, Rock-Town was gradually deserted. The inhabitants, alarmed at so rapid an increase of the family of the ghosts, began to fear that the mill would shortly be insufficient to accommodate them; and, as they were by no means desirous of entertaining such lodgers in their own cottages, they packed up their goods, and betook themselves to the surrounding villages. Old Rugby alone remained, careless whether the spirits of the mill should be inclined to vex his quiet or not. 'If they choose to come,' said the old sinner, 'let them. If not, here am I fixed for ever, resolved to do penance in solitude.' "

"Since the occurrence of the very extraordinary events related, several years have elapsed; and the reader is now informed, that the present appearance of Rock-Town is the reverse of every thing ghostly or desolate. It is a busy, bustling little place; and poor old Rugby is one of the busiest and

happiest among the inhabitants. The redoubted mill, so fraught with magical association, is no longer looked upon with horror, or approached with dread; and, instead of the ghosts of Dick Rugby and his darling, we are cheered by the sight of Dick himself, a jolly, plump miller, while his wife Kitty, the blooming mother of three chubby children, holds out liberal promise of a fourth.

"The other matters shall be explained as briefly as possible.—Dame Ducket's fate is known: and my readers need scarcely be informed that she was precisely what Harbottle had pronounced her, 'a cunning old impostor.' He could not, however, at the time, thoroughly trust to the dictates of his common sense, and he determined to be on the safe side at all events. On the morning, therefore, that had been declared by the dame to be his last, he secretly escaped from the village, having indulged in the waggery of dispersing about the mill-stones a quantity of powdered pork-bones, pieces of rag, &c. Not daring to return afterwards to see the issue of the trick, he would still have remained in ignorance, but for an accidental meeting with Dick. Harbottle, however, had in the mean time obtained an eligible situation in a neighbouring town, and never made his appearance in the village again.

"How successfully old Abel managed to turn his cunning to advantage, (finding means for house, bed, and board, in the credulity of the villagers,) I need not say. Dick Rugby's was the voice which so solemnly ejaculated the command for the miser's interment; and his sly little partner contrived to imitate the tone of Dame Ducket's speech with equal effect. Abel died suddenly, and the young lovers then entered the mill. Dick, having suffered his father to wipe away the stain of undue severity by a few weeks' penitence, returned to Rock-Town, restored the old man's comfort, rebuilt the mill, and studiously promoted the re-population of the village."

THE MERCHANT OF DAMASCUS, a Tale*.

WHEN the periodical rains had subsided in the country about Damascus,

every thing attested the vivifying influence of the returning spring. Vegetation was bursting into green life, and Nature was awaking as if from sleep, opening her eyes in the shape of innumerable flowers, and preparing for a great and joyous change. A poetical fancy might have imagined that the yet undeveloped germs of future beauty and enjoyment anticipated the vernal delights in store for them; that the flowers in the blossom were dreaming of sunshine and rich odors; that the leaves in the bud, thrilling with pleasure as they waved to and fro in the soft breeze, longed to leap out of their close prisons into the sparkling air; that the roots in the ground yearned and stretched themselves upwards, proud beforehand of the superb hues and graceful or stately forms which would arrest the eye of the passenger, when they should rise up out of their temporary graves in all their renovated loveliness. Bright and beautiful, and associated with all cheerful and delicious thoughts, is the infancy of vegetation. Never had the celebrated gardens of Alfadhel, the great merchant, worn a more glorious appearance of promise: yet they did not retain him in the noble mansion which they decorated; indeed, they scarcely occupied a place in his thoughts. As he passed pensively through them, he heard not the splashing of the numerous fountains with which they were adorned; he noticed not the alcoves and arbours; the fragrance wafted upon the breeze passed by him unheeded; his ear was deaf to the songs of the birds, some of which were already warbling amid the palms and acacias, while others were twittering in their dreams; for as yet the sun had hardly lighted up the towers and mosques of Damascus, or thrown his golden bloom upon the numerous streams that surround it with perpetual music and fertility. For Alfadhel the splendors of nature possessed no charms, and the beauties of a most romantic city were utterly lost to his eye. His thoughts were with the great caravan which had departed a few hours before for Aleppo, carrying with it no small portion of his fortune in the shape of precious stones. These he had entrusted to the care of his son Yezid, who had received ample instructions how and where to dispose of them, and had sworn implicit obedience to his father's orders. Yezid, however, being young and unsteady,

* Abridged and altered from the Arabian Tale of Alfadhel Alderamy (Abdarrahaman), given in the New Monthly Magazine.

was not fully competent to the important charge; and this consideration had prevented the anxious merchant from closing his eyes during the whole night: not a moment's peace had he known since the caravan had departed, and, after taking two or three disconsolate turns in his gardens, he resolved to pursue it instantly, that he might resume the care and management of his own jewels. Mounting a horse of surpassing fleetness, he rode for some hours with uncommon rapidity, until the generous animal was nearly exhausted with heat and fatigue: he then, for the sake of the grateful shade, stopped in a lane overhung with wild figs and tamarinds, interspersed with kopals and gum-trees. It was customary with the Arabs to manufacture a species of sackcloth from the hair of camels, which they wore at funerals and on other occasions of sorrow. The numerous camels of the caravan having left a portion of their hair on the hedges, the peasants had sent their little children to gather it, and a troop of these half-naked gleaners, with black eyes and curly polls, were busily employed in collecting the spoil. Sun-burnt and tawny, their scanty discoloured rags harmonised well with the ochreous bank of earth up which they were climbing, while their glee, their shouts, and their agility, found a marked contrast in the person of a venerable austere-looking dervise, who, having seated himself cross-legged at the bottom of the bank, retained his immovable position, blowing his horn whenever he discerned a passenger, and pointing to his turban upon the ground by way of soliciting charity. Alfadhel, having thrown a trifle into it, remained gazing upon the scene before him while his horse took breath, when he was startled by a tittering overhead, and, looking up, he beheld with amazement a group of long-bearded brats, perched upon the bough of a tree, gibbering and mocking and mowing at him. His amazement at this inexplicable apparition was probably visible in his countenance; for the urchins beneath, and the juvenile grey-beards above, set up a simultaneous shout of laughter; whereat his bewilderment was beginning to kindle into wrath, when the dervise, propitiated by the alms he had received, informed him that the frolicsome urchins, after having satiated their appetites with some wild honey which they had dis-

covered, had smeared their chins with it, and, by applying to them the camels' hair they had been sent to collect, had presently provided themselves with most reverend-looking beards.

"How merry," exclaimed Alfadhel, are these little thoughtless fellows, not dreaming that what they are now gathering in joy and laughter shall be worn in sorrow, and steeped in tears, perhaps even by themselves."—"If we may call the man a sorry baker," replied the dervise, "who should dislike sweet honey because it makes sour bread, so I hold him to be a sour philosopher who sighs at the sight of present happiness, lest it may become future bitterness and woe. Grown-up children with long beards sometimes employ themselves exactly like these youngsters, and gather and heap up in glee that which they shall wear in lamentation."—"And did not our holy Prophet," resumed Alfadhel, "pass his whole life in collecting the materials of sackcloth, when he declared upon his death-bed that all his days had been sorrow and vexation?"—"Let us not the less enjoy our happiness when it comes," resumed the dervise, "but receive it as the earth does the refreshing showers, when she instantly sparkles in brighter colors, throws up a thousand grateful odors to Heaven, and wears a countenance of gladness, as if drought and wintry weather were never to visit her again."—"It is more pleasant to hear the words of truth from the mouth of the wise," said Alfadhel, "than to catch the sound of the rivulet when crossing the parched wilderness."—"But, pleasant as it was, he seemed to think it still more delightful to overtake his jewels; wherefore, observing that his horse had in some degree recovered its breath, he resumed his journey, and passed through the defile into a vast plain. At its extremity, on the verge of the horizon, he could distinguish a great cloud of dust, which, interposing between the sun's rays and himself, rolled up into the sky like the red smoke of a conflagration. Not doubting that it was occasioned by the caravan of which he was in pursuit, he struck out of the high road into the wilderness on his right, trusting that the well-known speed and vigor of his horse would enable him to reach his object much sooner than if he should follow the beaten track, which described a consi-

derable circuit. Swiftly and gallantly did his noble steed bear him onwards; but he soon discovered that he had widely miscalculated the distance; for, though the dust that he was following still remained in sight, he plunged deeper into the waste without appearing to gain upon it, and his own strength, for in the hurry of his departure he had neglected to provide himself with sustenance of any kind, began to prove inadequate to the vehemence of his exertions. To add to his distress, the fierce rays of a Syrian sun darted incessantly upon his head, and he was tormented with an almost intolerable thirst. Still he pressed on, until he beheld, at some distance before him, what appeared to be an old man washing his scythe in a pool. The prospect of appeasing his thirst was so delightful that he scarcely bestowed a second glance at the figure; who, having thrown his scythe over his shoulder, had now resumed his way across the wilderness. On reaching the brink of the pool the merchant dismounted, when he observed that the water was turbid and of a sanguine hue, and that his horse, after snelling to it, turned away and refused to taste it. His own sufferings, however, would not allow him to be so squeamish; he threw himself upon the ground and quaffed eagerly; but no sooner was his immediate agony appeased than he hastily arose, disgusted at the very nauseous taste of what he had been drinking.—Still it had removed his more distressing sensations; he felt himself refreshed, and pursued his journey. His course being the same as that taken by the old man, he observed, as he drew nearer to him, that what had before seemed to be an enveloping cloke assumed the appearance of a shroud or winding-sheet, and that the figure in its progress did not move its legs, but floated along the surface of the ground, like a vapor or an apparition. An unaccountable awe now took possession of his faculties, his blood thrilled and ran cold through his veins, and even the horse shook violently as it started into a furious gallop, sidling away from the old man and passing him with every look of terror. As the wind blew aside from the figure a part of its lower garments, Alfadhel beheld two skeleton legs, sitting steadily forward, but not moving as in the action of walking; and at the same moment the head being slowly turned toward

him, the sharp lipless fangs and eyeless sockets of a scull grinned, gnashed, and glared hideously upon him. Almost withered at the sight, and filled with an unutterable dismay and horror, then first did he recollect to have heard that Death was in the habit of frequenting the pool in the wilderness to wash his polluted scythe after any great mortality, and that those who subsequently tasted the pestiferous water became infected with all the complicated diseases of his recent victims. He found that he had thus been swallowing down the most revolting maladies; and, as this conviction flashed upon his maddened mind, he shivered all over, his teeth chattered, his hair bristled up, his heart seemed to be frozen within him. A dizziness and an abandonment or rather perversion of his senses succeeded. The taste of death was in his mouth, and the sepulchral smell of it within his nostrils; for the free air of the wilderness was converted into the noisome stench of a charnel-house. But, amid all the trials that he was fated to endure, his distorted vision proved to be his keenest curse. At first, as a thick film spread itself before his eyes, he was merely condemned to the misery of galloping along, he knew not whither, in total blindness; but shortly he discovered that, by some inexplicable process, his optics, although they no longer took cognisance of the world without, had acquired the fearful power of gazing inwards upon his own frame. He could penetrate the *arcana* of the nervous system, discern and develope all the hidden laws of our corporeal being; but that which filled him at once with terror and disgust was the observation that all the organs of his frame were withering, morbid, or deranged.

While he fancied that death would speedily overtake him, he still continued his strange investigations. He looked inwards into his own brain, and all the mysteries of that exquisite membrane were laid bare to his piercing vision, which was enabled to separate the physical from the moral, to detect how mind and matter acted and re-acted upon each other,—how thought, sense, and motion, sprang from various combinations of medullary matter. The separate birth-places of the judgement, the memory, and the imagination, and the process of their occasional fusion into each other, were visibly displayed before him. But

that which amazed and interested him the most was to see the different passions of the human mind, each inhabiting a separate cell of the brain, and each personified and enlarged to his distempered eye, until it assumed the human size and form. Love sat at the entrance of his grotto, painting every thing that he gazed upon in the brightest and most flattering colors, although, when Jealousy, who occupied the next recess, turned his green eyes toward him, they cast such a hideous hue upon his drawing, that he shook his wings, and more than once threatened to fly to the opposite cell, whence Hatred looked out with a scowling and malignant visage. Rage stood at the door of his dwelling raving like a maniac, and striking at random with his weapon, which fortunately did little injury, since, by his hasty and injudicious management of it, he had blinded himself at the outset. Revenge lurked in a gloomy cavern, gnawing his own heart, and looking wistfully at Despair, who was lifting a bowl of poison to her lips, although Pity with tears and supplications implored her to desist, and Hope, pointing to the figure of Happiness in a distant cell, endeavoured to dazzle the eyes of the sufferer by continually turning toward her the bright side of a reflecting glass.— Fear ran and hid herself at the appalling sight, Joy threw down his goblet, and ceased his jocund roundelay; and all seemed to be affected by the spectacle except Religion, who, on her knees apart, with eyes fixed on Heaven, and thoughts outpoured in prayer, appeared in her communion with the skies to find a solace for every touch of woe.

A period of blank oblivion succeeded to this mental phantasmagoria; on his recovery from which Alfadhel found himself stretched upon the ground, without knowing when or how he had fallen from his horse, which was no longer visible. Probably his insensibility had continued for some time; for the sun was now setting, and the diseases with which the waters of the pool had impregnated his whole system had made terrific progress in the interval. His agonies were of a contradictory nature, and became more acute from their sudden contrast and apparent incompatibility. Amidst his severe sufferings, he cast his eyes around him, and beheld at a little distance a ruined building, toward which he crawled, in the hope of

protecting himself from the wild beasts, at least until his death, which he now considered to be rapidly approaching. Not without many groans and screams of pain, did he succeed in ensconcing himself, with his drawn scimitar in his hand, behind a heap of rubbish in one corner of the dilapidated structure, where he had scarcely remained five minutes when, to his utter amazement and consternation, he saw two armed men enter the place, leading between them his son Yezid, blindfolded and pinioned. From their conversation he gathered that they formed part of a band of robbers, who, having attacked and overpowered the caravan, had spared the life of his son on his promise of giving up to them the valuable jewels carefully concealed about his person, and had brought him to the ruin to disburthen him of his hidden treasures.— One by one, as their prisoner told them where to search, did they make the most rare and costly gems emerge from the folds of his inmost garments, and deposit them in a small leathern bag, Alfadhel feeling all the while that, in addition to his other miseries, they were thus reducing him to a state of comparative poverty, although, even if his dreadful illness had allowed him to interfere, his doing so would only have been the signal of death both to himself and Yezid. Convinced of this, he continued to watch their proceedings in a transfixed silence, until the robbers, having despoiled their prisoner of all that he possessed, retired to the back of the cave, and, seating themselves on the pile of rubbish immediately before Alfadhel, began to converse in a low whisper. One suggested to the other, that, as the stranger, in spite of his solemn protestations, probably still retained about his person the most valuable of his gems, the only way to secure their prize was to murder him, leave his body in the ruin, and carry off his clothes, that they might rip them open at their leisure. To this atrocious proposition his companion yielding an immediate assent, they drew their daggers, and began to steal slowly toward the blind-folded Yezid. Danger, and even death itself, no longer possessed a particle of terror for the affectionate and agonised father; he tried to brandish his sword, to rush forward, to scream out; but, stiffened and transfixed, either with the horror of the scene, or from the

effect of the waters of the pool, his faculties refused to act, and he remained in this state until he saw the men raising their daggers. His suspended energies then returning to him in one concentrated rush, he uttered an unearthly shriek that echoed for miles around, and, springing into the air like a tiger, descended with his naked scimitar in his hand between the assassins and his son. The fiercest tiger would not have been half so terrible to them as this appalling apparition, at the sight of which they burst out of the ruin with a shout of terror, leaving the bag of jewels behind them. Alfadhel had just strength enough left to cut his son's fetters with his weapon, and to murmur out, "The horse, the horse! mount, dearest Yezid, and fly!" when he fainted. His son, who had instantly torn the bandage from his eyes, concluding from these words that the animal was at no great distance, blew a whistle that hung around his neck, and the horse, refreshed by pasture and repose, came presently, bounding and neighing, to the ruin. Yezid, having secured the treasure in his bosom, contrived to place his father upon the horse's back, mounted behind him, and, as he knew not where he was, let the reins fall upon the back of the animal, whose sagacity soon retraced the way to Damascus. Before the sun rose, Alfadhel was in bed in his own mansion, attended by two of the most eminent physicians. Several weeks elapsed before he was completely restored to health; but the former weakness of his mind did not return with the renovated strength of his body. He was an altered man. Forswearing the mercantile anxieties and avarice which had hitherto saddened his life, he devoted himself to the embellishment of his gardens, to the contemplation of the beauties of nature, to charitable practices, and the observance of a cheerful piety. "Let us never repine, my son," he exclaimed to Yezid, "at the dispensations of Providence; for the most menacing of our apparent afflictions will often prove to be concealed blessings. Behold! did I not impiously murmur at my inability to overtake the caravan, and at the calamities with which I was visited after having tasted the waters of the pool? Lo! they were the means by which both our lives were preserved, and even my treasure rescued from the grasp of robbers. When the voice of the Lord is

heard in thunder, when the frowning heavens are dark, and lash the earth with rain, what is the result of their seeming anger? Do they not shower down future flowers and verdure, does not every drop sow perfume and beauty in the ground? Blessed, even thus, is the storm of sorrow that falls upon our heads, if it serve to bring forth in our hearts the undeveloped fruits of resignation and virtue; and, since we are too blind to distinguish good from evil, or to detect the hidden consequences of either, our ignorance may at least teach us that, whatever happens, it is equally vain and impious to repine at the will of Heaven."

THE FORTUNE-TELLER;

from the American Whim-Whams.

I THINK Mr. Solomon Logical was the most irascible little old man that ever worsted his antagonist in an argument, or, failing to convince and confute, knocked him down by way of coming to a conclusion. He was a short, puffy gentleman of sixty, who had married late in life, to have (as he always said) some one to make gruel and toast cheese for him in his declining years. As a specimen of diminutive obesity, he might claim the first rank among his contemporaries. His family consisted of his wife, a daughter of the delightful age of sixteen, and two little sons, who had numbered, one five, the other six summers. Four children had passed before him to the grave. I give it as my positive and unalterable opinion, that the daughter was the most fascinating creature that ever shattered a heart or a rose-bud. I will not do her so much injustice as to attempt a description; but, if any of my readers would behold a being who may be supposed to resemble her, let him close his eyes and dream of one of Tom Moore's Peris, and he will be satisfied.

On this daughter, on his pipe, and on an argument, old Logical doted with childish fondness.—"The girl," he used to say, "is a good girl—a good girl deserves a good husband—and d—n me if she shall not have one!—She will be worth fifty thousand dollars on her wedding-day; but she shall never see the money before a fellow presents himself who can smoke, produce an equal sum, and maintain an

argument.—I know what a husband ought to be."

After an exclamation like this, the old gentleman would puff and simmer like a roasting apple, and finally sputter himself into a great rage, simply because no one ventured to dispute his plans, or to argue with him on the subject nearest to his heart. This, no person of his own household would venture to do, preferring the minor ebullition of spleen which would attend the neglect, to the tremendous explosion which was sure to follow the display of any opposition to his will. In fact, the old man was one of those testy logicians who are never satisfied with victory or defeat, opposition or submission. The butterflies in small-clothes who haunted the precincts of his house to obtain a sight of the fair Julia, hated him as they did the prince of darkness. Never had a suitor ventured to intrude within old Logical's premises, since he broke his ivory cane over the cranium of a young gentleman in claret *inexpressibles*, who had called, after an evening entertainment, to pay his respects to the daughter.—"The rascal," cried the infuriated parent, "wore a quizzing-glass; no man of sense or property wears a quizzing-glass; therefore he must be a pennyless puppy."

After this act of violence, no beaux hazarded an irruption into quarters which were guarded by a dragon so outrageous. Julia pined and faded; why, I pretend not to say; but it surely was not for the deprivation that had been inflicted upon her in the exclusion of her admirer. I am quite sure of being countenanced by my fair readers when I assert that this could not have been the cause. Her father appeared to grow fatter and redder, and more argumentative every day; and, with his increasing size, the venom of his disposition toward the young men of his day deepened in bitterness, so that he would only allow his daughter to walk in the garden appertaining to his house, and not even there unless accompanied by himself or her mother.

It was during a fine afternoon in

September that the whole family were collected in an arbour at the lower part of one of the shady walks, enjoying the repose and beauty of an autumnal evening, when a figure was seen advancing down the avenue preceded by a servant. The domestic, in a submissive tone, announced a woman who professed to have skill in fortune-telling.—"A fortune-teller!" roared old Logical.—"A fortune-teller!" echoed Mrs. Logical.—"A fortune-teller!" sighed Julia.—"Fortune-tellers are all cheats," resumed the master: "therefore turn that woman out."—"But, dear father," said Julia, "I never had my fortune told, and I am so curious; do let me speak to her for a few moments."—"Turn her out!" shouted the tender parent.—"But, father, who can tell but she may know where your silver knee-buckles are, that have been missing so long; fortune-tellers know every thing." Interest and argument never failed to touch the heart of the opposer, and permission was conceded, that the gypsy should advance and be heard.

The form, vesture, and appearance of the stranger, were in strict accordance to my ideas of a being supernaturally gifted. Her original stature must have been six feet; but age, and her habitual bending to the earth in search of weeds and roots, had nearly reduced her to an unchangeable incurvation. Her outward garment was a robe, rather than a gown, of dark cloth, thrown carelessly, though not ungracefully, around her, and bound about the waist with the dried skin of a serpent. This mantle entirely concealed her figure. The face of this remarkable object was embrowned by toil and exposure, and the singular brilliancy of her large black eyes contrasted strangely with her stooping figure and grey hairs, which denoted one whose race was nearly finished. She advanced slowly toward the female party, stopping occasionally to pluck a weed or a flower, and, as she came near, murmured the following incantation to the plants while she was gathering them:—

"Weed and root, and bud of power,
When the bright dew dims the trees,
Ye shall yield, at midnight hour,
Hidden charms and mysteries:
Then shall be unroll'd the leaf,
Then disclos'd the mystic page;
Tales of joy, and tales of grief,
The doom of youth, the fate of age."

Old Logical was somewhat startled, as the Sibyl placed herself directly before him, and fixed her dazzling eyes on his, seemingly awaiting his commands.—“Very well, my good woman, very well; I thought I might make some enquiry of you, but it is of no con-

sequence; you may go.”—The debater was completely awed. The object of his address paid no attention to the permission for her departure; but, turning slowly to Julia, addressed her nearly in these words:

“Follow me where none may listen,
Where yon sparkling fountains glisten,
Maiden fair, if thou would’st borrow
Knowledge of thy joy or sorrow,—
If despair’s cold hand shall press thee,
Or the smiles of fortune bless thee.”

The fair girl immediately arose, and, placing her hand within that of the sorceress, led the way to the spot she had designated. They were soon concealed from him by the windings of the path. It was not until they had quite disappeared that old Logical had recovered from the shock he had experienced in the awe-inspiring presence of the fortune-teller; but, when his daughter entirely vanished with the gypsy, the disputant “was himself again;” he shouted for his servants, rated them for admitting the hag, and bade them pursue, secure, and toss her in a blanket for her presumption. The domestics dispersed about the garden, and searched through the town; but no traces of their young mistress or the stranger could be discovered. Night closed in, and they were still missing. The old man was nearly distracted; he argued the matter in every possible light, cursed divination, conjurors, witches, and his own folly. His wife and the little boys could only weep. The servants continued their search, taking particular care to avoid their master, whose cause made itself intimately acquainted with every menial back which it encountered. Ten o’clock! and no tidings of his lost child! He had fallen back in his chair, exhausted by the violence of his passion, when the door suddenly opened, and a dashing young midshipman entered, leading the blushing Julia. Her father, more rejoiced at her return than astonished at the appearance of her companion, singular as was the presence of a young man in his house, held her for a moment in his arms, in speechless joy. He then seized his cane, and leaped fiercely toward the intruder:—“Who the devil are you, Sir?” was the courteous interrogation.—“Your daughter’s husband,” was the effective and laconic reply.

Had old Logical, like the inhabitants

of the fabled city, been petrified on the spot, he could not have been rendered more completely motionless than he became at the receipt of this intelligence; he stood like a statue, with eyes fixed and jaws distended. Julia went up softly to him, and, placing her roguish face close to his, whispered, “Dear father, I never should have consented, if I had not been convinced that only the brave deserve the fair. Henry is very brave; therefore, won’t you forgive us?”

Old Logical’s features relaxed and softened.—“Come, come, old gentleman,” cried the youth, “I will subscribe to your own conditions; I’ll smoke with you as long as you please; and, as you said the man who possessed your daughter must be worth fifty thousand dollars, and be able to maintain an argument, I’ll prove to you that I am. You value your child at a fortune; that child is my wife; man and wife are one; therefore—Eh, father-in-law!” Convinced by this logic, the old man forgave the sailor. They now nightly argue and smoke, and their fiercest disputes are upon this subject—the utility of fortune-tellers!

TRAVELS IN NORTHERN AFRICA, *by*
Captain and Mr. H. W. Beechey.

THE African territory, between Tripoli and Egypt, is very little known to Europeans, although the whole northern coast of that quarter of the world flourished greatly in the time of the Romans. To remedy this deficiency of geographical knowledge, a survey of the country, to a considerable extent, was ordered by our government; and the captain and his enterprising associate took their route from Tripoli to Cyrene, through a desolate country, which, how-

ever, was rendered interesting by the incidental beauties of nature, and by a recurrence to ancient times.

"There is no place (we are informed) on the coast of Northern Africa, between Ptolemeta and Tripoli, which can at all be compared with the former of these places, for beauty, convenience, and security of position—Lebda alone excepted. The greater part of the town, on our first visit to it, was thickly overgrown with wild marigolds and chamomile, to a height of four or five feet, and patches of corn were here and there observable, growing equally within the city walls. The solitude of the place was at the same time unbroken by animals of any description, if we except a small number of jackals and hyænas which strayed down after sunset in search of water, and a few owls and bats which started out from the ruins as we disturbed them by our unexpected approach. Appeals of this kind are always irresistible; and the contrast which presented itself between the silence and desolation that characterised the city of Ptolemeta when we visited it, and the busy scene which a spectator of its former wealth and magnificence would have witnessed under the Ptolemies and the Cæsars, afforded a striking and melancholy example of the uncertainty of all human greatness."

Few parts of the volume are more striking than the descriptions of Bengazi and Cyrene; but we must content ourselves with quoting the account of the latter.—"We passed the remains of some strongly-built forts in our route from Margâd to Cyrene, and at length came in sight of the numerous, we might almost say innumerable, tombs which encumber the outskirts of the town. It is well known that the burial-places of the ancients were usually without the walls of their cities; and we find the tombs of Cyrene (like those of Pompeii and other places) ranged along the sides of the roads by which the town is approached, and occupying, at the same time, the greater part of the space intervening between one road and another. When we reflect that the inhabitants of this celebrated city have laid their mortal remains on the soil which surrounded it for more than twenty-four centuries, we shall not be surprised at the multitude of tombs which are every where scattered over its neighbourhood. They are all of stone, either constructed on

the surface, or excavated in the rocky soil of the district; and, as most of them have been defaced, or laid in ruins (for there is not one of them which has not been opened), the wreck of material with which the soil is encumbered may be more easily imagined than described. The road, when we had descended into the plain of Cyrene, continued to wind through the tombs and *sarcophagi*, and along the edges of the quarries in which the subterranean tombs have been excavated, for more than a mile and a half. We observed that it was occasionally cut through the rocky soil, and that marks of chariot-wheels were still very evident in many parts of its stony surface.

"These approaches to the town have the appearance of ruined and deserted streets, the tombs ranged on each side of them supplying the places of houses. The gloom of this effect is, however, enlivened by the variety of style which characterises the architecture, as well as by the difference in the plans of the tombs, and in the degrees of labour and finish bestowed upon them. The earlier tombs may be distinguished by their simplicity and good taste, the later by a more ornamented and a more vitiated style. A similar difference of style may be observed in the scattered busts and statues, some of which have the Greek and some the Roman cast of countenance and costume, portrayed in the several manners peculiar to each nation, according to the age of the performance."

* * * * *

"The position of Cyrene is on the edge of a range of hills, which descend in galleries till they are terminated by the level ground which forms the summit of a second range beneath it. At the foot of the upper range, on which the city was built, is a fine sweep of table-land most beautifully varied with wood, among which are scattered tracts of barley and corn, and meadows which are covered for a great part of the year with verdure. Ravines, whose sides are thickly covered with trees, intersect the country in various directions, and form the channels of the mountain-streams in their passage from the upper range to the sea. The varied tract of table-land extends itself east and west as far as the eye can reach; and to the northward (after stretching about five miles in that direction) it descends

abruptly to the sea. The lower chain is thickly covered with wood, and intersected, like the upper range, with wild and romantic ravines, which assume grander features as they approach the sea. The height of the lower chain may be estimated at 1000 feet, and Cyrene, as situated on the summit of the upper one, is elevated about 1800 feet from the level of the sea. The view from this spot is truly magnificent, and may be said to be one of those which remain impressed upon the mind, undiminished in interest by a comparison with others, and as strongly depicted there after a lapse of many years as if it were still before the eyes. We shall never forget the first effect of this scene, when the fine sweep of land which lies stretched at the foot of the range burst suddenly upon us in all its varied forms and tints, and when imagination painted the depth of the descent from the summits of the distant hills beneath us to the coast, terminated by the long uninterrupted line of blue, which was distinguished rising high in the misty horizon. If we knew in what the powers of description consisted we should be tempted to employ them on this occasion, and would endeavour to convey to the minds of our readers the same impressions of the beautiful position of Cyrene which the view of it suggested to ourselves. But one glance of the eye is, we fear, worth more, in calling up the feelings which are produced by fine scenery, than all that description is capable of effecting; and the impressions which time will never efface from our own minds would never, it is probable, be stamped, by words of ours, on the minds of those in whom we could wish to excite them."

The inhabitants of this part of the country, though Africans, are chiefly of Arabian extraction; and those whom our adventurers met with are thus characterised.—"Arab women in general, of all ranks and ages, are remarkable for patience and good-nature; and we have often seen both these qualities in our fair African friends, put to very severe trials without suffering any apparent diminution. Their greatest failings seem to be vanity and jealousy; and these are surely too natural and too inconsiderable to merit serious reprehension, more especially in a barbarous nation. Curiosity is, at the same time, with them, as it is said to be with the sex in general, a quality in very exten-

sive circulation; and, if we could have stopped to answer all the odd questions which the good ladies of Cyrene proposed to us, we should have employed the whole day in replying to them. By the help of a few little trinkets, however, which we usually carried about with us, we contrived to put an end to the conversation, without any offence, whenever it began to exceed moderate limits, and continued our route under a shower of pious wishes that the blessing of God might attend us."

"Two Arabs who had observed us looking at some statues came to our tent, and gave us to understand that they knew of one, in a perfect condition, which they could point out to us for an adequate reward. We made the only bargain with them which it would have been safe to conclude, among so many mutilated pieces, lying round us in all directions; which was simply, that, if it proved to be worth taking away, we would give them a certain number of dollars for the information. On our accompanying them to the place where the figure lay, they soon cleared the earth from a female statue, in very good style and tolerable preservation, except that the surface of the face and upper part of the body had entirely lost its polish and become extremely rough. As the statue was of larger dimensions than life, and consequently very heavy, it would not, under these circumstances, have been worth our while to remove it from the place where it was; and we accordingly gave the Arabs a *bakhshee* for their trouble, and told them that we did not think it good enough to remove, but that, if we should ultimately take it away, we would give them the reward before-specified. With this arrangement (though a perfectly just one) they proved to be so little satisfied, that on the following morning, in passing by the place, we found that the statue had been placed upright, and pelted with stones for their own or their children's amusement. The lips were knocked off, and the face and body otherwise mutilated, though not to the degree which we expected when we first observed the figure placed up as a mark for every idle passenger to amuse himself with throwing at it. We were not a little concerned to see the mischief which we ourselves (however innocently) had in fact been the cause of, and gave out that we in-

tended to write to Mohammed Bey, that he might discover and punish the delinquents; adding, that, if any similar outrage should be practised in future, the severest retaliation might be expected. After this we were careful, when we discovered a good statue, to bury it an inch or two in the soil which surrounded it, effacing, at the same time, all traces of our work; and never indulged ourselves in looking at any object of importance when we thought ourselves observed by the Arabs. For such is the inconsistency of their character, that the very same statue which they would walk over continually without ever honouring it with more than a glance en passant, would, in all probability, be broken in pieces the moment it became an object of particular notice."

"Among the numerous instances which we observed during our stay at Bengazi, illustrative of Arab character and prejudices, we may notice one which occurred in the entrance-hall of our house, where a *select party* of the inhabitants of the town usually assembled themselves when the weather permitted. On this occasion, the women of England formed the principal subject of conversation, and the reports of their beauty, which had reached some of our visitors, appeared to have made a great impression in their favor. One of our party then produced a miniature from his pocket, which chanced to be the resemblance of a very pretty girl; and he roundly asserted, as he handed it to the company, that every woman in England was as handsome. Yet the first Arab of our party, who was favoured with a sight of the lady in question, started back in dismay and confusion; and all his worthy countrymen who cast their eyes upon the picture, withdrew them on the instant, in the greatest alarm, exhibiting the strongest symptoms of astonishment and shame. The fact was, that the young lady who had caused so much confusion, was unluckily painted in a low evening dress; and her face was only shaded by the luxuriant auburn curls, which fell in ringlets over her forehead and temples.

"There was nothing, it will be thought, extremely alarming in this partial exhibition of female beauty; and the favorite inhabitants of less decorous and more civilised countries, would scarcely dream of being shocked

at a similar spectacle. But to men who inhabit those regions of delicacy, where even *one eye* of a female must never be seen stealing out from the sanctuary of her veil, the sudden apparition of a sparkling pair of those luminaries is not a vision of ordinary occurrence. At the same time, the alarm of the worthy sheiks assembled, which the bright eyes and *naked face* (as they termed it) of our fair countrywoman had so suddenly excited, was in no way diminished by the heinous exposure of a snowy neck and a well-turned pair of shoulders: and had they been placed in the situation of Yusef, or Joseph, when the lovely Zuleika presented herself in all her charms as a suitor for his love, or in the more embarrassing dilemma of the Phrygian shepherd-prince, when three immortal beauties stood revealed before his sight, they could scarcely have felt or expressed more confusion. Every Arab who saw the picture actually blushed and hid his face with his hands, exclaiming,—*w'Allah harâm*—[by Heaven 'tis a sin] to look upon such an exposure of female charms.

"It is, no doubt, very gratifying, in these ages of assurance, to witness so unequivocal a display of genuine modesty; and we confess that we ought not to have laughed so heartily as we did at this laudable expression of it in our guests; but it certainly did appear to us somewhat ridiculous to see men, with long beards, who had each of them two or three wives, so completely discomfited at the sight of a rosy-faced girl. At the same time we must allow that we have also our prejudices; and it is probable that the appearance of a young Arab damsel, with her veiled face and naked legs and feet, in the midst of a party of Englishmen, might occasion no trifling confusion, scarcely less, perhaps, than that which was occasioned by the display of the fair face and neck above-mentioned. It was some time before our Arab friends recovered from the serious shock which their modesty had sustained: but, as modesty (for what reason we will not pretend to determine) is by no means an unconquerable feeling, we prevailed upon the blushing sheiks, when the first impression had subsided, to take a second look at the picture, declaring that there was nothing in so innocent a display at which the most correct of

true believers need be shocked. We will not venture to say that they were quite of our opinion: but it is certain that their curiosity (at least we suppose it to have been that) very soon got the better of their scruples; and we even think that some of them might actually have been persuaded to trust themselves in those sinful regions, where a pretty face and figure may be looked at and admired without any very serious breach of decorum."

NEW TRAVELS TO AND FROM ST.
PETERSBURGH, by *A. B. Granville*,
M.D. *

At a time when the ambition of the Russian potentate has involved him in a war, and his troops are endeavouring to force their way to a more genial climate than their own, a new survey of his empire, even though partial and imperfect, is calculated to excite a considerable degree of attention. A repetition of what we knew before may be expected to pervade various parts of this work; yet we occasionally find in its pages a novelty of statement and a felicity of illustration.

The panorama of the Russian capital will, we think, gratify our readers; it is certainly a spirited sketch. Taking his station upon the elevated tower of the admiralty Dr. G. rapturously enjoyed the magnificent spectacle.—“The first impression received on looking around, when hundreds of fine palaces, colonnades, statues, and towering spires, with not a few specimens of the pure Grecian style of building, attract the attention, would lead one to imagine oneself suddenly transported to a newly-erected city of Greece, in the time of Pericles. But, when we connected those different objects with the long, straight, and wide streets, flanked with houses of various but generally handsome designs—when we marked the bustle of the multitude—the great and motley variety of costumes, most of them picturesque—the *bizarrerie* of the different vehicles that glided before us,

some training silently along the handsome area that lay immediately below us, intersecting each other in a thousand directions; others rapidly coursing on low wheels with horses that are taught antics and gambols in their course—and now and then a stately carriage drawn by four horses, guided by a long-bearded coachman, whose waist is compressed by a silken sash, with a square cap of crimson velvet placed diagonally on his head, and who was heard urging the distant leaders under the control of a little urchin; we were recalled in our imagination to present times and to reality, and we surveyed with admiration this youngest of the European capitals, and the metropolis of the largest empire in Europe.

“The light and soft tints with which most of the public buildings are painted, give to the city a gay and refreshing aspect. Immediately in front of us three noble streets, diverging like rays from a centre, penetrate into the heart of the city, and open to the view the *façades* of churches and palaces without number, and present lines of dwelling-houses of the first magnitude. These are mostly built of stone, or are of brick stuccoed over. Timber houses are only perceived in a few of the distant suburbs of the Litteinoï and Narfskoï districts, or in the more remote parts of the Vassiliefskoï and Peterbourskoï Islands. Although higher than the houses in London, those of St. Petersburg have seldom more than two stories, the elevation of each of which is consequently considerable. These are frequently ornamented with handsome balconies, and light balustrades surround the flat roofs, which are generally covered with sheet iron, painted green or red. Columns are profusely introduced; but their application is mostly confined to the principal story, being seldom employed for the construction of porticos before the principal entrance.

“The number of spires, domes, and towers, with which the general map of the city is interspersed, give to the whole a pleasing variety. The Byzantine bulbous cupolas distinguish those dedicated to the Greco-Russian communion from the other churches. One of the principal ornaments of this modern Palmyra are indeed its churches. Seen from an eminence, the Greek churches appear, both far and near, with an imposing aspect, alike removed from the

* We should have been content with one professional designation; but our author with an ostentation unworthy of a man of sense, adds, F.R.S., F.L.S., M.R.I., F.G.S., and M.R.A.S.; and being still bent upon an increase of fame, subjoins twenty-four medical, scientific, and literary appointments and incorporations

master-pieces of Gothic architecture and the modern temples. Five domes, the central one of which is higher than the others, and of larger proportions, in many instances gilt with profusion, would remind one of the mosques of Constantinople, but that the Greek cross towers here in proud triumph over the Ottoman crescent. We were struck with the fine appearance of the several military barracks, and the riding-house adjoining those which belong to the several cavalry regiments of guards stationed in the capital. The uniform beauty of these buildings, most of which have been erected by eminent architects, is very remarkable. The squares and gardens, interrupting the monotony of large masses of dwellings and streets, form at the same time a number of important openings in the great map of the city, on which the eye dwells with pleasure. We particularly noticed, on the eastern side of our station, and on the bank of the Moilka, the Imperial Mews, with the church belonging to it, one of the most superb specimens of architecture existing in St. Petersburg; its running portico, of the order of *Pæstum*, is unequalled in beauty. The summer gardens, and the Castle of St. Michael near them, the pleasure-grounds belonging to the recently-finished and magnificent palace of the grand duke Michael, are likewise seen grouped on this spot. The wide Fontanka, with its many granite bridges, marks the boundary of this district, beyond which the view stretches to the old and new arsenal, to the Taurida palace and its park, and farther still to the splendid convent of Smolnoi. Turning gently round over the neighbouring scenery, the elevated church of St. Alexander Nevski, with its monastery, cemetery, and cloister, caught our attention, while in the intermediate ground we observed the long line of shops of the *Gostinofdwor*, the tower of the town-hall, the private palace of Anitchkoff, belonging to the emperor, the semicircular front of the cathedral of our Lady of Casan, the Bank of Assignats, the handsome building of the Poor's Hospital, and that of the Institute of St. Catharine. Directing our attention to the south-western part of the city, new wonders offered themselves to our view. The colossal pile of marble forming part of the intended new church of St. Isaac, and the Palla-

dian structure of the Post-office, the barracks and riding-house of the *Gardes à Cheval*, the great and handsome portico of the Opera, with the picturesque church of St. Nicholas not far distant from it, successively presented themselves as objects for our admiration. The scene, too, in this direction, is pleasingly varied by the many intersecting canals which meet to mingle their waters with those of the gulf placed at the extreme point of our picture, and forming its distant horizon."

Dr. Granville's view of Russian society is apparently correct, but not sufficiently comprehensive; for he seems to have paid less attention to the inferior classes than an impartial and philosophic observer might be expected to have given.—"It is usual to say of Russian society, that it consists of only two great divisions, the nobles and the serfs. How far this may be true, in a political point of view, it is not my purpose to discuss. Speaking of the accessible society, or, in other words, of the persons of whom good society is composed, there can be no doubt that as many classes exist in St. Petersburg as in any other large European capital. The families of persons holding high situations at court, the ministers of state, and foreign ministers, military officers of high rank, having important appointments, or being attached to the person of the emperor, the hereditary nobility, not connected with the court or the army, may be considered as forming one group of the first or highest class of society; another group consists of persons who are not distinguished by any hereditary title, but who belong to the first four classes of nobility, on account of their rank in the civil or military service. The superior *employés* under government, and the heads of the great imperial establishments or institutions, may be included in the second group.

"The mutual intercourse among these various denominations of persons and their families, appeared to me frequent, and distinguished by that ease and those elegant manners which characterise the same classes in the first capitals of Europe. A foreigner can only judge of them by what they appear in the midst of their friends and their guests. On such occasions, their deportment is free from *hauteur*, and their address engaging; what they may be with their inferiors, I know not. Much has been

said of their hospitality. As far as I have had an opportunity of seeing it, I am free[ready] to acknowledge that there is no exaggeration in placing it above that of the higher classes in other countries. To persons well recommended and properly introduced, be they Russians or foreigners, it is unbounded; neither is it, as elsewhere, limited to a mere formal invitation to a dinner or a *soirée*, but extends to many friendly offices and a frequent repetition of kindness. With regard to the ladies of this class, it is the least to say, that, in point of manners, politeness, and unaffected dignity of deportment, they yield to none of the most distinguished of the fair sex in other countries: indeed, constituted as society is at this moment in other capitals, it is impossible not to admit, that, in regard to accomplishments, and the more solid advantages of education, some of the Russian ladies of rank are superior to those of other nations. There are few, among them, who do not speak with equal facility French, German, and English, beside their native language. Many of them write these languages with equal ease and correctness. This is more particularly the case with regard to the younger branches of the nobility, owing to the new and happy direction given to their education by the successful efforts of the empress-mother. Nor is a knowledge of languages the only prominent qualification which these ladies bring into society, but varied and useful information also, an extensive acquaintance with the literature and history of Europe, an exquisite *finesse d'esprit*, displayed in easy and well-supported conversation, and a number of agreeable talents, which tend to embellish their existence.

"That very costly and splendid style of living which prevailed among the Russian nobility in the reign of Catharine, is now in a great measure exploded: but no persons of sense and judgement are sorry for its discontinuance. The extremes of pageantry and parade are far less pleasing than refined taste and elegance, regulated by sound discretion. —" In the course of my conversation with some of the oldest noblemen of the court, I learned that Russian society among the great was considered to have improved materially since it had lost the pompous and almost kingly style of living which characterised it during the reign of Catharine. I was informed by

a great officer of the court, that the late grand chamberlain, Narishkin, lived in the greatest magnificence. He was the last of those noblemen who almost vied with their sovereign in the splendour of their mansions, their equipages, and their entertainments. His house was thrown open every evening from dusk till a late hour, and filled to excess, although more than twenty spacious rooms were used on the occasion. Here every thing that could seduce the imagination, please the eye, and satisfy the appetite of a very Apicius, was to be found in profusion. Music entertained the many who either liked it, or affected to do so. Dancing, lounging, talking aloud, boisterous laughing, soft whisperings, agreeable *rencontres*, and even intellectual conversation, with the incessant bustling of laced attendants, obeying the least sign or token of command, presented such a spectacle as is now comparatively rare."

"That which, in other countries, is called the *tiers état*, does not, properly speaking, exist in St. Petersburg; but there is a class of persons distinct from that just described, and composed of the next five classes of nobility, the liberal professions, the second order of *employés* under government, and the bankers, which may well stand in lieu of the *tiers état*. Within this circle, a stranger whose station in society may preclude all access to the higher classes, will be sure to find the most friendly disposition, together with unreserved affability and the exercise of great hospitality.

"The foreign merchants in St. Petersburg form a distinct class. Formerly many of them, especially the English merchants, used to live in a style of splendour equal to that of many noblemen. The intercourse, between them and the best classes of Russian society, was at that time much more general and frequent than it is at present: yet even now persons of the highest station, accustomed to receive every body at their houses, will not unfrequently accept from and give invitations to respectable merchants. The English merchants at St. Petersburg live with that cautious reserve which every where distinguishes them. They do not visit generally, or maintain an unlimited social intercourse among themselves, as the French merchants, and those from Germany settled there, are in the habit of doing. They

are more usually divided into sets, and a line is drawn around each circle of acquaintances, which is seldom outstepped or infringed upon. If an exception is to be made to this general description of the constitution of society among the English merchants at St. Petersburg, it is in regard to the young and unmarried, particularly those of good address and pleasing manners.—For such there is no limitation. Their field of action is everywhere. They frequent equally the houses of their own countrymen, and those of merchants of other nations. Many of them are welcome at the tables of the great; and it is not unusual to see intimacies between them and the junior branches of the nobility, creditable to both parties.”

The account of a Russian marriage may serve to enliven this sketch of society.—“A friend put into my hand a finely-embossed card, containing an invitation to a wedding. On the border of the card, the emblematic figure of Hymen was represented on one side, standing under a palm-tree, between the sleeping dogs of fidelity, and inviting from the other side the figures of the bride and bridegroom. As such an invitation promised to afford me an opportunity of witnessing that ceremony of which I had read so many dissimilar accounts, I gladly accepted it. In the winter church of the Annunciation, a great number of persons were assembled round the choristers or chanters, who, in the most delightful manner, were singing hymns, mixing with skilful combination the soprano and bass voices. The officiating priest, decked in his rich church vestments, advanced from the sanctuary, and received the pair about to be made happy, to whom he delivered lighted tapers, making the sign of the cross thrice on their foreheads, and conducted them to the upper part of the nave. Incense was scattered before them, while maids, splendidly attired, walked between them. The Greek church requires not the presence of either of the parents of the bride on such an occasion. Is it to spare them the pain of voluntarily surrendering every authority over their child to one who is a stranger to her blood? I stood by the side of the table, on which were deposited the rings, and before which the priest halted at the conclusion of a litany, wherein the choristers assisted, and from which he pronounced, in a loud and impressive voice,

the following prayer, his face being turned toward the sanctuary, and the bride and bridegroom placed immediately behind him, holding their lighted tapers.—“O Eternal God! thou who didst collect the scattered atoms by wondrous union, and didst join them by an indissoluble tie, who didst bless Isaac and Rebecca, and make them heirs of thy promise; give thy blessing unto these thy servants, and guide them in every good work; for thou art the merciful God, the lover of mankind, and to thee we offer up our praise, now and for ever, even unto ages of ages.” The import of this beautiful invocation was, at the time, interpreted to me by a friend well acquainted with the whole service and office of espousals, the language of which, he assured me, was all equally impressive. The priest, next turning round to the couple, blessed them, and, taking the rings from the table, gave one to each, beginning with the man.—He then proclaimed aloud, thrice, that they stood betrothed, ‘now and for ever;’ while they exchanged the rings an equal number of times. The rings were again surrendered to the priest, who crossed the foreheads of the couple with them, and put them on the fore-finger of the right hand of each, and, turning to the sanctuary, read another part of the service. Then taking hold of the hands of both parties, he led them forward and caused them to stand on a silken carpet, which lay spread before them. The congregation usually watch this moment with intense curiosity; for it is augured that the person who steps first on the rich brocade will have the mastery over the other through life. In the present case, our fair bride secured possession of this prospective privilege with modest forwardness. Two silver imperial crowns were next produced by a layman, which the priest took, and first blessing the bridegroom, placed one of them on his head, while the other, destined for the bride, was merely held over her head by a friend, lest its admirable superstructure should be disturbed. The artist who prepared this crown had skilfully blended the spotless flower, emblematic of innocence, with the rich tresses of the bride, which were farther embellished by a splendid tiara of large diamonds. Her white satin robe, gracefully penciling the contour of her bust, was gathered around her waist by a zone studded with precious stones, which

fastened to her side a white *bouquet*.—The common cup being now brought to the priest, he blessed it, and gave it to the bridegroom, who took a sip from its contents thrice, and transferred it to the bride for a repetition of the same ceremony. After a short pause and some prayers, the priest marched with the young couple thrice round the desk, desiring the youth to walk in peace and righteousness, and the lady to delight in her husband, and observe the law. The tapers were now extinguished and taken from the bride and bridegroom, who, walking toward the holy screen, were dismissed by the priest, received the congratulations of the company, and saluted each other. We all now hurried to our carriages, and took the direction of the house of the bride's father, who conducted the company; at the sound of a full band of music, into the banqueting-room, already prepared for about fifty guests, with tables decked with golden *plateaux* and vases bearing artificial flowers, mixed with piles of fruit and *bonbons*. Thence we proceeded to

an inner room, where the bride, seated by the side of her mother, and surrounded by matrons and damsels, received, with becoming modesty, our congratulations. I was surprised at finding, in the gynæceum of a class of society of this description, such agreeable and easy manners, untainted by the least *gaucherie* or awkward pretensions. The dinner passed off without any occurrence more remarkable than the drinking of a great quantity of Champagne. In the evening, the bride's father took her by the hand, and conducted her into the bed-chamber, where he consigned her to the care of all the married ladies present, himself retiring immediately after. He next performed the like office of conducting the bridegroom to the chamber, who put on his night-gown, the matrons having previously retired. The doors of the bed-chamber were then thrown open, and we all walked in, quaffed a goblet of Champagne to the health of the happy pair, and kissed the hands of the bride, who returned the salutations on our cheeks."

ODE TO TWILIGHT.

BRIGHT Sol may pour his glorious ray
In splendor on the risen day;
Each charm of nature plainly show,
And make each imperfection glow;
Claim admiration as his due,
And dazzle eyes that dare the view;
But, when he seeks with milder tread
Repose upon his western bed,
Then, Twilight! comes thy gentle reign,
And thou art mistress of the plain.
Mild, unobtrusive is thy mien;
A pleasing sadness o'er the scene
Thy presence spreads; for 'tis the hour
Sacred to contemplation's power.
Hush'd is each songster of the grove,
Save one, whose ev'ry strain is love,
For Philomela sings thy praise;
To thee are given her sweetest lays;
Thine hour is Memory's; she delights
To revel now in airy flights,
And, 'midst her wand'ring rings wild and free,
Owes many a retrospect to thee.
A sweet uniting link thou art
Between that sun whose rays depart;
And that fair moon whose tranquil light
Smiles through the gloom of sable night:
To her thou yield'st thy sober sway,
Gently usurp'd, not torn away:

Thy realm thou calmly may'st resign
 To one so lovely, so divine !
 But, when no longer she ascends
 Her silver throne, nor bashful lends
 Her modest glance to nature's face ;
 When darkness shrouds her wonted place ;
 Then hapless thou—for frowning night,
 Ungracious, seizes on thy right—
 Then, Twilight, thy sweet interregnum's o'er,
 And thou art mistress of the plain no more.

THE POET'S NIGHT-JOURNEY,

from the German of Uhland.

ON a gloomy path I now must go,
 While no bright stars above me glow,
 The chilly breezes facing.
 Oft have I pass'd this very way
 When the sunbeams smil'd, with golden ray,
 The list'ning winds caressing.
 Through the gloomy garden ~~and~~ stray,
 No sound is heard but the wither'd spray,
 No sound but the leaflets falling ;
 Here I was wont, in summer hours,
 With her I loved, to haunt the bowers,
 Love all around us calling.
 But now that light is changed to gloom,
 And fled the rose's lovely bloom,
 The grave my love's enclasping ;
 On a gloomy path I fearful go
 Without a ray in the wintry snow,
 My mantle round me grasping.

THE TIMELY WARNING,

from Mr. Sotheby's Poem of the Banditti.

SPEED onward : day withdraws its light,
 The shadows lengthen into night ;
 The woods a gloomier horror breathe,
 And vapors spread th' envenom'd wreath.
 Lo ! where yon ruin'd cities rest,
 Like clouds upon the mountain's crest,
 There, in his den, 'mid rocky cells,
 Hereditary Murder dwells.
 Speed ! ere down those pathless steep
 The Arab of Italia sweeps.
 That spring of limb, that breadth of mould,
 A Mercury and Mars enfold.
 Round the robber chieftain blaze
 Stones that beam back the solar rays,
 Love-tokens that gay brides have worn,
 And rings that dower'd dames adorn ;
 A carbine, slung at either side,
 Clangs from his girdle's plated pride,
 And o'er his rich, embroider'd vest,
 A cross and poignard guard his breast.

Speed! ere beneath th' impatient steel
 Th' assassin's grasp thy blood congeal—
 O'er life and death the balance hold,
 Slow bart'ring limb by limb for gold.
 Ah! if the promised ransom fail,
 Deem not that mercy will avail.
 Reft, like the eagle's living prey,
 From earth and all her race away,
 Where never whisper of thy woe
 Shall reach the stranger-world below,
 Akin to human kind no more,
 Dead art thou, ere existence o'er,
 Ere the last stab thy torture end,
 And blood-hounds on thy corse contend.

Speed, trav'ler! speed! adown yon steeps
 The Arab of Italia sweeps.

THE CONTRAST BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH,

from Mr. Robert Montgomery's Poem on Death.

BENOLD! a distant landscape dawns amid
 The bright suffusion of a summer sun.
 On yonder mead, that like a windless lake
 Shines in the glow of Heaven, a cherub boy
 Is bounding, playful as a breeze new-born,
 Light as the beam that dances by his side;
 Phantom of beauty! with his trepid locks
 Gleaming like water-wreaths—a flower of life,
 To whom the fairy world is fresh, the sky
 A glory, and the earth one huge delight!
 Joy shapes his brow, and Pleasure rolls his eye,
 While Innocence, from out the budding lip,
 Darts her young smiles along his rounded cheek.
 Grief hath not dimm'd the brightness of his form;
 Love and Affection o'er him spread their wings,
 And Nature, like a nurse, attends him with
 Her sweetest looks. The humming bee will bound
 From out the flower, nor sting his baby hand;
 The birds sing to him from the sunny tree,
 And suppliantly the fierce-eyed mastiff fawns
 Beneath his feet, to court the playful touch,

To rise all rosy from the arms of sleep,
 And, like the sky-bird, hail the bright-cheek'd morn
 With gleeful song, then o'er the bladed mead
 To chase the blue-wing'd butterfly, or play
 With curly streams; or, led by watchful Love,
 To hear the chorus of the trooping waves,
 When the young breezes laugh them into life;
 Or listen to the mimic ocean roar
 Within the womb of spiry sea-shell wove;
 From sight and sound to catch intense delight,
 And infant gladness from each happy face;
 These are the guileless duties of the day:
 And, when at length reposeful evening comes,
 Joy-worn he nestles in the welcome couch,
 With kisses warm upon his cheek, to dream
 Of Heaven, till morning wakes him to the world.

The scene hath changed into a curtain'd room,
 Where mournful glimmers of the mellow sun
 Lie dreaming on the walls! Dim-eyed and sad,
 And dumb with agony, two parents bend
 O'er a pale image, in the coffin laid—
 Their infant once, the laughing, leaping boy,
 The paragon, and nurseling of their souls!
 Death touch'd him, and the life-glow fled away,
 Swift as a gray hour's fancy; fresh and cold
 As winter's shadow, with his eyelids seal'd,
 Like violet lips at eve, he lies enrobed
 An offering to the grave! but, pure as when
 It wing'd from Heaven, his spirit hath return'd,
 To lisp its hallelujahs with the choirs
 Of sinless babes, imparadised above.

THE UNBENDING FAIR ONE,

by Mr. Stebbing, from the Friendship's Offering for 1829.

Too proud of heart to tell the grief
 That chains thy harrow'd soul,
 Too little school'd in grief to bear
 Thy own stern pride's control;
 With flushing cheek and restless eye
 Thy woman's heart hath told,
 Far easier thou in love hadst died,
 Than in despair grow cold.

All beautiful! in the full grace
 Of thy unsullied thought:
 An angel that love sought to teach,
 But woman's self when taught!
 Thy bosom where youth shows its sweets
 And coronals of light;
 Thy brow and dewy lips are still
 As eloquent and bright:

But troubled is the fountain where
 That light of bliss was born;
 And thou hast taught thy heart to hate,
 To save thyself from scorn;
 Faithful thou hadst been in thy truth,
 Faithful through good and ill;
 But, being left to live unloved,
 Thou'dst make that doom thy will.

Still in the world thy path will be,
 And still thy brow will wear
 Roses as bright as ever wreath'd
 Their blossoms 'mid thy hair;
 But for thy pride and seeming calm—
 Thy vainly borne disguise—
 No rest shall ever soothe thy soul,
 No friendship glad thine eyes.

But lonelier than thy lonely heart
 Thy very home shall be,
 Nor gentle smile, nor household voice,
 Shall e'er seem sweet to thee;
 And on from youth to womanhood
 Thy weary days shall haste,
 Thy happiest feelings turn'd to gall—
 Thy life itself a waste!

THE LAND OF SPIRITS,

from the same Work.

THE Spirits' Land! where is that land
 Of which our fathers tell?
 On whose mysterious viewless strand
 Earth's parted millions dwell!
 Beyond the bright and starry sphere,
 Creation's flaming space remote;
 Beyond the measureless career,
 The phantom flight of thought!

There, fadeless flowers their blossoms wave
 Beneath a cloudless sky;
 And there the latest ling'ring tear
 Is wiped from every eye;
 And souls beneath the trees of life
 Repose upon that blessed shore,
 Where pain, and toil, and storm, and strife,
 Shall never reach them more.

And yet, methinks, a chasten'd woe
 E'en there may prompt the sigh—
 Sweet sorrows we would not forego
 For calm, unmingled joy,
 When strains from angel-harps may stray
 On heavenly airs, of mortal birth,
 That we have heard far, far away,
 Amid the bowers of earth.

Ah! then, perchance, their sadd'ning spell,
 That from oblivion saves,
 May wander, like a lorn farewell,
 From this dim land of graves,
 And, like the vision of a dream,
 Shed on the disembodied mind
 Of mortal life a dying gleam,
 And loved ones left behind.

Yes—yes, I will, I must believe
 That Nature's sacred ties
 Survive, and to the spirit cleave,
 Immortal in the skies;
 And that imperfect were my bliss
 In heaven itself, and dash'd with care,
 If those I loved on earth should miss
 The path that leadeth there.

A MEMOIR OF PROFESSOR STEWART.

THE moral philosophers of Scotland seem to have entered more fully into the subjects of their professed inquiries than those of England, and to have displayed a greater share of acuteness. Among the writers who thus distinguished themselves, the late Dugald Stewart held a conspicuous station, and he was also esteemed for his private worth.

He was the son of Dr. Matthew Stewart, professor of mathematics at the university of Edinburgh, and was born in the year 1753. In his eighth year he was sent to the high school at that town, where he acquired the reputation of a good classical scholar. In October 1766, he was admitted as a student at the university, under the tuition of Dr. Blair and Dr. Fergusson. Through the instruction and example of the former, he became an enthusiastic admirer of beautiful, pathetic, and sublime poetry in ancient and in modern languages.—

His principal intellectual pursuits were history, logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy. To the study of mathematics he paid no more attention than was necessary to avoid the censure of negligence; yet, in the nineteenth year of his age, his father having been seized with an indisposition which precluded him from a continuance of his professional labors for the benefit of his family, he was deputed, as his substitute, to read the mathematical lectures. So extraordinary was his success, that it became matter of general remark and surprise. One individual asked the young lecturer himself, how it was that he, who had not devoted himself particularly to mathematics, should have succeeded in teaching them better than his father. "If it be so," said the philosopher, with no less modesty than sagacity and truth of principle, "I can only account for it by the fact, that, during the whole session, I have never been more than three days a-head of my pupils." When he had taught the mathematical class for about seven years, he was called to the performance of a duty more congenial to his taste. When Dr. Fergusson was sent to North-America, as a negotiator, in 1778, Mr. Stewart undertook to teach his class in moral philosophy until his return. Having nothing written beforehand, nor time to make regular preparation, he used, all that winter, to rise at four or five in the morning, and

pacing for several hours in the dark, along the quadrangular walk of a small garden attached to his father's house in the Old College, he there conceived the plan, and arranged in his head the expressions of each day's lecture; and, without committing a word to paper, he poured forth to his pupils, in an animated strain, the doctrines of his benevolent and high-minded philosophy, stamped with a stronger impress of originality and genius than some of the more guarded and cautious speculations of his maturer years.

On Dr. Fergusson's resignation of his professorship, Mr. Stewart was chosen to succeed him, and his fame was then established. In 1792 he published the first part of his *Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind*, but did not complete that great work before the year 1827. His *Outlines of Moral Philosophy* appeared in 1793, and furnished the young cultivators of ethics with a masterly text-book. His *Memoirs of Adam Smith*, Robertson the historian, and Dr. Reid, attested his ability as a biographer and a critic, and his philosophical essays, which he published in his old age, proved that his faculties were still unimpaired.

After the peace of Amiens he accompanied the earl of Lauderdale on his mission to France. This obtained for him a sinecure appointment, which rendered him independent for life. He was also gratified with the employment of gazette-writer for Scotland.

Dr. Parr, speaking of the professor, says, "He is one whom I am proud to call my friend, because he has explored the deepest recesses, the most complex qualities, and the remotest tendencies of human action; because to the researches of philosophy he adds the graces of taste; because, with powers commensurate to the amplitude and dignity of his subject, he *can*, and he also *will*, state without obscurity, reason without perplexity, assert without dogmatism, instruct without pedantry, counsel without austerity, and even refute without acrimony."

"The public value of this eminent man (says a Scotch periodical writer) will be judged of ultimately by his writings, although it was by no means confined to them, the impression made by his academical prelections having been as extraordinary in depth, as it was important in character. By the exten-

sive range of his information, by his love of knowledge, by his high aspirations after good, by an eloquence unrivaled in philosophic dignity, he gave a turn to the feelings, and a direction to the studies of many young men of rank and talent, which not less redounded to their honor, than proved, in result, beneficial to the country. The leading characteristics of his mind, indeed, were elevated moral feelings, high conceptions of what our nature is destined to accomplish, high resolves to act consistently for the promotion of the great scheme of general improvement. He was thus led unavoidably to engage with mental philosophy. Shallow minds alone despise metaphysics. The mind of Mr. Stewart, on the contrary, was strongly disposed to be comprehensive. It was also penetrative enough to discover the best theory of mind which had been submitted to the philosophic world: it adopted, improved, and gave consistency to that theory; but, being naturally circumspect, and having observed how often rashness and impetuosity had, while dealing with ethics and metaphysics, brought talent into discredit, he became anxious to fortify himself with authority. This led him to trace the history of his science, which he did with much care, and, we might say, with unrivaled discrimination; but, while he selected nothing that was not of great intrinsic value, and happily illustrative of the points of which he was treating, he thus contracted a habit of dwelling with veneration on the past, and exalting the genius that had been, more than of attending to the vigorous products of any original contemporaries. There was, it must be confessed, a want of adventurousness here; but his in-

dustry and chariness united, gave bolder minds a starting-post from 'vantage ground of the highest value, and all his labors and speculations were calculated to elevate the tone and meliorate the temper of the mind, to invigorate the intellectual and improve the moral departments of our nature. He was a lover of liberty and letters, a scholar, a gentleman, a philosopher, and, beyond all, he was, in the truest sense of the word, a philanthropist."

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A [an] Universal Prayer, Death, and Visions of Heaven and of Hell, by Robert Montgomery.—As the "Omnipresence of the Deity" procured for this young bard a higher degree of reputation than even his own vanity probably expected, he was encouraged to prosecute the same sublime course, and to evince still farther his devotional zeal. Some critics, whose piety consists of worldly wisdom and ethical ostentation, have derided his efforts, and attribute the success of his preceding poem to false or erroneous ideas of religion, floating in the public mind. We neither agree with these latitudinarian censors, nor adopt the opinion of Dr. Johnson, that poets do not shine when they attempt to illustrate or enforce religious topics. Mr. Montgomery, we think, has proved that devotion and poetry may coalesce without injury to either.

The *Universal Prayer* founded on the admirable liturgy of our church, is a pleasing though not faultless poem.—The objects of our prayers are forcibly expressed:

" Transcendent Power ! we pray thee to impress
Thy majesty upon our minds ; to breathe
A living influence through the heart ; to raise
And animate the soul to things sublime ;
To rein the passions, and arrest each one
That on the fiery wing of impulse roams,
Unheedful of the voice within !—where dwells
The chronicler of virtue and of crime.
Omnipotent ! be shrined in every soul !
So shall our deeds be echoes of good thoughts,
And at thy dreadful summons we shall stand
Unharm'd,—secure amid the shock of worlds !"

The following is a fine passage :—

" All order, beauty, and perfection here,
Are but as shadows of more perfect bliss
Cast from a purer world."

The poem on Death is too shockingly comprehensive, being a dreadful catalogue of diseases, sufferings, and evils: but various parts are eloquent and poetical.

The Vision of Heaven is preferable (as indeed it ought to be) to that of Hell; but, in describing the celestial mansions, the poet sometimes sinks into the vulgarity of human conceptions. He talks of a "spread of fields, valleys in greenest glory, trees that tremble music,—glossy streams, leaping fountains, flowing paths with agate paved, fruits for ever ripe," &c.

Mr. Montgomery, being inspired at an early age with a strong sense of piety, may consider himself as a favored child of Heaven; but he carries his presumption too far when he pretends (like one of his distinguished contemporaries) to find fit places in the infernal regions for those who are the objects of his reprobation. Even orthodox divines, regularly initiated in sacred mysteries, have no right to "deal damnation round the land;" still less are profane laymen authorised to judge so dogmatically, or to decide with such preumptory arrogance.

The Fall of Nineveh, a Poem, by Edwin Atherstone.—This poem made its appearance about the same time with Mr. Martin's admired picture on that remarkable subject. It is too particular and circumstantial;—the details, indeed, are carried to such an extent as to destroy, in a great measure, that grandeur which the subject evidently requires, and that objection may be urged still more strongly, as it appears that the work is yet unfinished. The author, however, displays an inventive talent and some poetic power; and those who intend to examine the picture will view it with better effect when they have read the poem.

Eccelino da Romano, a Poem, by the Viscount Dillon.—The great difficulty of composing a good epic poem is an excuse for what we consider as a failure on the part of this writer. The story of Eccelino, and the character and conduct of his mother, certainly furnish materials for an interesting work. "That tyrant combined in his own person (says his lordship) the reckless bravery of our Richard III., the romantic ambition and wild superstition of Macbeth, the sanguinary policy of Robespierre, and the warlike genius of Napoleon!" while

his mother, cultivating the *black art*, pretended to hold intercourse with the devil, who, she said, was the father of her hopeful son. The legends and traditions respecting these personages, who, in the thirteenth century, spread terror and confusion through various parts of Italy, might have been rendered subservient to the erection of a splendid poetical structure; but the art of the builder has not, on this occasion, been sufficiently displayed.

Memoirs of the Duke of Rovigo, written by himself.—This writer is no other than the notorious Savary, who, after having figured as a warrior and negotiator, succeeded the infamous Fouché as minister of police, and zealously promoted the arbitrary measures of Napoleon. It cannot be expected that the statements of such a man should be in general correct, or that his comments and opinions should be fair and impartial: yet his volumes may prove useful, when compared with other histories of the times, and the truth may thus be elicited from a variety of accounts. He traces the progress of his patron from the earliest part of his public career with an animated pen, boldly vindicates him from every charge that has been adduced against him, and endows him with every great and good quality. But he is not equally disposed to emblazon the characters of the chief partisans of Napoleon, to some of whom he imputes a base spirit of intrigue and occasional treachery. He transfers the blame of various misfortunes and untoward or sinister events to Talleyrand, and declares, in particular, that this statesman recommended the invasion of Spain, which he was generally thought to have opposed. With regard to this famous intriguer, there is an amusing passage, which, as it concerns the duke of Wellington, we will quote. When the despot was menaced, in 1813, with a serious reverse of fortune, Savary warned him of the increasing resentment of the allies, who (he said) were intent on his speedy and total ruin, and it was hinted that his only chance of security depended on the policy of creating divisions and dissensions among them, and that it might not be imprudent to embroil the British court by encouraging the ambitious hopes of a powerful family.—"In a conversation with the emperor, Talleyrand said, 'Here is your work destroyed. Your allies, by suc-

cessively abandoning you, have left you no other alternative but that of treating without loss of time; treating at their expense, and at hazards. A bad peace cannot be so fatal to us as the continuance of a war which must be unsuccessful. Time and means to recall fortune to your side are wanting, and your enemies will not allow you a moment to breathe. There are, however, among them, different interests, which we should endeavour to bring in conflict. Private ambitions present means of which we might avail ourselves to prepare a diversion.'—The emperor desiring him to explain himself, he continued, "There is in England a family which has acquired a distinction favorable to the encouragement of every kind of ambition. It is natural to suppose that it possesses ambition: at least, by showing a disposition to second its ambition, we may excite in it that desire of elevation which, in such a country as England, will be supported by a number of adventurous men. At all events, such a proposition can do us no harm; and, if it should be listened to, it may effect such a change as will soon place us in a state in which we should have little to repair. Another consideration is, that, your allies having failed you, you can now do nothing useful except with new men connected with the conservation of your system.'—The emperor listened to Talleyrand, and desired him to speak more plainly. Thus pressed, he mentioned the Wellesley family, and said, "Look at Wellington, who may be supposed to have something in view. If he should submit to live on his reputation, he will soon be forgotten. He has several examples before his eyes; and a talent such as his will not be stopped, so long as there is something to be desired."—The emperor did not adopt these suggestions. He observed, that, before assisting the ambition of others, it was fit that he should be in a condition to make himself respected in his government, and added that at the present moment he could give his attention to nothing else."

Talleyrand, we think, could not be serious in suggesting this mad proposal. Such a scheme of usurpation would sooner fail in England than in any other country.

Memoirs of the Life and Travels of John Ledyard, by Jared Sparks.—Like Napoleon, Ledyard was bold and

enterprising; but his ambition prompted him to serve, not to destroy mankind; for it was his chief wish to explore distant regions with a view of diffusing among rude tribes the blessings of civilisation. No one had more fervent zeal in the cause of adventurous discovery, and no one could bear hardships and privations with more philosophic fortitude. When he was very young, he distinguished himself by his romantic peregrinations in the wilds of North-America: he served as a marine in the last voyage of captain Cook; he traversed Siberia amidst serious difficulties and appalling dangers; and he reached Egypt on his way to the interior of Africa, but unfortunately died at Cairo in his thirty-eighth year.—His letters (says his biographer) afford convincing proofs of his kind and amiable disposition, his gratitude to his benefactors, his humanity and disinterestedness.—This last virtue, indeed, he practised to an excess. No man ever acted with less regard to self, or on a broader scale of philanthropy or general good. That he finally accomplished little, compared with the magnitude of his designs, was his misfortune, not his fault. Had he been less eccentric, however, in some of his peculiarities, more attentive to his immediate interests, had more regard to the power of circumstances, it is possible that his efforts would have been rewarded with better success. The acts of his life demand notice less on account of their results, than of the spirit in which they were performed, and the uncommon traits of character which prompted their execution. Such instances of decision, energy, perseverance, fortitude, and enterprise, have rarely been witnessed in the same individual; and, in the exercise of these high attributes of mind, his example cannot be too much admired or imitated."

Parriana, or Notices of the Rev. Dr. Parr.—A periodical writer accused us of the heinous offence of representing Dr. Parr as a "very great man;" but the charge (if it be a charge that calls for refutation) was unsupported by evidence. We made no such assertion. We gave it as our opinion, that "he was an elegant scholar, an able instructor of youth, a respectable parish-priest, and a friend of mankind;" but these characters do not prove that the person to whom they are attributed

is a man of a high or commanding genius, or (in other words) a great man. Porson was a more erudite scholar than Parr; but we never considered him as a *great man*. Robertson was an elegant historian, and Blair a good rhetorician; but they were not therefore great men.

The notices which led to these remarks are brought forward by Mr. Edmund Henry Barker, who has filled a volume with every thing that he could collect in reference to the object of his admiration. It is, in fact, a strange farrago, put together in a way which cannot reflect the least credit on the taste or judgement of the compiler. Mr. Barker, however, though neither a first-rate scholar nor a man of great talent, is qualified for higher tasks; and we trust that, in the "great work" which he is said to be preparing, he will assert a stronger and more effective claim to public approbation.

Ideas and Realities, or Thoughts on various Subjects, by Mr. William Danby.—Some of this gentleman's thoughts are just and pertinent, while others are ridiculous or absurd. When he rummaged his port-folio (as we suppose he did) for the former produce of his mind, he ought to have carefully separated the tares from the wheat. Loose thoughts and silly ideas are not fit for the public eye, though they may suit the *album* of a pretender to literature.

The Beauties of Don Juan, including those Passages only which are calculated to extend the real Fame of Lord Byron.—The editor of this volume laments that "Don Juan, by many reckoned the *chef-d'œuvre* of Byron, and certainly one of the most beautiful poems in our language, should, from the unpruned luxuriance of the poet's powers, remain a sealed volume to the fairer portion of the community, or, at least, that it should contain passages which the guardian of youth and innocence would not be willing to put into their hands." Without wishing to derogate from the fair fame of the noble bard, or to defraud his memory of its just honors, we admit the expediency of this expurgation, which is a proper sacrifice to the general orthodoxy, decency, chastity, and morality of the age.

Marriage, the Source, Stability, and Perfection, of Social Happiness and

Duty; by the Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue. A reviewer says, "One who writes in praise of marriage is likely to meet with very sorry treatment at the hands of a critic." Some critics, perhaps, may be so illiberal as to treat cavalierly the strenuous defender of matrimony, either from a want of the pecuniary means of supporting the burthens of that state, or from an unjust contempt for the female character; but we shall not so comport ourselves;—we shall bear our faculties more meekly. We like matrimony, and thank the reverend writer for recommending it; but, as we do not perceive any novelty in his illustration of the subject, we abstain from farther comment.

THE DISGUISE;

(concluded from Page 493.)

As the disputed claim required explanation and discussion, Mr. Blaquiere requested that Arthur would meet the claimant in the name of his uncle, and that Mrs. Catharine would also attend, as she was fully acquainted with some particulars relative to the Somerville property. On their arrival at the Moat, he met them with a look of unusual gravity, and, saying that they would soon see Mr. Somerville, he left them, appearing as anxious to go as they were for his departure. They were then ushered into the drawing-room, where they found a gentleman seated on a sofa, with his face partly concealed by his handkerchief; his complexion appeared tinged by the heat of a tropical sun, and his fine forehead was shaded by a few scattered locks of a silver hue. He rose, and, removing his handkerchief, uttered the name of Catharine Mortimer in a trembling voice. The lady gazed for a minute in speechless astonishment; then ejaculating, in an almost inarticulate tone, "Henry Somerville," sank senseless on a couch. "What have I done?" cried the stranger, in the greatest agitation, while Arthur, snatching some *eau de Cologne* from a table, bathed his aunt's hands and temples. She soon revived, and gazing earnestly on the stranger, exclaimed, "Do I indeed see Henry Somerville, or does some strong family resemblance deceive me?"—"You behold the shattered remains of that youth whose folly deprived him of your hand, and banished him from his

country," said the stranger, in a voice so like that of Mr. Blaquiere, as to make Arthur start; and he added, "You, young man, at the same time behold your supposed enemy!" As Arthur, examining his features, with difficulty gave credit to the assertion, the stranger, resuming the quaint tone of Mr. Blaquiere, said, "You were not aware how clever I was at masquerading; but my tie-wig and black eye-brows were not assumed for a mere frolic, I assure you. When Mrs. Catharine is sufficiently recovered, you shall hear the history of this masquerade." The lady having expressed her wish for an immediate explanation, he seated himself by her, and began his narrative.

"Your nephew, without doubt, has been informed of your early engagement with the unworthy Henry Somerville, of my uncle's displeasure, and my consequent departure for India; I will therefore commence my history from the time of my marriage with Maria Bradford. Nothing can fully excuse my conduct; it is true I was scarcely twenty-two years of age; Maria was beautiful, and, I believe, loved me most ardently; but you, Catharine, were also lovely; and none but a simpleton would have suffered the love at first sight of a girl just released from school, to preponderate against your firm and tried affection. Maria was inexperienced, but her sister (who was much older) was an adept in manœuvring, and thought an attempt to secure the heir of Eversfield-Hall too good a speculation to be easily relinquished. Maria became ill, and I was assured that love for me was the cause. She proved, indeed, a fond and faithful wife; her temper was excellent; but she wanted mind, and I found gentleness could not compensate for the intellectual superiority of her whom I had forsaken. She felt she had been won without the trouble of wooing, which, added to a conviction of my instability, rendered her constantly inclined to jealousy. The climate disagreed with her, and, after ten years of suffering, she expired. I am not a man to flatter; you may believe me when I say, that, from the time I could without impropriety indulge the tender remembrance of my first love, Catharine Mortimer continued enshrined in my heart. Do not smile, young man; I once knew how to love as well as you; but, just to relieve myself from the frowns you have

given me of late, I will tell you I only love Eleanor Trevannion as a daughter, and that our wedding formed a part of my masquerade. Do not interrupt me; I must proceed regularly. I continued at Calcutta eighteen years after the death of Maria." "But whence arose the report of your own decease?" enquired Mrs. Catharine. "I was not aware of the report," replied Mr. Somerville, before I arrived in London. I then recollected that, at a time when I was dangerously ill, Mr. Hugh Somerville died, and my name must have been inserted in the public prints by mistake. On my arrival I sought intelligence of my friends from my late uncle's solicitor, who informed me that the entail had not been cut off in consequence of my supposed death, and added that some relatives of the late Mr. Somerville were still living in a distant country, so that it was not quite clear who was the legal heir. Under these circumstances I requested him to keep my return secret for the present, and then the masquerade whim entered my head. I determined to live *incognito* among my old acquaintance, and trusting to the change which years and a residence in India had effected, added to my tie-wig and black eye-brows, I ventured on that experiment which succeeded to my utmost wish. My endeavours to ascertain the true heir were not crowned with success before last month, and since that time my attorney has been occupied in preparing writings which I desired to have before I declared myself. During this period Mr. Layton professed himself the lover of Eleanor, and even the assurance that her affections were pre-engaged, could not release her from his attentions. One of my strangest whims now entered my head; it was to make a pretended offer of my hand to Eleanor. I really made this ridiculous proposal, telling her my real motive was to keep her comparatively at rest, until I hoped a more acceptable suitor would arrive. On whom she fixed I will not pretend to say; but, after some hesitation at the scheme of deception, she was persuaded by some hints I gave her to play her part in the comedy. I know she still blames me for my whims; but I always had vagaries, and even time has hardly cured me of my eccentricities. I will now give you these papers, my young friend, to prove that I am no impostor; and, while you walk on, I will take an opportunity of consulting my old friend

Mrs. Catharine, on some little difficulties in winding up my plot."

When Mr. Somerville was alone with the lady in his carriage, he repeatedly changed his position, and cleared his throat for speaking, yet without success, until they arrived at the park. He then exclaimed, "I really seem quite foolish. I wished to consult you, but I actually want courage to speak, and will therefore write to-morrow; only tell Arthur it will be his fault if Eleanor be not his bride within a month." The promised letter arrived the next morning. Mr. Blaquiere's epistles to Arthur had been written in a feigned hand; this was in his own, and Mrs. Catharine felt a slight agitation on seeing the well-remembered characters: her emotion was greatly increased by the perusal of the letter, which contained an earnest solicitation to bestow her hand on the writer.—"That I have proved myself unworthy of such happiness, I know," wrote Mr. Somerville, "and that people may say I am silly, at my time of life, to think of a second marriage; and so I should be, I admit, had I really chosen Eleanor Trevannion; but to return to my first love, after years of regret for her loss, and to hope for comfort from her friendship during the remainder of my life, I trust, will not subject me to a charge of idiotism." Mr. Somerville concluded by expressing his intention, if Mrs. Catharine should prove kind, to settle Eversfield-hall on her, and, after the decease of both, to secure it to her nephew, by immediately cutting off the entail. His letter was accompanied by a deed settling the Moat and a thousand pounds a year on Arthur from the present time;—"a refusal of which (he added) I shall attribute to resentment at my asserting my legal rights."

The agitation of Mrs. Catharine was extreme: as soon as she could regain sufficient composure, she sought Arthur, and informed him of Mr. Somerville's generosity, which, under existing circumstances, both felt could not be refused. Arthur flew to the Moat to express his gratitude and his penitence for his unfounded suspicions, which now afforded Mr. Somerville food for many jests, and would have amused him still more, had not he felt a little trepidation as to the result of his letter.

From the Moat Arthur hastened to Silverbourne, that he might have an interview with Eleanor. The consequent

explanation was most satisfactory, and the intelligence which he left for her mother, was a perfect "Open Sesame:" the doors of Silverbourne were immediately unclosed to him as often as he chose to ask admittance.

Mr. Somerville did not leave the Moat, and was unusually restless during the whole of the day: every ring at the gate seemed to interest him in the most extraordinary manner, until a servant from the hall arrived with the following letter:—

Eversfield-hall, March 28.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I will not attempt to conceal the gratification your letter has afforded me: it is most pleasing to find myself capable of awakening a friendship that can endure so many years of separation, and in that state of *friendship* let us continue. As you are left without a companion, a second marriage might not be ridiculous for *you*: but at my age, and after passing the ordeal of ridicule for affectation in assuming the title of *mistress* (which I did at thirty to prove the sincerity of my determination to refuse all future offers), to marry would certainly be to expose myself wilfully to the laughter of the giddy world, ever ready to treat *old maids* with scorn. No, my good friend, we shall be more respectable as we are; and our mutual attachment to Arthur and Eleanor will prevent our hearts from becoming hardened and selfish. We shall, I trust, live our youthful days over again, in seeing them as happy as their dearest friends can desire. To Arthur's gratitude for your kindness to him I beg to add my own, and also for the flattering proofs you have given of the favorable opinion you are pleased to entertain of your most sincere friend,

CATHARINE MORTIMER.

Mr. Somerville folded the letter hastily, and rang for his chamber candle. "You have not had your biscuit and negus yet, sir," said one of his male attendants with astonishment;—"I don't want any," replied the master pettishly, "and I don't want you—I am in one of my whims again, and I choose to put myself to bed." The servant stared; but the declaration of a *whim* from the master was always sufficient to enforce obedience from all the domestics. Mr. Somerville appeared in a more placid mood the next morning, and he then sent a letter to Mrs. Catharine, the con-

tents of which were never unfolded by either; but it seemed to have an extraordinary effect; for, at the next meeting, the restless disorder which had lately attacked the gentleman was perfectly cured, while the lady became absent, and exhibited symptoms of agitation, very unusual in one so calm and sedate as she had been for many years.

The identity of Mr. Somerville being fully proved, arrangements were made for giving up Eversfield-hall to the lawful proprietor, which were delayed by the arrival of a letter from him, requesting that Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer would favor him by remaining two or three months, as he could not occupy the hall before that time. This politeness, added to the more substantial obligation of releasing her husband from any restitution of rents, caused Mrs. Mortimer to relent in some degree toward the "odious" Mr. Blaquiere.

The spring arrived, and, before the expiration of May, Eleanor had promised to bestow her hand on Arthur: repeated conferences took place between them and Mrs. Catharine, who was also frequently visited by Mr. Somerville, and every conference left her still more willing to wave her objections to matrimony. Mrs. Mortimer's curiosity was greatly excited by these secret councils, and was increased by overhearing Arthur say laughingly, "Then you are determined to verify your prediction, for with you alone now rests my chance of being the future heir of Eversfield-hall." Our readers, being more enlightened on the subject, will not be surprised that the result of these repeated interviews should be a determination on the part of the elderly maiden to return to London, whither Arthur accompanied her. Mr. Somerville quickly followed, and one of the newspapers then announced the marriage of Henry Somerville to Catharine, only daughter of the late P. Mortimer, of Manorbere, South Wales. Eleanor undertook the unpleasant office of preparing Mrs. Mortimer for this event, but omitted Mr. Somerville's future intentions regarding the disposal of his property: her courage would have failed, had she encountered the illiberal remarks which that lady made when she received the intelligence that Eversfield-hall was settled on Arthur after the eventual decease of Mr. and Mrs. Somerville. When informed of the intended marriage, the

meaning of Arthur's speech to his aunt flashed on her mind; but, as she had been closer to the door than she chose to acknowledge when the information was acquired, she was constrained to be silent on the subject, and confine herself to sarcastic remarks on the folly of old maids marrying. "I thought," said she, "Mr. Blaquiere was silly enough when he chose you; but it certainly would have shewn his taste more to exhibit a young wife as an excuse for his folly."—"Even supposing it had shewn his taste," replied Eleanor, "it would have been decidedly at the expense of his judgement: when you hear the events of his early life, I am sure you will share in the joy we feel at this marriage." Eleanor then related the history of Mrs. Catharine's former attachment, concluding thus; "Nothing but the united entreaties of her friends could have prevailed on her to consent to what she terms an act of folly."

With the view of rendering the change of inhabitants at Eversfield-hall as private as possible, the marriage of Eleanor and Arthur took place in London, and the bridal party joined Mr. and Mrs. Somerville at Cheltenham. On their return to London, the two brides found Mrs. Mortimer in much better humor than they could have expected. The Vine was sold at her express desire, and she talked with affected rapture of the delightful place she should render Manorbere under her directions.

After a short stay in London, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville returned to Eversfield, and the lady soon felt herself as much at home in the hall, as if she had never quitted it. The whole neighbourhood rejoiced in the change of mistresses, and all agreed that Mrs. Somerville looked quite handsome. The change of Mr. Blaquiere into Mr. Somerville, the loss of the wig, and the extraordinary diminution of his eye-brows, afforded speculation and wonderment in the village for many months, and the only conclusion at which the inhabitants could arrive, was, that he must be a strange eccentric man: India, they supposed, made people rather odd. Arthur and his bride took possession of the Moat, and in this state of happiness we will take leave of all parties, flattering ourselves that our readers have been sufficiently well pleased to wish them a long continuance of bliss.

FORGET ME NOT: A CHRISTMAS AND
NEW-YEAR'S PRESENT FOR 1829;
edited by Frederic Shoberl.

THE fine arts embellish literature, and the author's pen, in return, contributes to augment the lustre of the fine arts. Thus they assist and support each other, and their union is so attractive, that the annual publications founded upon it have met with extraordinary success. Mr. Ackermann, without idle boasting, can affirm this of his own volumes, and some other publishers of embellished annuals have been equally fortunate.

The "Forget-me-Not," for the ensuing year, maintains the credit and reputation with which the work was first honored. It contains a great variety of pieces in prose and verse, and fourteen engravings. Among these there must be a considerable difference in point of merit. Martial says of his own epigrams, that there are more bad than good ones in the collection; but we are inclined to affirm, with regard to the present volume, that it contains more good than bad productions in prose, if not in verse, and the embellishments are all good, while some are excellent.

The "Hour too Many" is a lively satire upon those who do not know how to employ properly their superfluous time.

"Hail, land of the kangaroo!—paradise of the bush-ranger!—purgatory of England!—happy scene, where the sheep-stealer is metamorphosed into the shepherd; the highwayman is the guardian of the road; the dandy is delicate no more, and earns his daily bread; and the Court of Chancery is unknown—hail to thee, soil of larceny and love, of pickpockets and principle, of every fraud under heaven, and primeval virtue! daughter of prisons, and mother of empires!—hail to thee, New South Wales! In all my years—and I am now no boy; and in all my travels—and I am now at the antipodes—I have never heard any maxim so often as, that time is short; yet no maxim that ever dropped from human lips is farther from the truth. I appeal to the experience of mankind—to the three hundred heirs of the British peerage, whom their gouty fathers keep out of their honours and estates—to the six hundred and sixty-eight

candidates for seats in parliament, which they must either wait for till the present sitters die, or turn rebellious to their noble patrons, or their borough patrons, or their Jew patrons, or plunge into joint-stock ruin, and expatriate themselves, for the astonishment of all other countries, and the benefit of their own;—to the six thousand five hundred heroes of the half-pay, longing for tardy war;—to the hundred thousand promissory excisemen lying on the soul of the chancellor of the exchequer, and pining for the mortality of every gauger from the Lizard to the Orkneys;—and, to club the whole discomfort into one, to the entire race of the fine and superfine, who breathe the vital air, from five thousand a year to twenty times the rental, the unhappy population of the realms of indolence included in Bond-street, St. James's, and the squares. •

"For my own part, in all my experience of European deficiencies, I have never found any deficiency of time. Money went like the wind; champagne grew scanty; the trust of tailors ran down to the dregs; the smiles of my fair flirts grew rare as diamonds—every thing became as dry, dull, and stagnant, as the Serpentine in summer; but time never failed me. I had a perpetual abundance of a commodity which the philosophers told me was beyond price. I had not merely enough for myself, but enough to give to others; until I discovered the fact that it was as little a favourite with others as with myself, and that, whatever the plausible might say, there was nothing on earth for which they would not be more obliged to me than a donation of my superfluous time. But now let me give a sketch of my story; a single fact is worth a hundred reflections.

"The first consciousness that I remember, was that of having a superabundance of time, and my first ingenuity was demanded for getting rid of the encumbrance. I had always an hour that perplexed my skill to know what to do with this treasure. A schoolboy turn for long excursions in any direction but that of my pedagogue, indicative of a future general officer; a naturalist-taste for bird-nesting, which, in maturer years, would have made me one of the wonders of the Linnean Society; a passion for investigating the

inside of every thing, from a Catharine-wheel to a China-closet, which would yet have entitled me to the dignity of F.R.S.; and an original vigour in the plunder of orchards, which undoubtedly might have laid the foundation of a first lord of the treasury; were nature's helps to get rid of this oppressive bounty. But, though I fought the enemy with perpetual vigour and perpetual variety, he was not to be put to flight by a stripling; and I went to the university as far from being a conqueror as ever. At Oxford I found the superabundance of this great gift acknowledged with an openness worthy of English candour, and combated with the dexterity of an experience five hundred years old. Port-drinking, flirtation, lounging, the invention of new ties to cravats, and new tricks on proctors; billiards, boxing, and bar-maids; seventeen ways of mulling sherry, and as many dozen ways of raising 'the supplies,' were adopted with an adroitness that must have baffled all but the invincible. Yet Time was master at last; and he always indulged me with a liberality that would have driven a less resolute spirit to the bottom of the Isis. At length I gave way; left the university with my blessing and my debts; and rushed up to London, as the grand *place d'armes*, the central spot from which the enemy was excluded by the united strength, wit, and wisdom, of a million and a half of men. I might as well have stayed bird-nesting in Berkshire. I found the happiest contrivances against the universal invader fail. Pigeon-matches; public dinners; coffee-houses; blue-stockings *réunions*; private morning quadrille practice, with a public evening exhibition of its fruits; *dilettanti* breakfasts, with a bronze Hercules standing among the bread and butter, or a reposing cast of Venus, fresh from Pompeii, as black and nude as a negress sporting on the banks of the Senegal, but dear and delicate to the eyes of taste; Sunday mornings at Tattersal's, jockeying till the churches let out their population, and the time was come for visits; and Sunday evening routs at the duchess's, with a co-tillon by the *vraies danseuses* of the opera, followed by a concert, a round game, and a select supper for the initiated;—the whole failed. I had al-

ways an hour too much—sixty mortal minutes, and every one of them an hour in itself, that I could never squeeze down.

"Ye gods, annihilate both space and time,
And make two lovers happy;"

may have been called a not over-modest request; but I can vouch for at least one half of it being the daily prayer of some thousands of the best-dressed people that the sun ever summoned to a day of twenty-four hours.

"On feeling the symptoms of this horary visitation, I regularly rushed into the streets, on the principle that some alleviation of misery is always to be found in fellow-sufferings. This maxim I invariably found false, like every other piece of the boasted wisdom of mankind. I found the suffering infinitely increased by the association with my fellow-fashionables. A man might as well have fled from his chamber to enjoy comfort in the wards of a hospital.

"In one of my marches up and down the *paré* of St. James's-street, that treadmill of gentlemen convicted in the penalty of having nothing to do, I lounged into the little hotel of the Guards, that stands beside the great hotel of the gamblers, like a babe under its mama's wing—the likeness is admirable, though the scale is diminutive.—That 'hour too many' cost me three games of billiards, my bachelor's house and one thousand pounds. This price of sixty minutes startled me a little; and, for a week, I meditated with some seriousness on the superior gaiety of a life spent in paving the streets, driving a waggon, or answering the knocker of a door. But the 'hour' again overflowed me. I was walking it off in Regent-street, when an old fellow-victim met me, and prescribed a trot to Newmarket. The prescription was taken, and I certainly got rid of the hour. But the remedy was costly; for my betting-book left me *minus* ten thousand pounds. I returned to town like a patient from a watering-place, relieved of every thing but the disease that took me there. My last shilling remained among the noble blacklegs; but nothing could rob me of a fragment of my superfluous time, and I brought even a tenfold allowance of it back. Every disease, however, has a crisis;

and, when a lounge through the streets became at once useless and inconvenient—when the novelty of being cut by all my noble friends, and of being sedulously followed by that generation who, unlike the fickle world, reserve their tipstaff attentions for the day of adversity, had lost its zest, and I was thinking whether time was to be better fought off by a plunge to the bottom of the Thames, or by the muzzle of one of Manton's hair-triggers—I was saved by a plunge into the King's Bench. There life was new, friendship was undisguised, my coat was not an object of scorn, my exploits were fashion, my duns were inadmissible, and my very captors were turned into my humble servants.—There, too, my nature, always social, had its full indulgence; for there I found, rather to my surprise, nine-tenths of my most accomplished acquaintance. But the enemy still made his way; and I had learned to yawn, in spite of billiards and ball-playing, when the Act let me loose into the great world again. Good-luck, too, had prepared a surprise for my *début*. I had scarcely exhibited myself in the streets, when I discovered that every man of my *set* was grown utterly blind whenever I happened to walk on the same side of the way, and that I might as well have been buried for a century. I was absurd enough to be indignant; for nothing can be more childish than any delicacy when a man cannot bet on the rubber. But one morning a knock came to my attic-door, which startled me by its professional vigour. An attorney entered. I had now nothing to fear, for the man whom no one will trust cannot well be in debt; and for once I faced an attorney without a palpitation. His intelligence was flattering. An old uncle of mine, who had worn out all that was human about him in amassing fifty thousand pounds, and finally died by starving himself, had expired with the pen in his hand, in the very act of leaving his thousands to pay the national debt. But fate, propitious to me, had dried up his ink-bottle; the expense of replenishing it would have broken his heart of itself; and the attorney's announcement to me was, that the will, after blinding the solicitor of the treasury and three of his clerks, was pronounced to be altogether illegible.

"The fact that I was the nearest of kin got into the newspapers; and, in my first drive down St. James's, I had the pleasure of discovering that I had cured a vast number of my friends of their calamitous defect of vision. But if the *post equitem sedet atra cura* was the maxim in the days of Augustus, the man who drives the slower cabriolet in the days of George the Fourth cannot expect to escape. The 'hour too many' overtook me in the first week. On one memorable evening I saw it coming, just as I turned the corner of Piccadilly; fair flight was hopeless, and I took refuge in that snug asylum on the right hand of St. James's-street, which has since expanded into a palace. I stoutly battled the foe, for I 'took no note of time' during the next day and night; and, when at last I walked forth into the air, I found that I had relieved myself of three-fourths of my reversion. A man of a weak mind on such an occasion would have cursed the cards, and talked of taking care of the fragment of his property; but mine was of the higher order, and I determined on revenge. I had my revenge, and saw my winners ruined. They had their consolation, and at the close of a six-months' campaign saw me walk into the streets a beggar. I grew desperate, and was voted dangerous. I realised the charge by fastening on a lord who had been one of the most adroit in pigeoning me. His life was 'too valuable to his country,' or to himself, to allow him to meet a fellow whose life was of no use to any living thing; and, through patriotism and the fear of being shot, he kept out of my way. I raged, threatened to post his lordship, and was in the very act of writing out the form of the placard declaring the noble heir of the noble house of —— a cheat and a scoundrel, when by the twopenny-post I received a notice from the Horse Guards that I was on that day to appear in the Gazette as ensign in his majesty's —— regiment, then serving in the Peninsula, with orders to join without delay.—This was enough from his lordship, and was certainly better for me than running the chance of damages in the King's Bench, for provoking his majesty's subjects to a breach of the peace. I was gazetted, tried on my uniform before the mirror, entirely approved my own appearance, and wrote

my last letter to my last flirt. The Portsmouth mail was to start at eight. I had an hour to spare, and sallied into the street. I met an honest-faced old acquaintance as much at a loss as myself to slay the hour. We were driven by a shower into shelter. The rattle of dice was heard in a house. We could not stay for ever shivering on the outside. Fortune favoured me; in half an hour I was master of a thousand pounds: it would have been obvious folly and ingratitude to check the torrent of success for the paltry prospect of an ensigney. I played on, and won on. The clock struck eight. I will own that I trembled as the first sound caught my ear. But, whether nervous or not, from that instant the torrent was checked. The loss and gain became alternate. Wine was brought in; I played in furious scorn of consequences. I saw the board covered with gold: I swept it into my stake, but I soon saw my stake reduced to nothing. My eyes were dazzled, my hand shook, my brain was on fire. I sang, danced, roared with exultation or despair.—How the night closed, I know not; but I found myself at last in a narrow room, surrounded with squalidness, its only light coming from a high-barred window, and its only furniture being the wooden tressel on which I lay, fierce, weary, and feverish, as if I lay on the rack. From this couch of the desparate, I was carried into the presence of a magistrate, to hear that, in the *melée* of the night before, I had in my rage charged my honest-faced acquaintance with palpable cheating, and, having made good my charge by shewing the loaded dice in his hand, had knocked him down with a violence that made his recovery more than doubtful. He had seen my name in the Gazette, and had watched me for the express purpose of final plunder. The wretch died. I was brought to trial, found guilty of manslaughter, and sentenced to seven-years' expatriation. Fortunate sentence! On my arrival in New South Wales, as I was found a perfect gentleman, and fit for nothing, there was no resource but to make me try the labor of my hands. Fortunate labor! From six at morning till six at night, I had the spade or the plough in my hands. I dragged carts, I delved rocks, I hewed trees; I had not a moment to spare. The appetite that once grew

languid over venison, now felt the exquisite delight of junk beef. The thirst that scorned champagne was now enraptured with spring water. The sleep that had left me many a night tossing withinside the curtains of a splendid Parisian bed, now came on the roughest piece of turf, and made the planks of my cabin softer than down. I can now run as fast as one of my New-market stud, pull down a buffalo, and catch a kangaroo by the tail in fair field. Health, vigour, appetite, and activity, are my superabundance now. I have every thing but time. My banishment will expire to-morrow; but I shall never recross the sea. This is my country. Since I set my foot upon its shore I have never had a moment to yawn. In this land of real and substantial life, the spectre that haunted my joyless days dares not be seen—the 'hour too many' is no more."

The *Euthanasia* (that is, *easy or happy death*) is less lively than the former piece, but more interesting:—it is a story of modern Greece. There is nothing new or striking in the tale of the Zanteote Lovers; but the Italian story of Giuseppe Guercino is animated and characteristic, and the remarkable escape of the hero from an eruption of Mount Vesuvius is thus stated as a fact which lately occurred.—"The liquid lava flowed like molten ore behind: before him was a rising ground, as yet untouched by the destructive torrent. He gained the summit of this ascent, and the red river, parting at its foot into two narrowed channels, left him unscathed, uninjured, the only living object in a wide waste of desolation!"

Miss Mitford's *Lost and Won* is a pleasant piece, commencing with a quarrel between lovers on the subject of a cricket-match, and ending with a good *pun* and a happy marriage:—"the church-bells were ringing merrily in honor of one of the fairest and luckiest *matches* that ever cricketer lost and won:"—but the little poem of the Country-Kitchen, by the same young lady, is feeble and flimsy.

The best of the poetical pieces scattered through the volume appear, on a cursory view, to be the following:—*St. Mary of the Lowes* by Mr. James Hogg, the *Retreat* by Mr. James Montgomery, the *Blind Piper* by Mr. Moir, *Constancy* by Mr. Bird, *Miss Costello's*

Funeral Boat, the Proposal by Mrs. Wilson, and Mr. Caunter's Maniac.

Among the embellishments, we assign the first place (with regard to design) to Martin's spirited representation of the self-devotement of Curtius, which, however, is too limited in its dimensions to be sufficiently distinct in all its parts. A contrast to this, in point of subject, is a tranquil scene on the Ganges, admirably engraven by Edward Finden from a design of W. Daniell. To Prout's beautiful view of Vicenza full justice is done by the *burin* of Freebairn. Mrs. Pickersgill's pretty legend of Ellen Strathallan is pleasingly illustrated by the pencil of Miss L. Sharpe: Stephanoff's Constance is elegant and picturesque; Leslie's Alice exhibits all the fidelity of appropriate expression.—In the Faithful Guardian, the dog is properly made to look about him rather than at the infant. The Cottage-Kitchen is too large and well-furnished for the abode of a mere laborer:—it would more suitably form a part of the farmer's house. In the engraving which accompanies the Euthanasia, the sleeping lady and her anxious mother are better represented than the fair vision; but, when the great difficulty of representing the latter is taken into consideration, a ready excuse is suggested for the imputed failure of the artist.

SHOWING OFF.*

"If none behold, ah! wherefore fail?"

Ah! wherefore wise, if none must hear?"

THE misfortune of having a large family of daughters can only be fully comprehended by the parents of such a family, and the poor girls composing it. Sons may contrive to struggle through life by themselves, while daughters are, by the law of their existence, *dependent*. Girls are weak, helpless, and exorbitantly expensive to support in any degree of fashion and elegance, and it is consequently understood that their case is hapless indeed if they fail to effect an union with the lords of the creation, which will legally entitle them to honorable support. The anxious query, "What will become of my poor *girls* after my death?" will surely exonerate many a mother from the culpability at-

tached to the charge of seeming a "managing" one: yet this very natural, this proper feeling, may be carried too far, and the desire of *settling* a daughter advantageously may become a kind of *passion*, not less apparent than absurd and reprehensible. It is curious to observe the variety of ingenious methods, devised by matrons of this description, to secure the matrimonial interests of their daughters. From town the fair creatures are hurried to watering-places:—now they are prominent in small parties, and now just discernible in great ones:—now they will dance all night, and every night, to entrap the butterfly beau who is an admirer of agility and hilarity; anon, they cannot step across the room, even if they should desire to captivate the sentimental inanorato reclined on a settee. Sometimes, but rarely, literature has been known to procure a husband, and sometimes, more rarely still, religion. In general, this important *desideratum* is attempted to be attained by the display of what are falsely termed *accomplishments*; i. e. smatterings of arts and sciences, the study of *one* of which, in order to *accomplish* a girl in it, might be expected to occupy a great part of her life. Sometimes, a mother ventures to recommend her daughter as an unsophisticated and domestic creature for a wife, "*because she has been entirely educated in a French convent.*" Sometimes the fair candidate for a settlement, is whirled over the southern climes of love, music, and poetry, on our European continent;—and, if all should fail, there are Asiatic states which offer a *dernier resort*.—Thither, I apprehend, will my friend Mrs. Hopkins (whose conduct a few evenings since elicited the foregoing remarks) be obliged to ship her cargo of daughters. This lady is a *managing mother*, in the most extensive sense of the expression, and she has not sufficient tact to throw the slightest veil over her obtrusive designs:—like the arms of the polypus they are spread in all directions to ensnare, but from their glaring palpability are with facility avoided; in fact she is too vulgar for delicacy, and not sharp enough for *finesse*. She gives many and large parties; at the one to which I allude, having paid my devoirs to some few of my acquaintances, I joined the lady and her seven daughters at the rose-wood table in the centre of the room. I quickly discerned this to be an *altar* for the offerings of the Misses Hopkins

* From the CHELTENHAM ALBUM.

to *Fame*, whereon stood forth, asking the meed of universal eulogium, Miss Caroline's Album, Eliza's painted and varnished boxes, Louisa's drawings, and Fanny's and Maria's thousand and one little impertinences pertaining to the class of "elegant litter," "My Janet," said Mrs. Hopkins, and she spoke to a clever young Cantab, "has nothing of this kind to *show*,—but she is a great reader, and has an uncommon deal of sense."—"Indeed! but what do you call *sense*? because there is a wide difference between *fine* sense and good sober *common* sense."—"O, surely there is; but my daughter can answer for herself.—Come here, Janet! Mr. Sapiens wishes to speak to you."

Having effected this commencement of a *tête-à-tête* between the reading man and the blue-stocking girl, which, she hoped, might last for the whole evening, Mrs. Hopkins showed, by an involuntary smirk, that she was well pleased.—"And,"—said a mild, gentlemanly-looking youth to Isabel,—"have *you* nothing to display?"—"Nothing,"—replied she.—"Perhaps you read, or walk, or practise a great deal?"—"Oh dear, no! not much; a little sometimes."—"Then, how do you employ yourself?"—"Chiefly in *plain* work," innocently answered Isabel, when Fanny, giving her a pretty severe nudge with her elbow, whispered audibly, "How *can* you be so vulgar and foolish?—You might have said *fancy*."—"O," cried Mrs. Hopkins—"Isabel is a good girl, Mr. Bankes, I assure you; without her, I know not how my housekeeping would go on; in fact, I-I-I do keep a *housekeeper* (with an air of pomposity); but, Mr. Bankes, it is quite necessary to depend on some one better than a mere hireling: you young bachelors (in the most insinuating tone) never think of this, or you would not undervalue *domestic* women, as you do!

Bankes bowed, but did not seem to regard this broad hint. Poor Isabel blushed to the eyes, and, turning from him, with delicate propriety directed her conversation to some female friends.—"I believe you *draw*"—exclaimed the indefatigable Mrs. Hopkins to captain Longbow, a fashionable *fastidioso*;—"do look at these sketches of Louisa's; they are really exquisite, and, as Mrs. Pope pronounces, 'perfectly artistical';—nay, I can't put her to the blush by repeating *all* that."—"I am no judge of these, Madam," said the gentleman stiffly: *my* style is

landscape, to which nothing can be so diametrically opposed, as that of flowers and fruit:" then stepping out of that interesting domestic group, he joined two or three officers, from whose undisguised laughter I presently learned that Longbow had imparted to them this trivial circumstance with embellishments, for which he was famed. Nevertheless, not at all daunted, Mrs. Hopkins returned to the charge: "Eliza, my love, Mr. Lester has been admiring your works prodigiously!"—"Ah! *oui*! superlatively!" exclaimed a sharp small voice, and a minikin lady-like gentleman sidled up to the fair decorator of wood.—"Ah! *Mon Dieu*! I sometimes amuse myself with turning a little." Eliza looked as if she did not comprehend what this had to do with her Arabesque paintings. "(Oh Miss Hopkins! Oh! it would be *tant d'honneur*, would you not accord me *cette faveur-là*."—"Do—do, my dear;" cried the mother. "Mr. Lester, I'm certain Eliza will be proud to oblige *you*."—"Aye! well then, Miss Hopkins, depending upon the accuracy of your Mama's statement, I shall send you to-morrow some of my own little works to be adorned by"—

"*Pous me faites beaucoup d'honneur, Monsieur*," replied the lady, with a smile amounting to a sneer; and she walked down the well-filled room, partly to supply the place of her mother, where that mother's presence was an etiquette scarcely to be dispensed with, and partly to flee from the coxcomberies of Lilliput Lester.

At this moment I heard a laugh from Mr. Hopkins, and these sentences very loud:—"A penny saved, is a penny gained;—'He that would thrive, must rise by five.'—'Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves,' as poor Richard says."—"How can Pa be so vulgar," whispered Fanny to Maria;—"one would think he had lived all his life in a shop!"—"I can tell you," said Mrs. Hopkins in a low voice, and with a terrific frown, "that, though your father is talking to young Thrifty, whose grandsire was a mercer, in that style, you might make a *woose match*,—and here he comes."

This pert-looking prig said, "How do you do, Miss Fanny? have you mounted Pegasus of late?"—"She was very nearly thrown the last time she rode," said Mrs. Hopkins, "but, Mr. Tobias, the name of Pa's horse is Billy, not Peggy."—"O

Manna!" screamed the horrified *literata*; "he only asked me *classically*, if I had been writing poetry lately."—"Very well, dear, and you can let Mr. Thrifty hear your last *bit*: Mr. Tobias, we all know, is a great poet himself: Yes-yes, when we see T. T. in the *Omnium*, we well understand (as I may say, to a T.) who is meant."

The entrée of some particular friends now attracting the notice of this accomplished lady, she quitted her domestic coterie, and the part of the room where I was standing; and Miss Fanny, having been well plied with coffee, cake, persuasion and flattery, by Tobias Thrifty, Liliput Lester, and a *soi-disant* Leau, major Saunter, at length condescended to favor them with

PHILLIS'S LAMENT.

Ye azure skies, and trees, and fields, and flowers!
Why are ye verdant for so many hours
When I, with grief, am sad?

"Maria, what's next?"—"Something about *Will*, Fanny."—"Aye now I remember:

Why art thou roaring so, thou silent will,
When I am black and blue for love? I will—
I must go mad!

that's the end of one verse.—"Bravissimo!" cried the major. "Excellent indeed!" quoth Tobias; "pray go on."—"Squisita Madamigella!" squeaked Liliput. "Charming! Fanny: go on," said Maria; and, encouraged thus, the lady sang a second and third, with which, however, we need not trouble the reader.—"Beautiful, admirable indeed, delightful!" resounded from all sides. "And yet," cried the gratified Fanny, "would you believe, that the editor of the New Monthly would not insert these verses in his Magazine: I *did* think, being a poet himself, he would have had pity on me."—"For that *very* reason," replied Thrifty, "you might have been sure of his jealousy: two of a trade can never agree, and authors less than any other persons, as I was once told by the celebrated"—At this instant, Mrs. Hopkins appeared, and, taking Maria by the shoulder, cried out, "Sir Capel Crotchet desires to hear you sing: no nonsense; I *insist* upon it."—"La, Ma, I *can't*!"—Launk Sir Capel thrust his bushy head over the shoulder of Mrs. H., crying out in his well-practised drawl, "Me-e-s Mare-ca must not say so, but *alloo* me-e to *judge* of her capabilities; Me-e-s Mare-ca will *obleege* me, by

letting me *accompany* her in a song." As the lady assented, major Saunter offered his arm, and in double slow time the whole party reached the piano-forte. I need not relate the interesting preliminaries to a lady's musical performance: it is sufficient to observe, that airs, graces, turnings, and tossings, were not neglected on this occasion. Finally, Miss Maria, rejecting Sir Capel's overture to sing with her, took up Cherry Ripe and the Freyschutz bacchanalian song. "O," cried Liliput, "do *pray* favor me with 'Love was once a little Boy.'"—"Sing *Isabel*," cried Mr. Bankes, who, with that adored damsel's name-sake, had just joined the party. "I'm sure I shan't," audibly muttered Maria, and commenced Cherry Ripe, out of tune, time, and every thing but audacity. "Look at Janet," said Eliza to me; "there she sits, still talking to that odious Mr. Sapient: let us go and tease them." They were discussing a curious topic for *literati*. "I tell you," cried the youth with energy, "were I a woman, I would never bring an action against a man for breach of promise of marriage; I should want his *love*, not his *money*."—"Aye," replied Janet, with unaccountable simplicity, "but *we* want *both*; and, unless the *Law* took hold of such scape-graces, we should get neither, and that would be *very* hard, would it not?"—Sapient looked extremely disgusted; but just as he was stammering forth a word, which perhaps was never before heard in that house, *delicacy*, the doors of the ball-room were thrown open, and a beautiful quadrille band striking up Rossini's enchanting march from Pietro L'Eremita, the Misses Hopkins were soon engaged in the fascinating dance, and at least did their *possible* to countenance the kind efforts of maternal anxiety, by *showing off* themselves.

THE GLOVER OF PERTH AND THE EX-MONK;

with an illustrative Engraving.

To avoid the danger of a prosecution for heresy, Simon the glover retires from Perth, in the hope of finding an asylum in the castle belonging to the captain of the clan Quhele. On his approach to the fortress, he finds that the chieftain is dead; and, while he is witnessing the funeral, he meets father Clement, who has relinquished his monastic dress for a

frieze mantle and a Highland cap. After a religious dispute, Clement informs him that Conachar, the new chief, formerly Simon's apprentice, is in love with Catharine, and cannot live without her,—“Then he may die, if he lists,” said Simon, “for she is betrothed to an honest burgess of Perth; and I would not break my word to make my daughter bride to the prince of Scotland.”

“I thought it would be your answer,” replied the monk. “I would, worthy friend, thou could'st carry into thy spiritual concerns some part of that daring and resolved spirit with which thou canst direct thy temporal affairs.”—“Hush thee—hush, father Clement,” answered the glover; “when thou fallest into that vein of argument, thy words savour of blazing tar, and that is a scent I like not. As to Catharine, I must manage as I can, so as not to displease the young dignitary; but well is it for me that she is far beyond his reach.”—“She must then be distant indeed,” said the Carmelite. “And now, brother Simon, since you think it perilous to own me and my opinions, I must walk alone with my own doctrines, and with the dangers they draw on me. But should your eye, less blinded than it now is by worldly hopes and fears, ever turn a glance back on him, who soon may be snatched from you, remember, that by nought, save a deep sense of the truth and importance of the doctrine which he taught, could Clement Blair have learned to encounter or to provoke the animosity of the powerful and inveterate, to alarm the fears of the jealous and timid, to walk in the world as if he belonged not to it, and to be accounted mad by men, that he might, if possible, win souls to God. Heaven be my witness, that I would comply in all lawful things, to conciliate the love and sympathy of my fellow-creatures. It is no light thing to be shunned by the worthy as an infected patient, to be persecuted by the Pharisees of the day as an unbelieving heretic, to be regarded at once with horror and contempt by the multitude, who consider me as a madman that may turn mischievous. But, were all those evils multiplied a hundred fold, the fire within must not be stifled, the voice which says within me, ‘speak,’ must receive obedience. Woe unto me if I preach not the Gospel, even should I at length preach it from amidst the pile of flames!”

“So spake this bold witness; one of

those whom Heaven raised up from time to time, to preserve amidst the most ignorant ages, and to carry down to those which succeeded them, a manifestation of unadulterated Christianity, from the time of the Apostles, to the age when, favoured by the invention of printing, the Reformation broke out in full splendour. The selfish policy of the glover was exposed in his own eyes; and he felt himself contemptible as he saw the Carmelite turn from him in all the halloedness of resignation. He was even conscious of a momentary inclination to follow the example of the preacher's philanthropy and disinterested zeal; but it glanced like a flash of lightening through a dark vault, where there lies nothing to catch the blaze; and he slowly descended the hill, in a direction different from that of the Carthusian, forgetting him and his doctrines, and buried in anxious thoughts about his child's fate and his own.”

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR
SEPTEMBER AND OCTOBER.

September 27.—A Young Queen.—Every distinguished stranger is sure of a polite and friendly reception in this country. We all remember the kind and hospitable treatment with which don Miguel was gratified while he condescended to sojourn among us, and we equally recollect the base ingratitude with which he requited the friendship of our court. His little niece, *donna Maria da Gloria*, has lately honored us with a visit. She landed at Falmouth, proceeded to Exeter and Bath, and thence to Westminster, where she took up her abode at Grillon's Hotel. She has since been attended by a guard of honor, and visited by the ministers of state; has received addresses which a girl of nine years of age cannot be expected to understand, and has been treated with those marks of reverential homage which, when offered to a child, are unmeaning and ridiculous. Whether our ministers intend to assist her in dethroning the usurper, is a doubtful point. They seem, at present, to be content with acknowledging her claim. Her friends look forward to the efforts of her father, don Pedro, who, having closed the war with the republic of Buenos-Ayres, is now at leisure to visit Lisbon with a respectable armament,

which, aided by the well-disposed part of the Portuguese population, may ultimately confound the hopes of the perfidious tyrant. The queen is said to have given a broad hint to the duke of Wellington on the subject of her legitimate pretensions. In reply to his courtly compliments, she is stated to have said, "I know that your grace once saved the crown of Portugal for my august grandfather, and I trust that it will soon be again saved by you." Her tutor, on this occasion, may be supposed to have been the marquis de Palmella, one of her most strenuous adherents.

30.—*Culture of the Mind.*—It gives us pleasure to observe a lady strongly recommending, not merely in private society but in a public assembly, that mental cultivation which formerly the fair sex disregarded and neglected. Miss Macauley, taking her station in the lecture-room of the Mechanics' Institution, addressed an attentive audience with considerable effect. She lamented that, while in secondary though very useful objects, such as mechanics, chemistry, &c., the progress was truly astonishing, general education, which was of the highest moment, was so snail-paced. This she attributed in the greatest degree to the neglect of the mental cultivation of the first years, and especially of the very first, which she reckoned the most important year of infancy.* She would have seven ascending scales of cultivation for the seven stages of childhood, from the birth to the age of fourteen. Adverting to the period from seven to nine years, she made some good remarks, and gave salutary advice. She recommended an avoidance of punishment and even of reproof, and a substitution of affectionate care, pity, and reasoning. She intends to exemplify her own ideas by organising classes of pupils of different ages for a moderate remuneration, and to the children of the poor she will give gratuitous instruction.

Ambition and War.—The contest between Russia and Turkey still excites a great sensation, and some of our sapient journalists, who pretend to guide the

public taste in politics, loudly exclaim against the wanton ambition of the czar, and piously wish that his troops may perish to a man. We certainly were not pleased at the invasion of Turkey as an object of Russian aggrandisement, but were rather inclined to hope that the emperor would have been content with aiming at the rescue of the poor Greeks from an odious yoke, and with demanding, in the most peremptory terms, an unequivocal renunciation of the sultan's authority over them. The squadrons of the three allied powers, by entering the Dardanelles soon after the battle of Navarino, might in all probability have satisfactorily settled that point. Even the haughty and inhuman Mahmoud, no longer dreading an invasion by land, would perhaps have acquiesced in the liberation of the Greeks, more readily than the British government will agree to the emancipation of its catholic subjects. Even now, when the tyrant has erected in due form the standard of the pseudo-prophet, and breathes vengeance against the invaders, whose ill success in the campaign inspires him with the hope of triumph, he is said to have expressed a willingness to negotiate with Great-Britain and France on the basis of the treaty of July; but, whether he is so inclined or not, those powers seem determined to enforce it.

October 21.—*Protestant Ascendency.*—The zealous friends of our religious and civil establishment having called a meeting on Penenden-heath, near Maidstone, with the view of repressing the encroachments of the catholics, whose ill-founded clamors disturb the tranquillity of the country, about 30,000 persons (not, as some silly reporters calculate, 100,000) thronged the heath on this interesting occasion. A respectable company filled the space bordering on the old shire-house, and waggons were crowded with persons of distinction and consequence. Mr. Gipps then advanced, and spoke with some ability in support of a petition which declared the strong attachment of the freeholders of Kent to Protestant principles, and called upon the house of commons to preserve, entire and inviolable, that constitution which was wisely adjusted at the Revolution.—The earl of Winchelsea, in a long and animated speech, deprecated all farther concessions to the enemies of the established church; and, after a tumultuous debate, an ample majority sanctioned

* We beg leave to oppose this strange opinion. In the two or three first years of human life, the mind is out of the question; it is not then discovered, and the operations which some attribute to it at that early time, are not superior to the instinct of inferior animals.—*EDIT.*

the motion, and agreed to the circulation of copies of the petition over the whole kingdom, that the signatures might be so numerous as to command respect. The ravings of Sheil, and the incoherent violence of Cobbett, were treated with contempt, and an amendment, which proposed to leave the question to the uninfluenced decision of the parliament, was peremptorily rejected. While we wish success to the cause of Protestantism, we are not pleased at the attempts of clubs, or self-constituted associations (for the demand of this meeting originated from a Brunswick club lately formed), to over-awe or control the deliberations of the legislature; and we therefore think that it would have been more prudent to adopt the amendment.

25.—A numerous meeting of a differ-

rent kind took place on the banks of the Thames. St. Catharine's Docks were opened with great formality, and six vessels, filled with seamen and visitors, entered the basin from the river, amidst triumphant shouts, lively music, and the roar of artillery. The extent of the docks, which, it is said, will hold 150 vessels at one time,—the depth of the canal, which will allow ships of the burthen of 700 tons to enter at any time of the tide,—and the extraordinary convenience of the warehouses and offices for whatever business may be required, excited general surprise. On a part of the ground thus occupied stood St. Catharine's Hospital,—an institution which has been renewed in the Regent's Park, where almshouses, a chapel, and a house for the master, have been lately built in a handsome style.

Fine Arts.

Engraving.—The progress of this art is astonishing. Beautiful prints multiply around us, and new artists arise to rival the old, though not to "push them from their stools." The embellished anniversary publications brought forward at the present season, abound with attractions of this kind; but, as we usually connect the mention of these with our review of each volume, we shall now take notice of other productions of art.

The "Specimens of Gothic Ornaments selected from the best Examples exhibited in the Churches of England, from Drawings made on Stone, by T. and C. Atkinson," are executed with a spirit and freedom which do not exclude accuracy. This is the first of twenty-five intended monthly parts, and its subjects are taken from the cathedrals of Lichfield and Lincoln, and from Minster church in Kent:—in the last is a fine example of foliage.

The Views in Paris, executed under the super-intendence of Mr. Charles Heath, are as accurate as they are pleasing; and the cheapness of the work is an additional recommendation.

The Views in Great Britain, designed by Mr. William Westall, are well selected and neatly executed.

The Night-Mare is a humorous piece from the pencil of the unfortunate Theo-

dore Lane. An old mare has been fastened by a wag to the knocker of a door, and a servant, rushing forth with a blunderbuss, is dreadfully shocked at the apparition. Not only the chief figures, but also the accessories, are well designed; and the engraver, Mr. H. Dave, has given full effect to the whole.

Farrier's Sunday Evening represents an old woman, with a child reading the Bible. The design is as good as the object is praise-worthy.

Engleheart's engraving from Wilkie's Duncan Gray is an admirable print. As we do not like the harsh countenance of Duncan, we are not surprised at the reluctance of the maiden; but, as it is the wish of her friends to promote the union, we may conclude that her opposition will be fruitless.

There are two portraits which demand our notice; one is that of our prime minister, the other of Mr. Thomas Moore. Both are good likenesses; but that of the poet is even more characteristic than the former.

Margaret in Disguise, from the Fortunes of Nigel, is the subject of an elegant engraving by Maile. The heroine's countenance is very handsome; and, while it indicates a firmness of character, is not deficient in softness and delicacy.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

IT is an extraordinary circumstance that no person except a citizen of the United States of North America, should have been found, at the last settlement of the concern, able, or at least willing, to undertake the great task of managing the Drury-lane establishment. But such was the real case, and Mr. Price, who is not an incompetent man for the station, continues to display sense and judgement in his mode of providing theatrical amusement for the nobility and gentry, the citizens, and also (if we look at the *highest* part of the house) for the *lowest* of the people.

Soon after the commencement of the season, when no one expected that a new tragedy would so soon be brought forward, *Rienzi* appeared. The subject of this piece is borrowed from the last volume of Gibbon's history; but the authoress (Miss Mitford) has been too partial to the hero, so as to excite greater compassion for his fate than his real conduct deserved.

At the time to which the tragedy refers, the families of Colonna and Ursini are struggling for mastery, and the balance is in favor of Ursini. Rienzi, who has concealed under eccentric habits a mind which deeply deplored his country's woes, and which watched, with ceaseless vigilance, for any opening that might afford him an opportunity of rescuing his native land from its degraded state, takes advantage of the dissensions which have arisen between the partisans of Stephen Colonna and of Ursini. In a triumphal procession of the Ursini party, a citizen, who has been grossly insulted because he will not join in the acclamations of those who hugged their chains, is assaulted and wounded. Rienzi hastens to his rescue, and strikes the ruffian to the ground. The spirit of the long-oppressed citizens now bursts forth. They observe, with amazement, that the man who was apparently a mere jester in the palace of Colonna, is not a taunting fool, but a determined patriot. He summons them to meet him at midnight on the Capitoline Hill. They obey, and with this meeting, the chief interest of the piece commences. While Rienzi is haranguing the citizens, Angelo Co-

lonna, the heir and hope of the Colonna family, approaches. The youth has long loved Claudia, the daughter of Rienzi, and, won by the impassioned representations of that leader, but more by his declaration that the young lady should never wed any but a friend to freedom, he joins the malcontents. The aristocracy is overturned, and Rienzi, the son of an innkeeper and a laundress, is elevated to power. He disclaims the title of dictator, or of king; he is content to be "tribune of the people," which his newly-fledged ambition tells him is a situation more towering than either, because it may enable him to put down kings, "though he be none." A conspiracy is formed against him by the two contending families, of which he receives timely notice. He invites his chief adversaries to the banquet given in consequence of the union of his daughter with Angelo. They attend, determined to assassinate him.— Their scheme is discovered; they are condemned to death, but pardoned. Their pardon, is, however, connected with ceremonies of so degrading a character, as to excite to vengeance the younger Colonna. He cannot brook the idea of indignity being offered by his plebeian father-in-law to an honored parent, the head of the oldest house in Italy. He joins the opponents of the usurper; but they are defeated. the elder Colonna is slain, and the youth, being made prisoner, is condemned for treason. Rienzi is willing to spare the life of his newly-acquired relative, but Angelo disdains the boon; even on his bridal day he wishes rather to repose in the cold grave of his father, than to ascend the nuptial couch of his beloved. The tidings of condemnation reach the ear of Claudia; she rushes to her father; she entreats mercy for her lover; and Rienzi, after a long struggle between offended pride and parental feeling, at length yields. His mercy is too late. Just as it is conceded, Lady Colonna, who had long suspected the seeming folly of Rienzi, and had warned her kinsman against it, strikes death to the hopes and to the heart of Claudia, by proclaiming, with a horrible malediction on the head of Rienzi, that Angelo, her only son, has suffered death. The destruction of many nobles,

the pomp and arrogance, and sometimes cruelty under the show of justice, by which Riensi's administration was disfigured, now cause a revulsion in the public feeling. His enemies exert all their power to overthrow him. They approach the Capitol; he orders the gates to be thrown open; he presents himself to the multitude; he gives back the *insignia* of his office, and is ready to brave death, when suddenly a female rushes to his arms. It is Claudia. The conspirators are on the point of immolating him. He only prays that his daughter may be withdrawn from him. The prayer is complied with, but not before she has received a mortal wound. Rienzi falls, assailed on all sides by the indignant people.

The leading character in this piece was personated by Mr. Young with great ability and effect. In his scenes with the people he was persuasive as well as passionate—with the nobles, haughty and authoritative—with his daughter, gentle and affectionate. The new actress, Miss Philips, to whom the part of Claudia was intrusted, is young, tall, elegantly formed; her features are handsome, and her voice is good. Her first scene with Angelo, which is all tenderness, was well performed; and we think that, in every scene where a fine sensitiveness was to be expressed, this young lady acquitted herself better than where more violent feelings were called into action; but even in the latter she was not unsuccessful. Mr. Cooper's representation of Angelo reflected credit on his sense and discrimination. The character of Savelli, one of the nobles opposed to Rienzi, was supported with considerable talent by Mr. Aitken. His first scene, in which he ridicules Rienzi's summons to the citizens, was distinguished by a cutting and caustic humor, perfectly in accordance with the character. Mrs. Faucet appeared as Lady Colonna, but did not shine in the part. Mrs. Geesin was introduced rather as a singer than as an actress; and she sang a plaintive air to soothe Claudia, her afflicted mistress, in a very pleasing style.

The tragedy was loudly applauded in almost every scene, and has been frequently repeated with general approbation. The plot is conducted with some degree of skill, several of the characters are ably delineated, and the

interest is well sustained; but the catastrophe is unnecessarily sanguinary; for it was surely sufficient to kill the hero, without the sacrifice of his innocent daughter.

A new Susannah has appeared at this house in the person of Miss Russell, a pupil of Lanza. Even on her *debut*, her self-possession was perfect; but she appears to want the lightness, archness, and vivacity, which the character requires. Her voice is sweet rather than strong, and her execution is yet imperfect. Her best effort was in the letter duet, which was well executed by her and Mrs. Bedford, as the Countess Almaviva. The duet was encored, partly from respect to the *debutante*,—and also in compliment to the expressive singing of Mrs. Bedford.—Miss Love, as Cherubino, gave "Bid me Discourse" with uncommon effect.

A short comedy, called *The Youthful Queen*, has been successful. The scene is laid in Sweden. Frederic Bury, a young Englishman, who has been rapidly promoted in consequence of a romantic interview with the Queen, is suing for the hand of Emma, who is the niece of Count Oxenstiern, the prime minister. The young soldier is repulsed in his suit by the Count; but he has the honour of being presented to the Queen as the bearer of the despatches of a victory.—The Queen becomes deeply enamoured of him, and retains him at her court. However, the minister determines to break off this intended match, and, after various schemes to procure the absence of Frederic, which all fail, he gives the hand of his niece to her early lover. He thus offends Christina, but she is soon reconciled to him. Every one seemed to admire the excellent manner in which the character of Queen Christina was portrayed by Miss E. Tree. Mr. Farren was also particularly happy in his performance of the character of Oxenstiern, and the piece likewise derived great support from the amusing manner in which Mr. Jones played the character of a foppish courtier, who has experienced a sudden elevation, which he vainly attributes to his own merit.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

MR. KEAN, after rustication in the isle of But, has resumed his theatrical operations; and it is generally allowed that he now acts with greater force and spirit than he did in the last season, when his powers seemed to be declining; but,

as no new character has been devised for him, we dismiss him with this slight notice.

A new performer, of the name of Green, has appeared with respectability in the part of Figaro. He has a good figure; his manners are easy and not ungraceful: he displays both humor and vivacity; and he is evidently intelligent and experienced. Miss Forde, on the same evening, graced the character of Rosina by her improved singing and acting.

A comic piece of one act, called *The Step-Mother*, has been adapted to our stage by one of those ingenious gentlemen who are continually borrowing from our Gallic neighbours. Colonel Heartly becomes enamoured of two unknown young ladies in quick succession. Mr. Bramwell, a banker, has just married Eliza, his rich ward, and his two sons and a daughter are so uneasy at the prospect of having a step-mother, that they resolve to annoy her, before they have seen her or heard her name. Their friend and favorite, Eliza, comes to the house; and, not supposing that she can be their step-mother, they inform her of their father's marriage, and their determination to vex the intruder. The elder

son, Charles, is so disgusted that he quits the paternal mansion, and enlists as a soldier in Heartly's regiment. The colonel, having called at the house of his friend Bramwell, is delighted to find, in Eliza, one of his sweet-hearts, and presses his suit, of which she avails herself, to engage him to grant Charles his discharge, and also to procure him an employment. An hour is appointed, at which the Colonel is to inform her that her requests have been complied with, which Charles overhears, and, mistaking it for a criminal assignation, acquaints his father. In the mean time, Eliza discovers that the Colonel's second unknown lady is her step-daughter, and, when he comes at the time appointed, he informs her of his having succeeded in his application for Charles; she promises to use her influence for him with his fair one; he falls on his knees to express his thanks, when Bramwell and his son and daughter enter; an explanation takes place; the banker consents to the Colonel's union with his daughter, and all his children become the warm friends of their step-mother. The performers seemed to be at home in their respective parts, and the piece was patronised by the audience.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EQUESTRIAN COSTUME.

The month of October has generally been regarded as the most pleasant time for equestrian exercise: we have, therefore, been induced to present our fair subscribers with an engraving of the most fashionable riding-habit now worn.

The jacket and petticoat are of very fine cloth of a bright Clarence-blue; the former is double-breasted, and the lapels are fastened back. The cuff, at the termination of the sleeve, is of a moderate breadth, though of the gauntlet kind, and is finished on the outside of the arm by a row of small buttons, set on in bias. The collar is very narrow, and is concealed by a full ruff of lace, that encircles the throat, which is a novelty in a riding-dress. The hat is small, and placed very backward, with a veil thrown over it. The hair is arranged *à la Madonna*, with a few curls over each temple.

EVENING DRESS.

OVER a slip of white satin is worn a dress of *crêpe-lisse* of celestial-blue, with a broad border of white satin, splendidly worked in floize silk, in embossed embroidery. The body is laid in small plaits, and round the bust is a falling tucker of broad blond, of a superb pattern. A pointed zone of blue satin encompasses the waist. The sleeves are short and full, and are finished by a frill of blond round the arm; a band of blue satin, just above this frill, confines the fullness of the sleeve. The head-dress is a beret of blue and silver tissue gauze, elegantly ornamented with white marabout feathers, and rosettes of Chinese-rose-colored riband. The ear-pendants, necklace, and bracelets, are of pearls.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

THOUGH the west end of the town is still nearly deserted by persons of the *haut ton*, yet there are occasional arrivals of people of fashion in our metropolis, whose visits are attended with advantage to us, as we thus find opportunities of inspecting their *parure*, and investigating their pretensions to taste and elegance.

Cachemire shawls, either square or as scarfs, form a favorite envelope for outdoor costume. The newest pelisse we have seen was of beautiful fawn-colored *gros de Naples*, and was elegantly trimmed down the front, where it closed, with bias folds and *rouleaux*. A triple pelerine cape fell over the shoulders. The mantles are made too full, and have the appearance of the old-fashioned long cloke, formerly called a cardinal; they are fitted only to the open carriage, or to be worn on a cold evening; they entirely disguise the beauty and grace of the figure when worn at the promenade.

Large and close Leghorn bonnets continued to be worn in the morning walks, til about the middle of October; they were simply and elegantly trimmed with broad rich riband, generally edged with stripes of different colors on a straw-colored ground; but the bonnets now worn are not so large. Veils are much in favour, both white and black; and when the bonnet has very little trimming, a nun's veil is frequently thrown over it.

Dresses of colored gauze, with rich stripes of satin, will probably be much worn in the ball-room in the ensuing winter. At the border of this dress are two broad bias folds; the stripes of one being so far contrary to the other, that the two form chevrons. Flock gauze robes are worn at evening dress-parties, flounced with a broad blond, and Indian taffetas are expected still to be in great request. Dresses of dark-brown *gros de Naples* will, we think, soon be worn in home costume and in half-dress.

The berets are very wide; when worn only in *demi-parure*, they have no ornament but riband, a rosette of which is placed on each side, on the hair, in front of the beret. When these head-dresses are worn at evening-parties, they are ornamented with feathers, generally of the *esprit* kind. The blond caps of the last novel kind are very pretty and becoming; the curls are full, and of colored *gros de Naples*; a broad border of blond

surrounds the front, which, gathered very full on each temple, is drawn up, so as to form a kind of *fer de cheval*; in this interstice is placed a bow of gauze riband, richly striped with satin. The hair is now thought to be most fashionably arranged, when in corkscrew ringlets on each side of the face; we cannot, however, forbear remarking that we do not admire this fashion for matrons, whom we have seen, when the ringlets were not their own except by *purchase*: it is adapted only to very young persons. Many ladies wear their tresses *à la Madonna*, in front, with a few light curls, just above the ear, rather lower than the temples; this is a neat and becoming fashion, and looks well for almost all ages. Dress-hats remain much the same as in the last month, except that they have two very broad and long lappets of blond, which float over the shoulders. The turbans are as large as the berets, and it is difficult to decide whether they are Turkish, Armenian, or Moorish; they are certainly of a non-descript kind, and are about as wide as the bonnets worn during the last summer. They are generally of richly brocaded gauze, colored in sprigs over a white ground: they are pinned up with taste, and the ornamental appendage is an aigrette of small white feathers, on the left side, near the summit of the turban.

The favourite hues for pelisses, dresses, and clokes, in the approaching winter, are likely to be royal blue, fawn-color, Egyptian-sand, Indian-red, and nut-brown; for hats, bonnets, turbans and berets, pink, Hortensia, celestial-blue, lapis-grey, and gold color.

MODES PARISIENNES.*

WHITE shawls of Chinese crape are still favourite envelopes for outdoor costume; but they do not appear to be sufficiently warm. The equestrian dresses are rather warmer, as they are of dark-blue cloth. Bonnets of dark-green *gros de Naples* are very fashionable: the front is puckered like the close capotes: they are trimmed with very long pulls of broad, rich riband, which has stripes of various colors at the two edges. Hats of *gros des Indes* are trimmed at the edge of the brim with a full *ruche* of blond: this is composed of four different strips sown together on that side which is not edged;

* See the annexed engraving for the fashionable evening-dresses worn at Paris.

it is then quilled in large flutings. On a hat of white *gros de Naples*, bordered with narrow green *rouleaux*, has been seen a branch of the cabbage blossom. Satin and velvet hats have been bespoken for the decline of the season. White bonnets are often trimmed at the brim with a coloured *ruche*, and round the crown are puffs of riband. The open-straw bonnets are made short at the ears, but are tied down closely: they project much in front, and are named *English* bonnets. The newest hats are of watered *gros de Naples*, either white or colored: a demi-veil of blond is worn with them.

A favorite ball-dress is of colored muslin, striped, and it is most admired when of rose-color. The corsage is à l'Édith, and the sleeves are à la Marie. A dress of lilac organdy is much admired; it is trimmed with two flounces edged with lace of a shell pattern. A narrow ornament of white silk separates the heads of the flounces. The sash is white, striped with lilac, and is formed of a broad rich riband. White organdy dresses are trimmed with one very deep flounce having the head and the edges of the flounces finished by a Greek pattern worked in green. A square pelerine is worn with these dresses.

The sleeves are very wide, and in deshabille are not in the least degree confined, but are left in all their amplitude, so as to resemble those of a clown in a pantomime. The silk aprons that young females, both married and single, wear in the country, before dinner, are pointed in front at the corsage, and are laced behind. The apron itself is puckered at the hips.

Berets of white or colored crape are very flat on the crown: a broad riband crosses the brim, and from it is formed a large rosette on each side. These berets are generally plaited in bias, and they have a point of satin in the centre of the forehead.

* * Our gracious sovereign, being desirous of encouraging trade, has considerably abridged all general mournings. There can, therefore, now be no variety worth recording of the outward "trappings of woe," for so short a period as the mourning for the late queen of Wurtemberg is likely to continue; and even if our engravings of the fashions had not been nearly completed before the order for court-mourning was issued, it would have been useless to array our figures in black, as a change, if not a cessation, would take place soon after our day of publication.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to lady Elizabeth Hope Vere and lady Anna Maria Cust, and to the wives of the hon. and rev. A. Hobart, the rev. Dr. D'Oyly, the rev. Dr. Timbrell, the rev. R. L. Benson, Mr. J. B. Baldwin of Durham, Mr. G. T. Windham of Cromer, Mr. Tobias Browne of Camberwell, Mr. J. D. H. Hill, Dr. Finn of Dublin, Mr. S. Perceval, Mr. J. Lucius Dampier, Mr. Pesket of Chichester, colonel Cullen, Mr. Bruin of Penton-ville, and Mr. Aretas Akers.

Daughters to the countess of Rathdown and lady Palk, and to the wives of the rev. E. Raynes, the rev. C. Porter, the rev. J. Grant of Leith, Mr. W. P. White of Cork, Dr. Stewart of Plymouth, lieutenant-colonel Thackwell, lieutenant Sewell of the navy, Mr. H. T. Danvers, Mr. J. Stuart, M.P., Mr. T. H. Noyes, Mr. Wanostrocht of Camberwell, Mr. W. H. Hyett of Painswick, and Mr. T. W. Chevalier.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. T. Vardon, of Downing-street, to Miss Stapylton.

Mr. T. Coventry, barrister, to the daughter of judge Littledale.

Lieutenant Fabian, of the navy, to Miss Bentham of Sheerness.

Mr. D. B. Conway, surgeon in the navy, to Ellen, second daughter of the late captain Day.

At Christ-church, Surrey, Mr. C. A. Calvert, to Miss Handasyde.

The eldest son of Mr. R. Clutterbuck, of Watford, to Miss Hulton of Southampton.

The rev. W. Pyne, to Miss Smyth of Green-street.

The son of the late admiral Wells, to Miss Marianne Wade, of New-Grange, Yorkshire.

The rev. T. Sheepshanks to Miss Catharine Smith of Falmouth.

The rev. Mr. Leech, of Askham, to Miss Poole.

Mr. John Blagrave of Calcot-park, Berks, to the widow of the rev. Matthew Robinson.

Mr. W. Laurence, of Mark-lane, to Miss Elizabeth Gedge of Isleworth.

Mr. T. Jones, of Dolgelly, to Miss Thomas of Penegoes

Lieutenant R. Beauchamp Proctor, to Miss Sophia Ball of Dublin.

Mr. C. D. Holworthy, to the second daughter of captain Kirkness of Falmouth.

Mr. T. Barker, of the Edgeware-in her road, to Miss Mortlock.

DEATHS.

The queen-dowager of Wurtemberg, eldest daughter of our late sovereign, 63d year.

Sir George Grey, brother of earl Grey.

Colonel Andrew Davidson.

The hon. J. R. Elphinston.

The hon. R. Stopford, in his 26th year.

The rev. Dr. T. S. Whalley.

The rev. J. T. Lawes.

Mr. R. P. Bonington, an ingenious artist, at the age of 27 years.

In his 90th year, Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon.

In Ireland, Sir Hugh Moore O'Donel.

In Scotland, the hon. Isabella Arbuthnot, and Miss Euphemia Chalmers : also Mrs. Stewart of Appin.

The naval captains, Andrew and Alfred Thomson.

Mr. Alexander Leith, of Aberdeenshire.

The widow of Dr. Abernethie, of Banff.

At Hull, the wife of Dr. Alderson.

At York, the rev. T. H. Backhouse.

At Liverpool, at the age of 102 years,

Mr. C. Mac-quarrie.

Mr. James Tillard, of Canterbury.

Mr. Charles Lucas, only son of the chief magistrate of London.

At Highgate, Mr. S. A. Cumberlande.

At Greenwich, Mr. J. Samworth.

At Islington, Mr. J. Hone.

At Hendon, Mr. J. Warren.

At Camberwell, Mr. Leighton.

Near Downham, Mr. W. H. Warr, formerly conductor of the orchestra at Covent-Garden theatre.

In Hans-place, Mr. Hopkins.

At Chipping-Ongar, Mrs. Boyer.

Catharine, sister of the rev. Dr. Spry.

Mrs. Farr, aunt to Sir Thomas Gooch.

At St. Alban's, Mrs. Johanna Graham.

At Bromley, Miss Mary Latter.

At Frant, Mrs. Arnold.

The wife of archdeacon Heathcote.

Captain J. Stewart, of the isle of Bute.

Lieutenant-colonel Forsteen.

Mr. Richard Edward Erle Drax.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ASSISTANCE in a particular department has been offered to us by Mr. C., in the name of a literary friend ; but we beg leave to decline that aid which we do not want.

Wishing that Laura would not continue to expose her folly and ignorance, we request her to desist from writing. Her nonsense, although it may pass without censure in loose and idle conversation, would "show much amiss" when emblazoned by types.

The "Scenes in Town and Country" are not the produce of one who has an observant eye or an intelligent mind.

The Verses on Sunset, after proceeding smoothly, terminate rather ludicrously. The great luminary is introduced as being inclined to be disobedient to the commands of his Creator, and to "question Nature's firm behest" for his temporary retreat, chiefly because he wishes to give the grape a finer coloring.

"So long he pauses o'er yon mountain's crest,
While o'er his votive grape he loves to paint
One deeper blush, ere yet his glories faint."

Perhaps the sun might also wish to paint the nose of a wine-drinker with a deeper shade of rubicundity.

The Verses on Life, and those which are devoted to the memory of Isabel, are under consideration.

We do not wish for any farther communications from the friend of L. S.

The tragedy of Rienzi, considered as a literary production, will be reviewed in our next Number.



Russian Fashions for December 1857





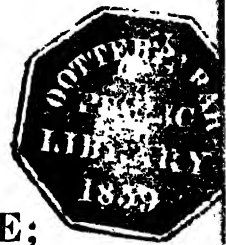
Evening Dress

Invented by Miss Pierpoint & Engraved for the Ladies Magazine, No. 11, 1828



Promenade Dress.

Invented by Miss Parpout & Engraved for the Ladies Magazine No 11, 1848



THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE;

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

NOVEMBER 30, 1828.

OBSERVATIONS ON GRACE.

A CELEBRATED poet, speaking of the mother of mankind, says,

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In ev'ry gesture dignity and love."

This is a *pleasing* couplet, but not so *precise* as we could wish it to have been, and that was our opinion before an Italian critic censured it as too general and indefinite. In other parts of the *Paradise Lost*, Eve is mentioned in terms equally indistinct. Milton was certainly capable of giving an interesting detail of the beauties and perfections of that primeval lady; but he was content with the substitution of a loose sketch for a complete portraiture.

As the hard did not define what he meant by *grace*, let us endeavour to explain it. But here a difficulty arises: grace, like wit, is quickly perceived, though it is not easily analysed or described. It appears to be founded on a sense of decorum and of fitness; it is neither affectation nor excess, neither a deficiency nor a redundancy of action; it is a moderation of manner and a calmness of gesture,—a propriety of movement and an elegance of attitude. It may be said, indeed, that grace consists in that due *medium* which common sense might be expected to point out: for "*extremes* in nothing can be good."

When a want of grace arises from bashfulness, the individual is more to

be pitied than censured. Bashful men are sometimes considered as mere fools; but this is a harsh stigma, which none but an impudent fool would apply to them; for their awkwardness is produced by temporary confusion, rather than by a dullness of comprehension. Their good sense is almost paralysed by an exposure to the eyes of numerous observers, so that they lose that composure which the native dignity of every man or woman ought to preserve. This *sheepishness* (as it is contemptuously called) is generally shaken off by adults; but we know several instances in which it has adhered to very sensitive individuals for their lives. Such persons cannot be expected to be graceful in the social circle, because their repugnance to general notice obstructs the ease of their movements.

There are many men of undoubted sense who are equally awkward and ungraceful with the timid or the bashful. Dr. Johnson, for instance, exhibited the manners of a clown, rather than those of a gentleman, not from embarrassment or confusion, but from considering an attention to the graces as an unnecessary accomplishment for a scholar or a philosopher. His friend Goldsmith likewise, although he could write with graceful ease, was awkward in his attitudes and unpolished in his address—Charles Fox was an ungraceful speaker, and his rival Pitt (like Pope's friend Dr. Arbuthnot) had a *shambling gait*,

though, in the exercise of oratory, he used his hands and arms with grace and effect.

Grace is so far native to many, that it seems to come without being hidden,—to show itself without an effort; while others retain their awkwardness to the last moment of life, not from being absolutely unable to shake it off, but because they are unwilling to take that trouble. So attractive is the former quality, that even beauty, without such an accompaniment, loses a considerable part of its influence. The ingenious framers of the heathen mythology evidently entertained that opinion, when they represented Venus as attended by the three graces. The late earl of Chesterfield went too far when he said that Minerva ought also to have three, as wisdom or learning, without such companions, had few attractions. He did not consider that learning, from its weight and solidity, does not so much require adventitious ornaments as the mere charms of person, however striking, may be supposed to do. Beauty is a light toy and a gewgaw, while mental qualities and intellectual improvement bear the marks of substantial dignity.

Good-breeding and politeness may exist without grace; but it must be allowed that their effect is enhanced by its presence. Good-breeding has been defined to be the result of much good-sense, some good-nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, with a view to obtain from them a similar indulgence. It is evident that this character may be maintained without the grace or elegance of external demeanor; yet no one will deny that a gracefulness of air and appearance will strengthen the impression of good-breeding. Sir Francis Bacon says, that a pleasing countenance and a good figure are perpetual letters of recommendation; and the same remark is applicable to grace, though it may not be safe, in either case, to consider these appearances as the certain indications of a correct or well-constituted mind.

The earl of Chesterfield says, that a man's fortune is frequently decided for ever by his first address. If it be pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has merit, which perhaps he will not in the sequel be found to have; and, on the other hand, if it be ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and

unwilling to allow him the merit which he probably possesses. We are aware that no person of sound judgement will draw positive conclusions, either in one way or the other, from such indecisive symptoms; yet these early impressions leave, in the minds of many, an influence which cannot easily be shaken off.

We have here confined our observations to the graces of personal demeanor and deportment; but there are graces in the fine arts and in literary composition, which are equally entitled to notice. To the decorations and beauties of art we have occasionally devoted our pages; and to those of literature we may soon find an opportunity of advertng, in a particular essay.

KATHARINE, a Tale. 1828.

WE have been exceedingly pleased with this simple domestic story, which we therefore earnestly recommend to our young female readers, as one which inculcates the purest emotions of woman's heart, unmingled with the slightest alloy of affected sentiment, or over-charged sensibility. An example of quiet, unpretending fortitude, of the most touching kind, is offered to contemplation in the character and conduct of Katharine, and it is such as many of her sex, at one period or other (even of a happy life), may be called on to imitate. In fact, we have seen nothing in modern novels which comes so near to Miss Austin's mode of thinking and writing as the work before us, and we dare answer for its having been written by a young lady who has mixed in good society in a quiet way, has lived much in the country, where alone the distinctions of mind and manners are obviously delineated, and possesses, amongst other qualities, intuitive penetration, deep tenderness, and some experience. The common herd of readers, the seekers of wonders, and the lovers of inflated descriptions of murders and horrors, will not find one page seasoned to their palates; but the sensible and good, the tranquilly pious, and unaffected feeling, will pursue the artless story with strong and unfailing interest. Many a brating bosom, subjected to those soft but severe sorrows which belong to "luckless love," will retrace its own emotions, and the humble or indignant spirit may find at times a sympathetic

chord touched in the simple story of Katharine.

To these remarks we subjoin an extract, to shew the author's style and manner.

"It was one of those bright, but rather cold afternoons in September, so delightful to a sportsman and a resident of the country; there was neither heat enough to be oppressive, nor sufficient cold to render a brisk pace necessary for keeping up the vital circulation. The leaves had scarcely begun to fall; but their yellow tints, as they trembled on their branches, told that their fate was near. The distant lowing of the cattle, the whistle of the plough-boy, the chirping of the birds as they flew to and fro, had a lively and cheerful sound. Yet, upon the young man who was pursuing his way down the narrow lane leading to the little parsonage of Pennington, these outward signs of rural content seemed to have no effect: there was an expression of gloom and anxiety on his handsome features, which, as he stood for a moment on a little eminence commanding a view of the small house of the vicar, changed for an instant to something like pleasure and animation; but only for an instant; in the next they resumed their former expression, and he walked quietly on till he reached the gate of the parsonage-house; he pushed it open, walked into the house, and entered the little sitting-room where he had formerly passed so much of his time. For a moment he thought it uninhabited, so silent was every thing within; but a glimpse of a female figure, who sat in a recess almost entirely shaded by the curtains of the window, undeceived him. So quiet had been his entrance, or so occupied was the female with her own thoughts or with the book that rested on a small table before her, that Walmsley (for it was he) had stood some minutes unobserved in the room when he said, 'Katharine!'

"Miss Horton started from her seat, and came forward to meet him. 'I am glad to see you, Philip,' said she; but you are earlier than I expected.'—'Indeed! yet I have been to Buckwood to leave my horses. But Sarah—Sarah is well, I hope?' he added somewhat anxiously.—'Oh yes, quite; she is at Mount Egerton—a long engagement; she dines there—and there will be a dance in the evening.'

"Walmsley bit his lips and sat down.

—'She was obliged to go,' pursued Katharine, eager to dispel the cloud which she saw gathering on the brow of Walmsley; 'Mrs. Egerton would take no denial.'—'And you, Katharine—you were asked of course—why?'—he paused.

"Katharine thought she understood the sentence; it meant, 'Why did not you go and suffer Sarah to remain?'—'I seldom go out,' she said, after a pause; 'my father does not like to be left alone, and I do not like to think of his solitude when I am in gaiety; his fire-side is not what it was.'—She sighed, and then added, forcing a smile, 'My own health has not been very strong of late, so that you see both duty and inclination combine to keep me at home.'

"Walmsley fixed a penetrating glance for a moment on her pale features, and said kindly, 'You do not look well, Katharine, indeed; Sarah, I suppose, does not often leave you?'—'Oh, you know Sarah is just at the age when gaiety has most attractions; it would be hard to deprive her of amusement now.'

"Walmsley was silent for a moment, and then said, 'Is it true that Mrs. Egerton has a brother staying with her?'—'Yes,' returned Katharine, striving to speak with indifference; 'a good-natured young Oxonian.'—'I have heard of him before,' returned Walmsley pointedly. 'Katharine,' he added after a pause, 'from you I may expect the truth; do you think that I am beloved, that my absence was regretted or my presence desired? It is a delicate question to address to you; but I have heard strange reports. I cannot cringe and fawn and supplicate; I must be loved truly. I love your sister,' pursued he, rising quickly as if to pace the room, yet remaining standing; 'but, if I supposed that she had the shadow of a preference for another, I would resign all pretensions to her hand this moment, both for the sake of her happiness and my own. Speak, Katharine, answer me frankly.'

"His agitated look, and the tremulous tones of his voice, denoted the strong emotion under which he laboured; and Katharine, conscious that what she could urge would rather increase than allay it, remained silent; in truth she was as much puzzled respecting Sarah's sentiments as any body; for of late there had been little confidential communication between the sisters. In her own

mind she had little doubt that Vernon was preferred to Walmesley: what Sarah's intentions were respecting them both, she could form no idea: she could not suppose that, if she really entertained a preference for one, she could think of uniting herself to the other, and yet Sarah had never mentioned any intention of breaking her engagement with Walmesley."

Having thus introduced the heroine and hero of the tale, we shall leave the former to that kind consideration which she so well merits, as possessing many of the gifts deemed by Shakspeare the "most excellent in woman."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE; a Sketch, by the Editor of the *Annulet* for the Year 1829.

IT is now many years since the first battalion of a regiment under orders to embark for India—that far distant land, where so many of our brave countrymen have fallen victims to the climate, and where so few have slept in what soldiers call "the bed of glory"—met in the barrack-yard of Chatham, to be inspected previously to embarkation in the Downs. It was scarcely day-break, when the merry drum and fife were heard over all parts of the town, and the soldiers were seen sallying forth from their quarters, to join the ranks, with their bright firelocks on their shoulders, and the knapsacks and canteens fastened to their backs by belts as white as snow. Each soldier was accompanied by some friend or acquaintance, or by some individual who had a dearer title to his regard than either; and there was a strange and sometimes a whimsical mingling of weeping and laughter among the assembled groups. The second battalion was to remain in England, and the majority of that division were present to bid farewell to their old companions in arms. But, among the husbands and wives, uncertainty as to their destiny prevailed; for the lots were yet to be drawn—the lots that were to decide which of the women should accompany the regiment, and which should remain behind. Ten of each company were to be taken, and chance was to be the only arbiter. Without noticing what passed elsewhere, I confined my atten-

tion to that company which was commanded by captain Loden, a brave and excellent officer, who, I am sure, has no more than myself forgotten the scene to which I refer.

The women had gathered round the flag-serjeant, who held the lots in his cap. It was a moment of dreadful suspense, and never have I seen the extreme of anxiety so powerfully depicted in the countenances of human beings as in the features of each of the soldiers' wives who composed that group. One advanced and drew her ticket; it was against her, and she retreated sobbing. Another approached, and succeeded; then, giving a loud huzza, ran off to the distant ranks to embrace her husband. A third came forward with hesitating step; tears were already chasing each other down her cheeks, and there was an unnatural paleness on her interesting and youthful countenance. She put her small hand into the serjeant's cap, and I saw, by the rise and fall of her bosom, even more than her looks revealed. She unrolled the paper, looked upon it, and, with a deep groan, fell back and fainted. So intense was the anxiety of every person present, that she remained unnoticed, until all the tickets had been drawn, and the greater number of the women had left the spot. I then looked round, and beheld her supported by her husband, who was kneeling upon the ground, gazing upon her face, drying her fast-falling tears with his coarse handkerchief, and now and then pressing it to his own manly cheek.

Captain Loden advanced toward them: "I am sorry, Henry Jenkins," said he, "that fate has been against you; but bear up, and be stout-hearted."—"I am so, captain," said the soldier, as he looked up and passed his rough hand across his face; "but 'tis a hard thing to part from a wife, particularly when she is so soon to be a mother."—"Oh captain!" sobbed the young woman, "as you are both a husband and a father, do not take him from me! I have no friend in the wide world but one, and you will let him bide with me! Oh take me with him! for the love of God take me with him, captain!" She fell on her knees, took hold of the officer's sash, clasped it firmly between her hands, and looked up in his face, exclaiming, "Oh leave me my only hope, at least till God has given me

another;" and repeated, in heart-rending accents, "Oh, take me with him!"

The gallant officer was himself in tears—he knew that it was impossible to grant the poor wife's petition without creating much discontent in his company, and he gazed upon them with that feeling with which a good man always regards the sufferings he cannot alleviate. At this moment a smart young soldier stepped forward.—"And what do you want, my good fellow?" said the officer.—"My name's John Carty, *plase yer* honor, and I belong to the second battalion."—"And what do you want here?"—"Only, *yer* honor," said Carty, scratching his head, "that poor man and his wife there are sorrow-hearted at parting, I'm thinking."—"Well, and what then?"—"Why, *yer* honor, they say I'm a likely lad, and I know I'm fit for *sarvice*—and if *yer* honor would only let that poor fellow take my place in captain Boud's company, and let me take his place in your's, you would make two poor things happy, and save the life of one of 'em, I'm thinking."

Captain Loden considered for a few minutes, and then consulted the other officers. He soon made arrangements for the exchange of the soldiers, and said, "Well, John Carty, you go to Bengal with me; and you, Henry Jenkins, remain at home with your wife."

Henry and his wife both rose from the ground, and rushed into each other's arms. "God bless you, captain!" said the soldier, as he pressed his wife closer to his bosom. "Oh, bless him for ever;" said the wife; "bless him with prosperity and a happy heart!—bless his wife and his children;" and she again fainted. The officer, wiping a tear from his eye, and exclaiming, "May you never want a friend when I am far from you—you, my good lad, and your amiable and loving wife!" passed on to his company, while the happy couple went in search of John Carty.

About twelve months since, as two boys were watching the sheep confided to their charge, on a wide heath in the county of Somerset, their attention was attracted by a soldier, who walked along apparently with much fatigue, and at length stopped to rest his weary limbs beside the old finger-post, which had formerly pointed out the way to

the neighbouring villages, but was rendered useless by age. The boys were gazing upon him with much curiosity, when he beckoned them toward him, and inquired the way to Eldenby. The elder, a fine intelligent lad, pointed to the path, and asked if he wished to find any particular house in the village. "Nø, my little lad," said the soldier; "but it is on the high road to Frome, and I have friends there; but, in truth, I am very wearied, and perhaps may find in yon village some person who will befriend a poor fellow, and look to God for a reward."—"Sir," said the boy, "my father was a soldier many years ago, and he dearly loves to look upon a red coat; if you come with me, you may be sure of a welcome!"—"And you can tell us stories about foreign parts," said the younger lad, a fine chubby-cheeked fellow, who, with his watch-coat thrown carelessly over his shoulder, and his crook in his right hand, had been minutely examining every part of the soldier's dress.

The boys gave instructions to their intelligent dog, who, they said, would take good care of the sheep during their absence; and in a few minutes the soldier and his young companions reached the gate of a flourishing farm-house. The younger boy trotted on a few paces before, to give his parents notice that they had invited a stranger to rest beneath their hospitable roof; and the soldier had just crossed the threshold of the door, when he was received by a joyful cry of recognition from his old friends, Henry Jenkins and his wife; and he was welcomed as a brother to the dwelling of those, who, in all human probability, were indebted to him for their present enviable station.

It is unnecessary to pursue this story farther than to add, that John Carty spent his furlough at Eldenby farm, and that, at the expiration of it, his discharge was purchased by his grateful friends. He is now living in their happy dwelling, and his care and exertions have contributed to increase their prosperity. Nothing has been wrong with them since John Carty was their steward.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," said the wise man, "and it shall be returned to thee after many days."

THE MUSICIAN OF AUGSBURG, a Romantic Story, from the *Forget-me-Not* for 1829.

THERE lived, in the city of Augsburg, a musician whose name was Nieser.—There was no kind of musical instrument that he could not fashion with his own hands, nor was there any one upon which he could not perform indifferently well. He was also a composer, and his reputation in that, as well as in the other departments of the art, not only filled the city, but extended throughout the whole circle of Suabia. Other causes contributed to swell his fame: he possessed great wealth, acquired, (it was sometimes whispered) not in the most creditable way; and the only inheritor of it was a daughter, whose beauty and innocence might well have been deemed dowry sufficient, without the prospective charms of her father's possessions.—Esther was indeed almost as celebrated for the softness of her blue eyes, and the sweetness of her smile, and her many kind actions, as Nieser was for his wealth, and the excellence of his stringed instruments, and the paucity of his good deeds.

Now, in spite of old Nieser's wealth, and the respect which it had obtained for him, and the musical celebrity which he enjoyed, one grievance pressed heavily upon him. Esther, his only child, the sole representative of a long line of musicians, could scarcely distinguish one tune from another; and it was a source of melancholy anticipation to Nieser, that he should leave behind him no heir to that talent which he held in almost equal estimation with his riches. But, as Esther grew up, he began to take consolation in thinking that, if he could not be the father, he might live to be the grandsire, of a musical race. No sooner, therefore, was she of a marriageable age, than he formed the singular resolution of bestowing her, with a dowry of two hundred thousand florins, upon one who should compose the best sonata, and perform the principal part in it. This determination he immediately published, appointing a day for the competition; and he was heard to affirm, with a great oath, that he would keep his promise, though the sonata should be composed by a demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers. Some say that this was spoken jocularly; but it would have

been better for Nieser had he never spoken it at all: it is certain, however, that he was a wicked old man, and no respecter of religion.

No sooner was the determination of Nieser known, than the whole neighbourhood was in a ferment. Many who had never dared to raise their thoughts so high, now unexpectedly found themselves competitors for the hand of Esther; for, independently of her charms and her father's florins, professional reputation was at stake; and, where this was wanting, vanity supplied its place. In short, there was not a musician in Augsburg who was not urged, by one motive or another, to enter the lists for the prize of beauty. Morning, noon, and night, the streets were filled with melodious discord. From every open window proceeded the sound of embryo sonatas; nor was any other subject spoken of in the city than the approaching competition and its probable issue. A musical fever infected all ranks: the favorite airs were caught, played, and sung, in every house; the sentinels at the gates hummed sonatas as they paced to and fro; the shopkeepers sat among their wares singing favorite movements; and customers, as they entered, took up the air, forgetful of their business, and sang duets across the counter. It is even said, that the priests murmured allegrettos as they left the confessional, and that two bars of a presto movement were found upon the back of one of the bishop's homilies.

But, amidst all this commotion, there was one who shared not in the general excitation. This was Franz Gortlingen, who, without musical talent, possessed one of the best hearts and handsomest persons in Suabia. He loved Esther, who, on her part, would rather at any time have heard her own name, with some endearing word prefixed to it, whispered by Franz, than have listened to the finest sonata that ever was composed between the Rhine and the Oder. Nieser's decree was therefore of sad import to both.

It was now the evening before that day on which the event was to be decided, and Franz had taken no step toward the accomplishment of his wishes: and how was it possible that he should? He never composed a bar of music in his life: he could merely play a simple air on the harpsichord. Late in the evening he walked out of his lodging, and descend-

ed into the street. The shops were all shut, and the streets entirely deserted; but lights were still visible in some of the open windows, and from these came sadly upon his ear the sounds of instruments in preparation for the event which was to deprive him of Esther. Sometimes he stopped and listened, and he could see the faces of the musicians lighted up with pleasure at the success of their endeavours, and in anticipation of their triumph.

Gortlingen walked on, until he found himself in a part of the city which he never recollected to have seen before.—Behind him the sounds of music had all died away; before him was heard the low rush of the river, and mingled with it there came at times upon the ear faint tones of wondrous melody. One solitary and far distant glimmer showed that the reign of sleep was not yet universal; and he conjectured, from the direction of the sound, that some anxious musician was still at his task, in preparation for the morrow. He went onward, and, as he drew nearer to the light, such glorious bursts of harmony swelled upon the air, that, unskilled as he was in music, the tones had a spell in them which strongly excited his curiosity as to who might be their author. Quickly and noiselessly he went forward, until he reached the open window whence the sound proceeded. Within, an old man sat at a harpsichord, with a manuscript before him: he played with the most wondrous power; now and then he stopped, and made alterations in his manuscript, and, as he tried the effect of them, he showed his satisfaction by audible expressions, as if of thanksgiving, in some unknown tongue.

Gortlingen could at first scarcely contain his indignation at the supposition that this little old man should dare to enter the lists as one of Esther's suitors; but, as he looked and listened, gradually his anger was quelled in contemplating the strangely mild countenance of the musician, and his attention fixed by the beauty and uncommon character of the music: and at length, at the conclusion of a brilliant passage, the performer perceived that he had a sharer in his demonstrations of pleasure, for Franz, in his unrestrained applause, quite drowned the gentler exclamations of the old man. Immediately the musician rose, and throwing open the door, said, "Good evening, master

Franz, sit down, and tell me how you like my sonata, and if you think it likely to win Nieser's daughter." There was something so benignant in the old man's expression, and so pleasing in his address, that Gortlingen felt no enmity, and sat down and listened.—"You like the sonata, then?" said the old man.—"Alas!" replied Gortlingen, "would that I were able to compose such a piece."—"Hearken to me," said the old man; "Nieser swore a sinful oath, that he would bestow his daughter upon one who should compose the best sonata, even although it were composed by a demon, and played by the fiend's own fingers." These words were not spoken unheard; they were borne on the night-winds, and whispered through the forests, and struck on the ear of them who sat in the dim valley: and the demoniac laugh and shout broke loud upon the calm of midnight, and were answered from the lone depths of a hundred hills; but the good heard also, and, though they pitied not Nieser, they pitied Esther and Gortlingen.—"Take this roll; go to the hall of Nieser: a stranger will compete for the prize, and two others will seem to accompany him: the sonata which I have given to you is the same that he will play; but mine has a virtue of its own: watch an opportunity, and substitute mine for his!" When he had concluded this extraordinary address, he took Gortlingen by the hand, led him by some unknown ways to one of the gates of the city, and there left him.

As Franz walked homewards, grasping the roll of paper, his mind was alternately occupied in reflections upon the strange manner in which he had become possessed of it, and in anticipation of the morrow's event. There was something in the expression of the old man that he could not mistrust, though he was unable to comprehend in what way he could be benefited by the substitution of one sonata for another, since he was not himself to be a competitor. With these perplexing thoughts he reached home, and lay down and fell asleep, while all night long Esther's blue eyes were discoursing with him, and the tones of the old man's sonata were floating in the air.

As the time approached when Nieser's hall was to be thrown open to the competitors, all the musicians were seen hurrying toward the house, with rolls of

paper in their hands, accompanied by others, carrying different instruments, while crowds were collected at Nieser's gate to see the competitors pass in.—Gortlingen, when the hour arrived, taking his roll, soon found himself at Nieser's gate, where many who were standing knew him, and pitied him, because he loved the musician's daughter; and they whispered one to another, "What does Franz Gortlingen with a roll in his hand? surely he means not to enter the lists with the musicians?" When he entered the hall, he found it full of the competitors and amateurs. Nieser sat in his chair of judgement at the upper end of the room, and Esther by his side, like a victim arrayed for sacrifice. As Gortlingen made his way through the hall, a smile passed over the faces of the musicians, who all knew each other, and who also knew that he could scarcely execute a march, much less a sonata, even if he could compose one. Nieser, when he saw him, smiled from the same cause; but, when Esther's eye met his, if she smiled at all, it was a faint and sorrowful smile of recognition, and soon gave place to the tear that stole down her cheek.

It was announced that the competitors should advance and enroll their names, and that the trial should then proceed by lot. The last that advanced was a stranger, for whom every one instinctively made way. No one had ever seen him before, or knew whence he came; and so forbidding was his countenance, so strange a leer was in his eye, that even Nieser whispered to his daughter, that he hoped *his* sonata might not prove the best.

"Let the trial begin," said Nieser. He then repeated his oath, and, in answer to a question from the stranger, declared that he would faithfully keep it. There was a dead silence; a distant shout and faint laughter fell on the ear like an echo. The stranger alone smiled: every one else shuddered.

The first lot fell upon the stranger, who immediately took his place, and unrolled his sonata. Two others, whom no one had observed before, took their instruments in their hands, and placed themselves beside him, all waiting the signal to begin. Every eye was fixed upon the performers. The sign was given; and, as the three musicians raised their heads to glance at the music, it was perceived with horror

that the three faces were alike. An universal shudder crept through the assembly; all was silent confusion; no one spoke or whispered to his neighbour, but each wrapped himself up in his cloak and stole away; and soon there was no one left except the *three* who still continued the sonata, and Gortlingen, who had not forgotten the injunction of the old man. Nieser still sat in his chair; but he, too, had seen, and, as he remembered his wicked oath, he trembled.

Gortlingen stood by the performers, and, as they approached what he remembered to be the conclusion, he boldly substituted his piece for the sonata that lay before them. A dark scowl passed over the faces of the three, and a distant wail fell upon the ear.

Some hours after midnight the benign old man was seen to lead Esther and Gortlingen out of the hall; but the sonata still proceeded. Years rolled on. Esther and Gortlingen were wedded, and in due course of time died; but the strange musicians still labor at their task, and old Nieser still sits in his judgement-chair, beating time to the sonata. When it ends—if it ever shall end—Esther will be far beyond the reach of the wicked vow made by the musician of Augsburg.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANY THING; *a*
Characteristic Sketch, from the *Literary Souvenir*, for 1829.

MR. FERDINAND FITZROY was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example; he was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favorite with both his parents, that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for him, could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Ferdinand! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of

teaching him to read and write.—Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.—"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with him."—"And why, love?"—"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."—"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife. So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, he remained the lag of the fourth form! They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother. "My first cousin is the lord-chancellor," said his father; "let him go to the bar." The lord-chancellor dined there that day, and Ferdinand was introduced to him. His lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing, and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer. "Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."—"And that's true enough, my lord," said the mother. So they bought for him a cornetcy in a regiment of dragoons. Things are not learned by inspiration. He had never ridden at school except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and every body laughed at him. "He is a d—d ass!" said cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly: "a horrid puppy!" said lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "If he does not ride better, he will disgrace the regiment!" said captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "If he does not ride better, we will cut him!" said colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master), make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."—"Pooh, Sir, he will never ride better."—"And why the d—l will he not!"—"Bless you!

colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer!"—"We must cut him!" said the colonel. And Ferdinand was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed! "What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.—"Very true!" said the world. The parents were in despair. They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle. "He is very clever," both said, "and may do yet." So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought for his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament. Ferdinand was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon, couched pamphlets and reviews, got Ricardo by heart, and made notes on the English constitution. He rose to speak. "What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.—"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another—"He will never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly. And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and roared out, "Hear him." Impudence is only indigenous in Miletia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Ferdinand grew a little embarrassed. "I told you so!" said one of his neighbours. "Fairly broken down!" said another. "Too fond of his hair to have any thing in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit. "Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches. Ferdinand sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had begun worse, and many a county member had been declared a phoenix of promise upon half of his merit. Not so, thought the heroes of corn laws. "Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose. "Nor men of business, either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's. "Poor devil!" said the civillest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By Jove, he is going to speak again! this will never do; we must cough him down." And Ferdinand was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at

Almack's. "We have nothing to leave you," said his parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it.—"You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."—"I will," said Ferdinand. Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a-year. To her then our hero paid his addresses. Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"Handsome is that handsome does," says another;—"he was turned out of the army, and murdered his colonel;"—"Never marry a beauty," said a third;—"He can admire none but himself;"—"Will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"Make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"Spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"And break your heart," said a seventh. Miss Helen was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said, and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a-year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Fitzroy. Accordingly, she neither accepted nor discarded him, but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found: however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter, within one week of each other, but not before they had given him their blessing, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for. Now, then, he depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Convolvulus. The former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business;—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperion curls and white teeth of Ferdinand.—"If I make you my heir," said he, "I expect you will continue the bank."—"Certainly, Sir," said the nephew. "Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!" Debtors grew pressing to Ferdinand, and he grew pressing to Helen. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to

marry a man so admired—will you always be faithful?"—"By Heaven!" cried the lover. "Heigho!" sighed Helen; and, lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed. But the day of the marriage was fixed, and Ferdinand bought a new curricule. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Helen was quite tender in her condolences—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she: "for your sake I have discarded lord Rufus!"—"Adorable condescension!" cried our hero; "but lord Rufus is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."—"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Fitzroy!" was the reply. Away goes our hero to be present at the opening of his uncle's will. "I leave," said the testator, "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Ferdinand wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brodé*)—"my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious pains-taking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Ferdinand is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will, no doubt, win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."—"A thousand devils!" said Ferdinand, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day he received a most obliging note of dismissal. "I wish you every happiness," said Helen, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!" And, the week after, she became lady Rufus Pumilion. "Alas! Sir!" said the bailiff, as after the dissolution of parliament he was jogging along with Ferdinand in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench—"Alas! Sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

THE AMULET FOR THE YEAR 1829,
edited by S. C. Hall.

THIS pleasing annual, in its progress, fully maintains its former credit and respectability, and still, amidst lightness and pleasantry, keeps up the weight of its *religious* character. It may be said that sermonising is not expected in a work of this kind: but the objectors to the introduction of religious topics ought to consider, that, even if these were not intrinsically important, they at least increase, by partial variety, the general interest of the work. Among the pious contributors are the rev. Dr. Raffles, Robert Montgomery, Mary Howett, and Mrs. Opie, while the miscellaneous assemblage exhibits the names of Coleridge, Kennedy, Horace Smith, the rev. Dr. Cox, Ellis the missionary, the editor and his ingenious lady. Some of the embellishments are well designed and admirably executed, more particularly Murillo's Spanish Flower-Girl, the Rose of Castle-Howard, the Fisherman leaving Home, the Italian Mother, the Wearied Soldier, and the Temple of Victory. Etty's Guardian Angels have unpleasing countenances, except one who appears to be the chief, and the engraving, by Edward Finden, has neither brilliancy nor neatness. Of the two wandering Minstrels of Italy, one is far better represented than the other: the girl has the arch look of an Italian, while her little friend, who is tying her sandal, has the round chubby face and large head of an English boy: the earnestness, however, with which he looks at her, is pleasingly expressed.

Mr. Kennedy's Strange Story of Every Day is interesting; but, as it is too long for our purpose, we shall content ourselves for the present with giving the Fragments of a Journey over the Brocken.—“In our progress from Lauterberg (says Mr. Coleridge), after various ascents and descents, we came to a most beautiful road, which winded on the breast of the hill, whence we looked down into a deep valley, full of pines and firs; the opposite hills full of pines and firs; and the hill above us, on whose breast we were winding, likewise full of pines and firs. This spot is called the Vale Rauschenbach, that is, the Valley of the Roaring Brook; and roar it did, indeed, most solemnly! The road on which we walked was weeded with infant fir-trees, an inch or two high;

and now, on our left hand, came before us a most tremendous precipice of yellow and black rock, called the Rehberg, that is, the Mountain of the Roe. Now again we see nothing but firs and pines, above, below, around us! How awful is the deep unison of their undividable murmur; it is a sound that impresses the dim notion of the Omnipresent! In various parts of the deep vale below us, we beheld little dancing waterfalls, gleaming through the branches, and, from the very summit of the hill above us, a powerful stream flung itself down, leaping and foaming, now concealed, and now not concealed, and now half-concealed by the fir-trees, till, toward the road, it became a visible sheet of water, within whose immediate neighbourhood no pine could have a permanent abiding-place. The snow lay every where on the sides of the roads, and glimmered in company with the waterfall foam. Over the high opposite hills, so dark in their pine forests, a far higher round barren stony mountain looked in upon the prospect from a distant country. Through this scenery we passed on, till our road was crossed by a second waterfall, or rather an aggregation of little dancing waterfalls, one by the side of the other for a considerable breadth; and all came at once out of the dark wood above, and rolled over the mossy rock fragments, with little firs scattered among them. The same scenery continued till we came to the Oder Seich, a lake, half made by man, and half by nature. It is two miles in length, and but a few hundred yards in breadth, and winds between banks (or rather through walls) of pine-trees. It has the appearance of a most calm and majestic river. It crosses the road, goes into a wood, and there at once plunges itself down into a most magnificent cascade, and runs into the vale. We went down into the vale, and stood at the bottom of the cascade, and then climbed up by its side. The rocks over which it plunged were unusually wild in their shapes, giving fantastic resemblances of men and animals, and the fir boughs by the side were kept almost in a swing, which unruly motion contrasted well with the stern quietness of the huge forest-sea every where else.

“In nature all things are individual, but a word is merely an arbitrary character for a whole class of things, so that the same description may, in almost

all cases, be applied to twenty different appearances; and, in addition to the difficulty of the thing itself, I neither am, nor ever was, a good hand at description. I see what I write, but, alas! I cannot write what I see. From the Oder Seich we entered a second wood; and now the snow met us in large masses, and we walked for two miles knee-deep in it, with an inexpressible fatigue, till we came to the mount called Little Brocken; here even the firs deserted us, or only now and then a patch of them appeared, wind-shorn, no higher than one's knee, matted and covering to the ground, like our thorn bushes on the highest sea-hills. The soil was plashy and boggy; we descended and came to the foot of the Great Brocken without a river—the highest mountain in all the north of Germany, and the seat of innumerable superstitions. On the first of May all the witches dance here at midnight; and those who go may see

their own ghosts walking up and down, with a little billet on the back, giving the names of those who had wished them there; for "I wish you on the top of the Brocken," is a common curse throughout the whole empire. Well, we ascended in a boggy soil—and at last reached the height, which is 573 toises above the level of the sea. We visited the Blocksterg, a sort of bowling-green, enclosed by huge stones, something like those at Stonehenge, and this is the witches' hall-room: thence we proceeded to the house on the hill, where we dined; and now we descended. In the evening, about seven, we arrived at Elbenrode. At the inn they brought us an *album*, requesting that we would write our names, and something or other, as a remembrance that we had been there. I wrote the following lines, which contain a true account of my journey from the Brocken to Elbenrode.

"I stood on Brocken's *sorran** height, and saw
Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills;
A surging scene, and only limited
By the blue distance. Wearily my way
Downward I drag'd, through fir groves evermore,
Where bright green moss moved in sepulchral forms,
Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,
The sweet bird's song became a hollow sound;
And the gale, murmuring indivisibly,
Reserved its solemn murmur, more distinct
From many a note of many a waterbreak,
And the brook's clatter; on whose islet stones
The dingy kiddie, with its tinkling bell,
Leap'd frolicsome, or old romantic goat
Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on
With low and languid thought; for I had found
That grandest scenes have but imperfect charms
Where the eye vainly wanders, nor beholds
One spot with which the heart associates
Holy remembrances of child or friend,
Or gentle maid, our first and early love,
Or father, or the venerable name
Of our adored country. O thou queen,
Thou delegated Deity of earth,
O "dear, dear" England! how thy longing eyes
Turn'd westward, shaping in the steady clouds
Thy sands and high white cliffs! Sweet native isle,
This heart was proud, yea, mine eyes swam with tears
To think of thee; and all the goodly view
From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills
Floated away, like a departing dream,
Feeble and dim. Stranger, these impulses
Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane,
With hasty judgement or injurious doubt,
That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel
That God is ev'ry where, the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty brotherhood,
Himself our Father, and the world our home."

* So Milton wrote the word, from the Italian *sorano*.

REMARKS ON THE PRESENT PRACTICE
OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

A WRITER who assumes the name of Dr. Eldon, inveighs in a satirical strain against the passion for loose Italian airs and the rage for waltzing. He is rather too severe in his animadversions; but his weapon, provided that its sharp edge be softened, may be said to inflict salutary chastisement.

"As music has become the law and the prophets, something must be learned of it,—at least by ladies, whether they have ears or hearts. I am not one to fly in the face of the usances, and tolls, and customs of society; this is one of them; but then we may choose our coin, though we are obliged to pay it. Now this, after all, is perhaps the principal point, as any one knows who has read the report of the Bullion Committee, and is not convinced that gold is paper. To come then to music; the music that was played in my youthful days was a steady, decent, high-church kind of music, and left the heart and the head very nearly where it found them. I never remember being in the least whit moved except once, and that was with the duke of York's march; but then I had heard rumors of invasion about a quarter of an hour before. The Irish airs were what the Scotch are now—the best dancing airs for a village wake that can be imagined, till they were introduced (by a certain Mr. Moore) into the families of great persons, and of course debauched—like many other villagers. We are now thrown, *pejor ætas*, upon Italian airs, which, as long as young ladies knew nothing of Italian words, did as well as the last anthem;—but now that *amore* no longer means hobgoblin (as my old maiden aunt explained it), the thing is quite altered. Ladies who are in the habit of calling their masters *mio caro speme* six days in the week, are likely to call him *mio caro bene* on the seventh. Whether they find him so, depends much of papa and mama; but *andante* and *adagio* are great match-makers, and would to God they were nothing worse! I have known more *més-alliances* from crotchets and quavers put improperly together, than from any other combination against domestic happiness extant. I therefore say it again and again—ladies who have voices will make use of them and sing, and much

it behoveth guardians and teachers to put their voices, so singing, in the way in which they should go. I would bring them, morning and evening, to church, and make them devout and sweet singers before the Lord by contagion. People speak of 'airs singing in one's ears,' and 'not getting an air out of one's head.' Had I the care of a young lady, I warrant you I would so put into her ears and head 'Praise ye the Lord on the cymbal and organ,' that she should find no room for French or Italian airs for many years to come."

• • • • •
 "There are some dances and other dances, and it behoveth much the youth of both sexes that they be taught, ere it be too late, to make and maintain the distinction. Now, however I approve, or permit rather, such inevitable amusements as quadrilles, I cordially abhor, condemn and renunciate, under all their denominations, both waltzes and waltzers. The waltz is formally forbidden by the Bible. I once wrote a dissertation to prove this, which was read by my maiden aunt, an old clergyman, and his lone nephew, and so highly approved by each, that I had the intention of publishing it, and dedicating it to the king, as head of the church, and distributing it gratis at the door of every assembly-room during the season, from Spa to Cheltenham. I see no difference between an inveterate female waltzer and Potiphar's wife. This is the Ionic measure reprobated by Horace; and lord Byron (who, I am glad to perceive, shewed dispositions to be converted before his death, and, had he lived to my age, would have been still farther convinced of the vanity of all flesh,) dedicated his powerful talents to the extirpation of the same abuse. I was never nearer marrying imprudently than after my first waltz. It is the champagne of the art; a single round is sufficient to intoxicate. It is a fiery furnace; Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, could not pass it. I think it necessary thus to cry out, in good season, 'fire!' because it is usually a very long time before the stupidity of our present generation can perceive even the smoke. I should like to see our great-grandmothers at such a spectacle! 'This,' they might well exclaim, 'has come of leaving off trains and hoops. The most decent amongst them is not

better than an Herodias.'—And how could it be otherwise?—the snares are manifold, the fowler active, and the poor bird blindfold. First, Mademoiselle (or Miss, if she has not traveled) dances with Mademoiselle—and surely there is no harm in that;—then she finds the lady has a brother, which is one point gained in the chain,—by whom shall I say, if not by the Devil?—then the brother becomes the cousin—german, of course, for a week or two,—but, after that, on he goes from first to second, and from second to third, so that, before the month is out, he has arrived at the thirty-third or forty-third; and at last all her acquaintances are *cozened*, and the relationship, in the spirit of an embracing and waltzing philanthropy, spreads out to the entire world!

"It is quite right that young ladies, and not a whit less old ladies, should see and be seen, in order to be married; they are only taking proper means to second the designs of Providence; for Adam and Eve existed, and had children, long before there were nunneries: but, inasmuch as I dislike a *fumo di carne cotta* before dinner, so also do I profoundly abhor all this play and circumstance before marriage, if indeed it hath always the good fortune to terminate in that. I do therefore ardently beseech all parents, as having the bowels of a parent myself, to look well to it, ere they intrust wittingly and willingly such tender flowers to the handling and spoiling of the Evil One. For I say it, as of a certainty of which there needeth little proof, that sooner shall the dew which is once shaken be renewed, or the brilliancy of the butterfly once brushed off be refreshed, than the purity of that

maiden who hath felt the touch of a waltzer. 'All that' will come time enough, as any mother will tell; but, as ladies were never intended to have several husbands, so I see no good reason why they should crave or have, in their lieu, several or sundry waltzers. I have thus extended my caution, because, if there be any one abuse of the age more besetting than another, it is surely *this*: nor for this reason only do I cry, but because no other so disparages, or brings into evil repute, the innocent and moral profession of traveling. Germany is said to be always waltzing—when it is not smoking; France is a giddy-heeled and giddy-headed nation, and the Rhine but a poor *cordon sanitaire* against the contagion. Italy has nothing to lose; and it is of less moment whether she waltzes or not. But why should I speak? Is England—vice-suppressing, Bible-reading, preaching, praying, proper, perfect England,—altogether pure? Are there not, at this moment, mothers and daughters in every ball-room, performing before hundreds these impious rites? A girl waltzes before she can well stand—*de tenero meditatur ungue*—before she has cut her nails or teeth. What can we expect from others, when we are the first to spread the pestilence ourselves? My worst foe cannot say that of me. *Maxima debetur puero reverentia*; I have neither blasphemed nor waltzed before any of these little ones. Let others say or do as much, and save the nation what it annually expends in buying and binding Testaments. Why search for Pagans abroad, when we have them at home?—why seek to improve the morals of the Hindoo widows, when we cannot prevent our own daughters from waltzing?"

MUSINGS ON A FUTURE STATE.

YE live, O kindred souls! from dark abodes
 The spirits pass some viewless unknown roads!
 Then, each fond tie to earth and matter broke
 By the free soul, disdainful of the yoke,
 Shall it not soar on vig'rous wings away
 Beyond the ken of thought and eye of day?
 Or, by fierce flames from mortal dross refined,
 Shall it not mingle with the mass of mind,
 Absorb'd and lost the old familiar store
 Of copious mem'ry's many-color'd lore?
 Or does this self, this conscious self, remain
 Awake to human joys or human pain?

Hangs the fond mother o'er the orphan's head?
 Cheers the lov'd spouse the widow's sorrowing bed?
 In airy watch do guardian spirits stand,
 And guide our falt'ring steps, an angel band?
 Or, senseless, hush'd in lone sepulchral gloom,
 Sleeps the regardless tenant of the tomb,
 Till the dread blast shall rouse the silent earth,
 And joyful nature start to second birth?
 Cease, curious thoughts! too thick the shades of night
 Veil the dread future from our anxious sight*:
 The holdest thoughts here urge their course in vain,
 Nor pass one bulwark of the drear domain.
 Then, when the last faint panting heaves my heart,
 And weary life stands flutt'ring to depart,
 One beam of joy shall warm my trembling soul,
 As doubt's dun clouds to awful distance roll;
 My spirit Truth's angelic form shall own,
 And strive to clasp her in the world unknown.

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SYMPATHY, AN AIR;

from the Opera of the Carron-Side.

O! THINK not I can smile,
 While thou hast cause to sigh,
 Or taste of pleasure, while
 A tear is in thine eye!
 If joy, at fortune's bidding blind,
 Thy bosom flee,
 Be sure he ne'er can harbour find,
 Sweet maid, with me!

Thou can'st not lull to rest
 My heart by veiling thine:
 Whatever wounds that breast,
 Must one way torture mine.
 To know thee sad, yet not to share
 That grief with thee,
 Were sorrow far more hard to bear,
 Sweet maid, for me.

GAY LOVE,

from the same Piece.

IF love be like that hardy rose,
 Which blooms, begirt with winter's snows,
 As gaily as when summer glows,
 'Tis welcome to my bower.

But, if a sadder form it wears,
 Like yon mimosa full of fears,
 Or ice-plant ever wet with tears,
 It dwells not there an hour.

* We now, says St. Paul, see through a glass darkly.

The swain that apes the willow tree,
 May e'en the willow wear for me :
 Mine, gay as well as true must be,
 Like the sun's own golden flower.

THE EXECUTION, OR THE FELON'S MOTHER,

by Mr. Snow.

THERE is a mourner at his bier :
 God grant her patience at this hour !
 God grant her but a single tear,
 To ease the tortures that o'erpow'r !
 It is a mother now that stands
 Beside his corpse : she grasps his hands,
 And strives ; but who shall dare to name
 Such struggles o'er a child of shame ?
 — A mother !—God alone
 Has pow'r to speak to such an one :
 To put her dreadful load away
 Is given to none ;
 For who in his own strength can say,
 'Thy will be done ?'

Desolate mourner ! childless now !
 Oh, think not of the time when thou
 Didst watch thy cradled babe, and bless
 The Pow'r that gave him to thy pray'r,
 When thou didst guard this only care
 With more than mother's watchfulness.
 Forbear—for dark was his career :
 He knew no bonds of faith or fear.
 The rest his présent fate may tell—
 The trial found him weak—he fell.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD BY LIGHTENING,

by John Clare ; from the Forget-me-Not.

As fearless as a cherub's rest
 Now safe above the cloud,
 A babe lay on its mother's breast,
 When thunder roll'd aloud.
 It started not to hear the crash,
 But held its little hand
 Up at the light'ning's fearful flash,
 To catch the burning brand .

The tender mother held her breath
 In more than grief awhile,
 To think, the thing that brought its death
 Should cause her babe to smile.
 Ay, it did smile a heavenly smile,
 To see the light'ning play ;
 Well might she shriek when it turn'd pale,
 And yet it smiled in clay.

O woman! the dread storm was given
 To be to each a friend:
 It took thy infant pure to Heaven;
 Left thee, impure, to mend.
 Thus Providence will oft appear
 From God's own mouth to preach;
 Ah! would we were as prone to hear
 As mercy is to teach! .

AN ADDRESS TO A YOUNG LADY,

by Mr. J. S. Stock.

I DREAM'D that love and I had bid farewell,
 That I, like all, had callous grown, and cold,
 That I had quell'd or countercharm'd the spell,
 Which bound my spirit in the days of old.

Was it those tresses, dark as raven night,
 Taught with nice art to wanton unconfin'd,
 Or that smooth forehead's pale majestic height,
 Meet temple for thy pure and fervent mind?

Was it those smiles which tremulously dart
 Round that scarce-open'd, small, and ruby mouth,
 Like the rose stirring her young leaves apart
 To hail the first breeze of the balmy south?

Was it that voice, soft, musical, and low,
 As thine own harp, or far-off vesper-bell,
 That aptly tells each thought in joy or woe,
 That wakens thought too deep for words to tell?

Whate'er the cause, my fond heart halloweth thee,
 As the sun's votary hails his dawning ray,
 And fair, I ween, earth's wilderness might be,
 If thou would'st cheer and guide my onward way.

FROWNS AND SMILES,

a Song, by Mr. Hartley Coleridge; from the Gem for 1829.

SHE is not fair to outward view,
 As many maidens be; *
 Her loveliness I never knew,
 Until she smiled on me:
 Oh then I saw her eye was bright—
 A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
 To mine they ne'er reply;
 And yet I cease not to behold .
 The love-light in her eye:
 Her very frowns are better far
 Than smiles of other maidens are!

MATRIMONIAL RECOLLECTIONS, AND A HUSBAND'S CANDOR ;

from Mr. Shee's Poem, styled the Wedding-Day Anniversary.

ALTHOUGH by many a jolt apprised,
Life's ways are not Mac-adamised,
Or smooth as wealth could make them ;
O'er ups and downs, unjaded still,
We never felt the wish or will
To shorten or forsake them.

Nor can we, Mary, justly say,
Though neither quite so young or gay,
As when, cold prudence spurning,
We scamper'd forth for pleasure's sake,
And fortune thought to overtake,
Or meet at every turning.

Nor can we say we're much the worse
For such a long and anxious course,
With care still at our heels,
And such a household troop around,
As Hymen has too often found
A drag upon his wheels.

'Tis true we rarely dance or sing,
Or bound with that elastic spring,
The steps of youth discover ;
But, had quadrilles not cut us out,
Our dancing days, I make no doubt,
We'd prove were not yet over.

In times, which mem'ry still enhances,
Of good Scotch reels and country dances,
On limb alert and supple,
We tripp'd it gaily through the night,
Nor thought it any great exploit,
To dance down thirty couple.

But now, amidst a stately throng,
The grave quadriller glides along,
With far more airs than graces,
Or unabash'd, while matrons stare,
In giddy waltz the breathless fair
Her whirling beau embraces.

Some wrinkles, too, we must allow,
Have mark'd the tablet of the brow ;
And, though they are but slight there,
They shew his hieroglyphic hand,
And make us fully understand,
Old Time begins to write there.

Already he has clear'd the page,
And stamp'd some characters of age
So plain that you may trace them :
He has thinn'd my locks, and turned to gray
The few remaining ;—so I say
A wig must soon replace them.

HAREWOOD, OR MY NATIVE VILLAGE,

by Mr. Carrington.

TOUCH'D by the sun-light of the evening hour,
 The elm still rises near thy aged tower,
 Dear, pensive Harewood; and in that rich ray
 E'en thy old lichen'd battlements seem gay;
 Through the bow'd windows streams the golden glow,
 The beam is sleeping on the tombs below;
 While with its million flowers yon hedge-row fair
 Girds with green zone thy lowly house of prayer.
 No breeze plays with the amber leafage now;
 Still is the cypress, still the ivy bough;
 And but for that fleet bird that darts around
 Thy spire, or, glancing o'er the hallow'd ground,
 Twitters for very joy, how strange and deep *
 The silence where the lost, the loved ones sleep!
 Beside—there is nor lay, nor voice, nor breath,
 A happy living thing where all around is death!

Yes, ye are fair as ever—field and wood,
 And cots that gem the calm, green solitude;
 And harvests, ripening in the golden gleam,
 And flowers, rich fringing all yon wayward stream.
 The village green uplifts its age-worn trees,
 And flings young voices on the evening breeze;
 The rill which flow'd of old yet freshly flows,
 The lake still spreads in beautiful repose;
 There waves the very grove whose walks among
 I oft have stray'd to hear the blackbird's song.
 Long may the wild bird that sweet refuge know;
 Curs'd be the axe that lays its leafage low!
 Long, bless'd as now with minstrelsy and flowers,
 Rise, Harewood, rise amid thy blushing bowers;
 And as yon stream, its moorland journey past,
 Glides smoothly through the unechoing vales at last,
 So, spent with toil in life's tumultuous day,
 A pilgrim fainting from my rugged way—
 Sweet on thy peaceful bosom let me rest,
 Like a tired bird in its own quiet nest,
 And find, how exquisite to find it there,
 Life's stormy noon crown'd with a sunset fair.

•

 THE BOASTED MARCH OF INTELLECT.

“WHAT is the march of intellect, my friend?
 What are its objects—which way does it tend?”
 “—— To science only it makes just pretence;
 There it excels, but not in *common sense*.
 On morals, politics, it throws no light,
 But substitutes false notions for the right:
 The reasoning art and language it confounds,
 And of true justice overleaps the bounds.” •

* Our correspondent, in thus throwing a squib at a set of boastful men, goes too far:—they certainly over-rate the *march*, while *he*, with equal impropriety, undervalues.—EDIT.

POETRY AND PHILOSOPHY; *an Essay,*
by the Rev. Robert Hall.

It has been observed that it seldom falls to the lot of one man to be both a philosopher and a poet. These two characters, in their full extent, may be said to divide betwixt them the whole empire of genius: for all the productions of the human mind fall naturally under two heads—works of imagination, and works of reason. There are, indeed, several kinds of composition, which, to be perfect, must partake of both. In our most celebrated historians, for instance, we meet with a just mixture of the penetration that distinguishes the philosopher, and the ardor of the poet: still their departments are very wide of each other, and a small degree of attention will be sufficient to show, why it is so extremely difficult to unite, in a high degree, the excellence of each. The end of the poet is to give delight to his reader, which he attempts by addressing his fancy and moving his sensibility; while the philosopher purposes merely to instruct, and therefore thinks it enough if he presents his thoughts in that order which will render them the most perspicuous, and seems best adapted to gain the attention. Their views demand, therefore, a very different procedure. All that passes under the eye of the poet, he surveys in one particular view; every form and image, under which he presents it to the fancy, are descriptive of its effects. He delights to paint every object in motion, that he may raise a similar agitation in the bosom of the reader. But the calm deliberate thinker, on the contrary, makes it his endeavour to seek out the remoter causes and principles which gave birth to these appearances.

It is the highest exertion of a philosopher to strip off the false colors that serve to disguise, to remove every particular which fancy or folly has combined, and present to view the simple and naked truth. But the poet, who addresses the imagination and the heart, neglects no circumstance, however fanciful, which may serve to attach his descriptions more closely to the human mind. In describing the awful appearances of nature, he gladly avails himself of those magic terrors with which ignorance and superstition have surrounded them; for, though the light of reason

dispels those shades, they answer the highest purpose of the poet, in awakening the passions. It is the delight of poetry to combine and associate; of philosophy, to separate and distinguish. One resembles a skilful anatomist, who lays open every thing that occurs, and examines the smallest particular of its make; the other is like a judicious painter, who conceals what would offend the eye, and embellishes every subject which he undertakes to represent. The same object, therefore, which has engaged the investigating powers of the philosopher, takes a very different appearance from the forming hand of the poet, who adds every grace, and artfully hides the nakedness of the inward structure, under all the agreeable foldings of elegance and beauty. In philosophical discussions, the end of which is to explain, every part ought to be unfolded with the most lucid perspicuity; but works of the imagination never exert a more powerful influence, than when the author has contrived to throw over them a shade of darkness and doubt. The reason of this is obvious: the evils which we imperfectly discern, seem to bid defiance to caution: they affect the mind with a fearful anxiety, and, as they present no limits, the imagination easily conceives them to be boundless. These species of composition differ still farther with respect to the situation of mind requisite to produce them. Poetry is the offspring of a mind heated to an uncommon degree; it is a kind of spirit thrown off in the effervescence of agitated feelings; but the most steady composure is essential to philosophical inquiry. Novelty, surprise, and astonishment, kindle in the bosom the fire of poetry, whilst philosophy is reared up by cool and long-continued efforts. There is one circumstance relating to this kind of composition, too material to be omitted. In every nation it has been found that poetry is of much earlier date than any other production of the human mind, as, in the individual, the imagination and passions are more vigorous in youth, which, in mature age, subside, and give way to thought and reflection.

Something similar to this seems to characterise that genius which distinguishes the different periods of society. The most admired poems have been the offspring of uncultivated ages. Pure

poetry consists of the descriptions of nature, and the display of the passions; to each of which, a rude state of society is better adapted than one more polished. They who live in that early period in which art has not alleviated the calamities of life, are forced to feel their dependence upon nature. Her appearances are ever open to their view, and therefore strongly imprinted on their fancy. They shrink at the approach of a storm, and mark with anxious attention every variation of the sky. The change of seasons, cloud or sunshine, serenity or tempest, are to them real sources of sorrow or of joy; and we need not, therefore, wonder that they should describe with energy what they felt with so much force. But it is one chief advantage of civilisation, that, as it enables us in some measure to control nature, we become less subject to its influence. It opens many new sources of enjoyment. In this situation the gay and the cheerful can always mingle in company, whilst the diffusion of knowledge opens to the studious a new world, over which the whirlwind and the blast can exert no influence. The face of nature gradually retires from view, and those who attempt to describe it, often content themselves with copying from books, whereby their descriptions want the freshness and glow of original observation, like the image of an object reflected through various mediums, each of which varies its form and lessens its splendor. The poetry of an uncivilised nation has, therefore, often excelled the productions of a more refined people, in elevation and pathos. Accustomed to survey nature only in her general form, and grander movements, their descriptions cannot fail of carrying with them an air of greatness and sublimity. They paint scenes which every one has felt, and which, therefore, need only to be presented to re-awaken a similar feeling. For a while, they delight us with the vastness of their conceptions; but the want of various embellishments, and the frequent recurrence of the same images, soon fatigue the attention, and their poetry may be compared with the world of waters, upon which we gaze for a time with amazement, and then turn away our eyes. It is the advantage of enlightened nations, that their superior knowledge enables them to supply greater variety, and to render poetry more copious. They allure us with an agrée-

ble succession of images, and do not weary us with uniformity, or overpower us with the continuance of any one exertion; but, by perpetually shifting the scene, they keep us in a constant hurry of delight.

I cannot help observing, that poetical genius seems capable of much greater variety than talents for philosophising. The power of thinking and reasoning is a simple energy, which exerts itself in all men nearly in the same manner: indeed, the chief varieties that have been observed in it may be traced to two—a capacity of abstract and mathematical reasoning, and a talent for collecting fact and making observations; and these qualities of mind, blended in various proportions, will for the most part account for any peculiarities attending men's modes of thinking. But the ingredients that constitute a poet, are far more various and complicated. He is in a high degree under the influence of the imagination and passions, principles of mind very various and extensive. Whatever is complicated is capable of much greater variety, and will be far more diversified in its form than that which is more simple. In this case, every ingredient is a source of variety, and, by being mingled in the composition in a greater or less degree, may give an original cast to the whole.

To explain the particular causes which vary the direction of the fancy in different men, would perhaps be no easy task.—We are led, it may be at first through accident, to the survey of one class of objects: this calls up a particular train of thinking, which we afterwards freely indulge; it easily finds access to the mind upon all occasions; the slightest accident serves to suggest it. It is nursed by habit, and reared up with attention, till it gradually swells to a torrent, which bears away every obstacle, and awakens in the mind the consciousness of peculiar powers. Such sensations eagerly impel to a particular purpose, and are sufficient to give to the mind a distinct and determinate character.

Poetical genius is likewise much under the influence of the passions. The pleased and the splenetic, the serious and the gay, survey nature with very different eyes. That elevation of fancy, which, with a melancholy turn, will produce scenes of gloomy grandeur and awful solemnity, will lead a

person of a cheerful complexion to give delight, by presenting images of splendor and gaiety. To these and similar causes may be traced that boundless variety, which diversifies the works of imagination, and which is so great that I have thought the perusal of fine authors is like traversing the different regions of the earth. Some glow with a pleasant and refreshing warmth, whilst others kindle with a fierce and fiery heat: in one we meet with scenes of elegance and art, where all is regular, and a thousand beautiful objects spread their colors to the eye, and regale the senses; in another, we behold nature in an unadorned majestic simplicity, scouring the plain with a tempest, sitting upon a rock, or walking upon the wings of the wind. Here we meet with a Sterne, who fans us with the softest delicacies; and there we find a Rousseau, who hurries us along in whirlwind and tempest. Hence may be said to arise the delightful succession of emotions, felt in the bosom of sensibility. We feel the empire of genius, we imbibe the impression, and the mind resembles an enchanted mansion, which, at the touch of some superior hand, at one time brightens into beauty, and at another darkens into horror. Even where the talents of men approach most nearly, an attentive eye will ever remark some small shades of difference sufficient to distinguish them. Perhaps few authors have been distinguished by more similar features of character (if I may so speak) than Homer and Milton. That vastness of thought which fills the imagination, and that sensibility of spirit which renders every circumstance interesting, are the qualities of both: but Milton is the most sublime, and Homer the most picturesque. Homer lived in an early age, before knowledge was much advanced; he could derive little from any acquired abilities, and therefore may be styled the poet of nature. To this source, perhaps, we may trace the principal difference betwixt Homer and Milton. The Grecian poet was left to the movements of his own mind, and the full influence of that variety of passion which is common to all: his conceptions therefore are distinguished by simplicity and force. In Milton, who was skilled in almost every department of science, learning seems sometimes to have shaded the splendor of his genius.

No epic poet excites emotions so fervid as Homer, or possesses so much fire; but, in point of sublimity, he cannot be compared with Milton. I rather think that the Greek poet has been thought to excel in this quality more than he really does, for want of a proper conception of its effects. When the perusal of an author raises us above our usual tone of mind, we immediately ascribe those sensations to the sublime, without considering whether they light on the imagination or the feelings,—whether they elevate the fancy, or only fire the passions.

The sublime has for its object the imagination only, and its influence is not so much to occasion any fervor of feeling, as the calmness of fixed astonishment. If we consider the sublime as thus distinguished from every other quality, Milton will appear to possess it in an unrivaled degree; and here indeed lies the secret of his power. Homer inspires us with an ardent sensibility; Milton with the stillness of surprise. One fills and delights the mind with the confluence of various emotions: the other amazes by the vastness of his ideas. The movements of Milton's mind are steady and progressive; he carries the fancy through successive stages of elevation, and gradually increases the heat by adding fuel to the fire.

The flights of Homer are more sudden and transitory; Milton, whose mind was enlightened by science, appears the most comprehensive; he shows more acuteness and more sublimity of thought. Homer, who lived more with men, and had perhaps a deeper tincture of the human passions, is far more vehement and picturesque than the English bard. To the view of Milton, the wide scenes of the universe seem to have been thrown open, which he regards with a cool and comprehensive survey, little agitated, and superior to those emotions which affect inferior mortals. Homer, when he soars the highest, goes not beyond the bounds of human nature; he still connects his descriptions with human passions; and, though his ideas have less sublimity, they have more fire. The appetite for greatness—that appetite which always grasps at more than it can reach, is never so fully satisfied as in the perusal of *Paradise Lost*. In following Milton, we grow familiar with new worlds; we traverse the im-

mensities of space, wandering in amazement, and finding no bounds. Homer confines the mind to a narrower circle; but he brings that circle nearer to the eye, fills it with a quicker succession of objects, and makes it the scene of more interesting action.

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CHARACTERISTIC
SKETCHES OF DISTINGUISHED PER-
SONS LATELY DECEASED.

Dr. Gall.—Although we have no faith in phrenology or craniology, we respect the memory of that ingenious man whose zeal, impelled by the best intentions, prompted him to aim, in a new mode, at the elucidation of intellectual proficiency and moral truth.—John Joseph Gall was born in 1758, in a village of the duchy of Baden. His father, though neither high-born nor rich, gave him the benefit of a good education, which he completed at Strasburg, where he studied the medical science under professor Hermann. At Vienna he was invested with the dignity of doctor of physic, and practised with some degree of reputation; but he attended more to a new theory which he had formed, than to the general business of his profession. His new ideas took such full possession of his mind, that he scarcely thought of any other object; but the Austrian court, detesting all innovation, would not permit him to develop publicly that system which he declared he had founded on the correct study of nature and on true scientific principles. This opposition to his views at length induced him to visit other courts and capitals; and he was well received, not only by the princes in the north of Germany, but also by the kings of Sweden and Denmark, though he was not encouraged to illuminate their subjects with his bright ideas. He afterwards came over to Great-Britain, but his arrival was not hailed with that applause which he expected from the philosophic spirit of many of our countrymen. Thus disappointed, he turned his eyes toward France, and made his appearance in 1807 at Paris, where he found a congenial home. It is remarkable that, although his lectures had been interdicted at Vienna by command of the government, the expense of publishing his great work at Paris, in 1810, was guaranteed by prince Metternich, at that time Austrian minister at

the court of France. The prince had previously attended several courses of Dr. Gall's lectures, and consulted him as his physician; and his attachment to him remained unabated at his death.

Without adopting the ideas of Dr. Gall, we quote the account given of his system by one of his admirers:—"The object which he proposed was to dissipate the void which existed in physiology and philosophy relative to the situation of the intellectual faculties of man. Notwithstanding the knowledge of the ancients, and the hitherto-received notions which science had taught, yet its fundamental notions were far from that precision to which his researches have conducted us; and, although in the history of science the first ideas of the system may have been discovered, it must be allowed that all the proofs belong to him, as well as the conservation of all the great truths which were brought forth in evidence. The immense labors of Lavater were well calculated to draw the attention of the curious to the subject, and it was deemed expedient to extend, and render more general, those observations which he had made on the face and the frontal region. Our knowledge of the exterior appearances of the head was yet very imperfect and vague, and the forms of the heads which had been examined, like the facial lines of Lavater, seemed rather coincidences than the necessary links between physics and morals. Gall collected these fugitive ideas, and finally imprinted on them a scientific form, from which resulted a system—a series of observations, enlightened by reasoning, grouped and arranged in such a manner as to demonstrate a new truth, fruitful in useful applications, and sensibly advancing the progress of civilisation.—Such is the character of the celebrated system of craniology invented by Gall, who labored incessantly in his painful task, and consecrated the greater part of his life to it with that indefatigable ardor, of which men of superior minds alone furnish examples; and, although he has not completely succeeded in the difficult enterprise, thanks are due to his memory for the mere attempt. The service which he has rendered to philosophy is this—he has improved one branch of the medical science by indicating the nature of the study which ought to be pursued to give intellectual physiology all the developement of which it is ca-

pable; and moral philosophy itself is much indebted to him, for having diverted it from speculations inconsistent with its true end."

As it was the wish of the learned physiologist that his remains should be inspected, the examination took place 40 hours after his death, in the presence of several members of the medical faculty. The exterior appearance presented a considerable falling away, particularly in the face. The skull was sawn off with the greatest precaution. The substance of the brain was consistent, and this organ was firm and perfectly regular; and no trace of ossification was remarked in the cerebral arteries. We may here observe, that this examination does not appear to have been so conducted as to throw any real light on the craniological system.

With regard to the private character of Dr. Gall, we find that he was benevolent and good-natured, and, notwithstanding a certain roughness in his manners and behaviour, willing to serve and oblige. In his professional capacity he sometimes evinced a want of good-breeding and of politeness; but the generality of his patients did not impute to him either neglect or ill-treatment.

The Duke of San-Carlos.—He was a Creole, being born at Lima of European parents; but he left his native country at the age of seventeen years, and trusted to the powerful interest of his family for promotion in Spain. He immediately entered the army, and, in 1793, served with reputation in the war which arose from the French invasion of Spain. On the death of his uncle, he was appointed chamberlain, and afterwards governor, to the prince of the Asturias, now Ferdinand VII. His system of education, however, not being in accordance with the political views of Godoy, the influence of that profligate minister deprived him of his honorable post. Yet such was the consequence of San-Carlos, that he was named major-domo to the queen in 1801, when the court was occupied with negotiating an alliance between the heir of Spain, and his cousin, a princess of Naples. In 1805, he was invested with the office of major-domo to Charles IV.; but, in 1807, he was removed from the court, appointed to the viceroyship of Navarre, and, three months after his assumption of that government, was or-

dered to consider himself a prisoner. This measure was taken in consequence of a report that he had advised the heir-apparent to deprive the queen-mother of all political influence, in the event of the king's death (his majesty being at that time very ill), and also to put Godoy upon his trial. When the prince and his counsellors were declared to be traitors, the duke was subjected to close and severe examination: and, though liberated, was ordered to remove sixty leagues from Madrid. Ferdinand, ascending the throne in 1808, gave his full confidence to San-Carlos, who, in the conferences at Bayonne, exhorted him not to consent to any treaty with Napoleon without the enjoyment of his liberty or the sanction of the cortes. When the king was an exile in France, the duke was likewise detained in custody. In his retirement he cultivated his taste for botany, and also for history, politics, and general literature. For five years had Ferdinand been in captivity in France, when Bonaparte, finding himself attacked by the allied powers of Europe, and no longer in a condition to leave a numerous army in Spain, resolved to reinstate him. The treaty for this purpose was negotiated by the duke, who, when the restoration took place, was appointed first secretary of state. In consequence of the refusal of general Freyre to accept the office of minister of war, the duke accepted it, with another post, which he soon after resigned. He now commenced the task of introducing a system of œconomy into the kingdom. He established a junta of ministers over whom he presided; took various measures for a general repair of the roads, increasing the number of canals, and reviving the credit of the national bank; and established academies for the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Notwithstanding these laudable exertions, his factious enemies were numerous; and, finding them bold and resolute, he obtained permission to terminate his ministerial functions. In 1815, he was nominated ambassador to the Austrian court. In 1817 he was recalled, and sent in the same capacity to Great-Britain, where he resided some years. His next diplomatic appointment, which he held until his death, was at the French court. His health is said to have declined very rapidly after the death of his favorite daughter, the countess de

Lessine:—this circumstance proved that he was a man of fine feeling, as his former conduct demonstrated that he was a respectable diplomatist and a good minister.

The Baron Ramond.—We know little of the early life of this philosophic observer of nature. His first work was both historical and dramatic; it related to an old war in Alsace, the chief incidents of which he described with energy; but it did not so much extend his fame as did his translation, and improvement of Coxe's Letters on Switzerland. He afterwards injured his reputation by associating himself with Cagliostro the impostor; but he retrieved his credit by his upright and honorable conduct during the French revolution. He obtained a seat in the legislative assembly, as one of the deputies for the city of Paris. He spoke on several remarkable occasions as the friend of liberty and the enemy of anarchy; but, on the decline of the opinions which he supported, he was arrested, and confined (and happily forgotten) in the prison of the city of Tarbes, until the death of Robespierre. In 1796 he was appointed professor of natural history in the central school of the Upper Pyrenees. His frequent journeys to the Pic du Midi, which he ascended no less than thirty-five times, gained him the appellation of *un savant chamois*. His attempts, finally successful, to gain the summit of Mont Perdu, the most elevated of the chain, furnished him with materials for a third work, which presents a general theory of the Pyrenean mountains, very important for the study of geology. "The most interesting of M. Ramond's researches," says M. Cuvier, "were his views on the vegetation of mountains, and the comparison of their zones with the climates of our hemisphere. A short time before his death he again brought them before the public, with a more extensive discrimination, in a work entitled '*Mémoire sur la Végétation du Pic du Midi*.' Every one admired his history of those living plants which, under perpetual ice, and the double protection of snow and earth, perhaps do not see the day above ten times in a century, but run through their circle of vegetation in a few weeks, to sleep again in the winter of many years, and of those common plants, lost in some measure in the midst of others, except where the ruins of a

lyht, or the disjunctures of a rock, exhibit their existence." In 1800, being elected to the *corps législatif*, he fixed the attention of Bonaparte, who, on the establishment of the prefectures, offered him one, which he refused. At length, in 1806, the prefecture of Puy-de-Dôme was presented to him on such terms as did not militate against the independence of his character; and thus he was placed at the head of the most classical department for geology. He saw himself on the spot where Pascal had caused to be made the discovery of heights by the barometer; and here it was that the baron brought it to perfection. It was here, also, that he announced his curious views on the diurnal movements of the atmosphere. Nor will his memory be easily forgotten at Auvergne; for it was during his administration that the establishment for the baths of Mont-d'Or took place. In January 1813, he obtained leave to resign his employment, and returned to Paris, where he hoped to complete his researches in natural history; but, at the time of the invasion of France by the allied armies, his journals, correspondence, and all the materials he had collected, were destroyed by the Cossacks; and, of the labors of a long course of years, recollections only remained. In such a calamity, nothing was left to him (says M. Cuvier) but to plunge himself again into occupation. He fulfilled, in the most honorable and advantageous manner for France, different functions with which he was charged; and at last was nominated *conseiller d'état*; of which post, without any apparent cause, he was deprived in 1822. He supported, with patience and fortitude, this seeming disgrace. Neither the gaiety of his conversation, nor the energy of his ideas suffered; indeed, one might have said that age had added fire to his discourses; and, even to his last moments, his temperament, and the vivacity of his manner, not only brought to one's recollection the painter of the mountains, but the characteristic describer of those persons who had appeared, during a momentous period, on the political, scientific, and literary horizon.

Dr. Raphael Meldola.—He was born at Leghorn in 1754, and became, by an assiduous cultivation of his mind, the wisest and most learned of the modern Jews. He was dignified with the title

of High Rabbi, and also appointed judge in all causes among the Jews of Tuscany. In 1805 he came to England at the request of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews resident in London, who were glad to have among them so distinguished a pastor and so able a ruler. His sermons were admired by the people of his own persuasion, and those which he preached and published on the death of the princess Charlotte and of the late king, were approved even by Christian readers. His private virtues and integrity enhanced his public merit, and entitled him to general esteem.

Dr. Charles O'Connor.—Being an Irish catholic, and attached to historical pursuits, Dr. O'Connor made it the chief business of his life to illustrate both the ancient and modern history of his native country. In this task, he evinced both talent and learning. He found a liberal patron in the person of the duke of Buckingham, whose valuable collection of Irish manuscripts (which few other persons could understand) proved highly useful to him in his researches.—“He was (says a writer in the *Literary Gazette*) a man of a mild and almost timid disposition, liked by every one who knew him, and of extensive information, which, however, it was always necessary to draw out. His manners were a curious compound of Italian and Irish. Although a strict Roman-Catholic, he was extremely tolerant in all religious questions; and, in consequence of his letters under the signature of Columbanus (from which he obtained the *sobriquet* of Columbanus O'Connor), he drew on himself the censures of the papal see, and was suspended from his clerical functions. This circumstance preyed severely on his mind; but he at length succeeded in obtaining the removal of the censure.—In person he was short and slight, of a sallow complexion and prominent features. He was for many years daily to be seen between Stowe and Buckingham with his book and gold-headed cane, reading as he walked. Latterly, although not of a very advanced age, he became extremely infirm, lost his memory and nearly his sight, and was reduced to an alarming state of paralysis. It was necessary at last to have a person continually with him; and, when Stowe was shut up, during the absence of the duke of Buckingham, he removed

to Balanagar, his brother's seat in Ireland, where he died. He was of a convivial disposition, fond of good living and Port wine. Charet and fish he abhorred, and a fast-day to him was a day of real penance.”

Mr. Harry Stoe Van-Dyk.—He was born about the year 1798, not long after the arrival of his father (a Dutch ship-owner and captain) in England. He resided for some years at Demerara, where his family possessed a plantation; cultivated polite learning for a considerable time in Holland; and at length took up the pen at London, as a miscellaneous author. At an early age he was particularly fond of theatrical amusements, and frequently expressed a wish to tread the stage as a tragedian; but he was not sufficiently encouraged by his friends, or even by his own predilection, to offer himself as a performer. In 1822 he published *Theatrical Portraits* (reviewed by us at considerable length), by which he acquired the reputation of a pleasing poet. His *Gondola* more fully displayed his talents; many of his songs, written for the publishers of music were received with approbation; and his translated specimens of the Dutch poets, a work in which he co-operated with Mr. Bowring, procured him a gold medal and a complimentary letter from the king of the Netherlands. He was preparing some new poems for the press, when symptoms of a consumption appeared, which hurried him to the grave in the flower of his age. He was a good scholar, an intelligent man, and a very agreeable companion. It was said, at the time of his last illness, that, like too many of his literary brethren, he was in a state of comfortless poverty; but this does not appear to have been his fate, though he certainly was not rich.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Life and Opinions of John de Wycliffe, D.D., by Robert Vaughan.—The rise of such a man as Wycliffe in the reign of the third Edward, is a proof (among others which might be adduced) that the fourteenth century was by no means so dark a period as some of the preceding ages. That divine was a man of talent and wisdom. He observed with disgust the prevailing

corruptions of Christianity, and had the courage to attempt a reform; but he was no farther successful than in preparing the way for the efforts of Luther and his associates. If he had not been supported by some men of high rank and power, he would probably have severely suffered by the resentment of the clergy; they could not, indeed, put him to death, as no law was then in force for the capital punishment of heretics, that inhuman act of legislation being reserved for the reign of the usurper, Henry IV.—Mr. Vaughan's work reflects credit on his good sense and his spirit of antiquarian research. He has given a just view of the papal system, and of the gradual progress of protestant orthodoxy.

Evangelical Preaching (commonly so denominated) exposed in its Character, Errors, and Tendency; by the Rev. Richard Warner.—All Christian preaching ought to be *evangelical*, that is, drawn from the Gospel; but the misfortune is, that the Scriptures are not properly understood by all who pretend to explain them. Hence arises sectarian diversity. Neglecting the substance of our religion, some of the protestant sects bewilder themselves with strange doctrines, and broach opinions which are neither supported by authority nor founded on common sense; and their preachers impudently inveigh against the clergy of the establishment, who, they say, pervert true religion, and mislead their flocks; but these charges may fairly be retorted on the intemperate accusers. Mr. Warner opposes with spirit these assailants of the church, and thus characterises what they call *evangelical preaching*.—"It is altogether a system of public instruction without foundation in the Bible; without authority from the sound and long-acknowledged principles of the established church; without examples in the writings and discourses of our most esteemed and orthodox divines. Of its Calvinistic and Methodistical peculiarities, it may be fairly said, that, if they have any meaning at all, it is such an one as conveys false and perverse ideas of the Christian faith;—notions entirely at variance with the simplicity of the Gospel scheme of salvation, and subversive of the very corner-stone of moral righteousness. They may amuse the imaginations of those who listen to them, or perplex and perhaps distract

their minds; but they have no bearing upon man's present improvement or future well-being; for, however greedily imbibed, they cannot add a single particle to the recipient's piety or virtue here, nor produce any well-grounded hope of his happiness hereafter."

Marcella, or the Missionary abroad and at home, containing Sketches and Incidents from Life.—This is a religious novel, the production of a sectarian lady, whose chief object in composing it was to deter the female saints of her own persuasion from matrimonial connections with men less decidedly pious than themselves. Some parts of the work strongly recommend philanthropy and an activity in doing good; but that discouragement of innocent amusements and diversions,—that restriction of talent and mental culture, for which rigid Calvinists are notorious,—and an inculcation of their unfounded doctrine of partial redemption,—deform many of the lady's pages.

Our Village, by Mary Russell Mitford—the third Volume.—The best of the stories, scenes, and characters, which formed the earlier part of this work, originally appeared in our Magazine; but the present volume consists of novelties. As we might be suspected of partiality to our *quondam* correspondent, if we should give our opinion on this occasion, we shall quote the *critique* of a periodical writer (probably Mr. Campbell), who says, "The two preceding volumes of this series of sketches are familiar to the public, and there is no difference of style or composition in the present part to require an elaborate criticism. In this volume the authoress excites a lively interest in the reader, and produces a continued, pleasing, and even strong effect, with the most simple, and, in some cases, common-place materials. Her powers consist in a chaste colouring, and in the good-keeping of all the parts of the composition. Her simplicity may sometimes approximate to the jejune, and there is a want of deeper shades to create variety and excite emotion: but, notwithstanding these defects, the reader is charmed with the serenity, the cheerfulness, the sunshine of the mind. We can bestow upon this volume the praise awarded to our most celebrated novelist, that the scenes and characters, though perfectly natural, could never be found in existence, and

that, in laying down the work, the reader would wish and expect to find such characters and scenes in every county of England, until a dull and strict reflection upon sober realities should dissipate his delusion. We here find twenty-four sketches, of which those entitled Grace Neville, Jessie Lucas, Hay-carrying, the Chalk-Pit, and several others, are remarkably happy. We dwell upon these stories with pleasure, and recommend the volume to the public as a source of improvement and delight; for we are convinced that an inhabitant of any village or country-town, fraught with the amiable spirit which pervades these tales, would do infinitely more toward virtue and happiness than a legion of those ascetic intermeddlers among the poor, with whose proceedings the public are perpetually nauseated. We have not, in this volume, the terse, satirical moralisation of the inimitable Miss Edgeworth, nor the accurate minute details of Crabbe, nor the deep though somewhat garrulous pathos of Mrs. Opie; but, for the selection of incidents and circumstances, for sketches of persons and dispositions, and for antithetical descriptions of habits and manners, Miss Mitford's volume may bear any comparison."

A General Biographical Dictionary, by John Gorton.—This is a pleasing and useful work, the chief portion of which is devoted to lives which lay claim to distinction from the peculiar qualities of the individual, rather than for the accident of station. Thus more space is allowed for *minutiæ* respecting characters of first-rate importance. This dictionary, therefore, is peculiarly valuable as a work of reference for the general reader, information respecting prominent characters being more its object than an alphabetical list of individuals of various note and merit. Impartiality is another recommendation, and, as far as we have observed, this spirit is very creditably maintained throughout. In this respect it differs materially from some wretched compilations of biography which we have seen. Biographical dictionaries like the present, are a part of that systematised class of modern works well calculated to convey much information in little space, and prevent the needless consumption of that time which, in our day, is the most precious of commodities.

Trans-Rhenane Memoirs, by Mr. John Richard Best.—This gentleman is neither an enlightened observer nor a masterly writer; yet his Memoirs are amusing, as they combine a variety of information with occasional displays of sentiment and of a taste for the fine arts. His turn for humor appears in the following passages.—"Oh! that I could obtain one hour's quiet sleep! How little, when sleeping comfortably in our beds, do we appreciate the repose we enjoy! My coat is damp with dew; I have passed a restless night. The sun is about to rise; the birds are already singing amidst the trees.—Poor fools, not to sleep longer, now that you have it in your power, now that you are shaded by your own native woods, now that you are not encaged on—a jolting coach."

"Readers, have you ever known the inconvenience of having bed-clothing too narrow to be *tucked under*, or, at least, to fall down and cover the edges of the mattresses? Unless you can resign yourselves to such beds, beware of visiting Germany. Oh, ye good housewives of England! what would ye say, were ye to behold these bedsteads, three feet and a half broad, on the mattresses of which lies one sheet of the usual breadth, while the only *covering* prepared for the astonished traveller consists in what the French call a *piqué*,—a quilt lined with wool, enclosed in a movable bag, like a pillow-case, and which, being scarcely ever so long as the bed, leaves an opening at the bottom for the feet to protrude beyond; this the Germans think conducive to health: moreover, its breadth being exactly the same as that of the upper mattress, it is unavoidably shaken off by him who has not practised in his bed the stillness that awaits him in the grave! Such is the covering used in Germany during the summer: in the winter it is exchanged for a sheet and for the feather-bed, which, from the smallness of its dimensions, is equally ill calculated to afford warmth to him who tosses himself beneath it, wishing that he had the power of drawing in his legs, and, in some measure, jumping down his own throat."

"It is related, that an Irish traveller in Germany, on finding a feather-bed laid over him, took it into his head, that the people slept in *strata*, one upon the

other, and said to the attendant, 'Will you be good enough to tell the gentleman or lady that is to lie upon me, to make haste, as I want to go to sleep.'

To these facetious remarks, the following instance of bitter malignity affords an unpleasant contrast.—"The *façade* of the Protestant cathedral is of a fine Gothic architecture. I wished to see the interior of the church, and walked round to all its doors; I found them all shut. The rain was falling in torrents, and I hope I may be excused if the exclamation, 'D—n these Protestants!' did chance to escape from my disappointed lips. But I do assure the Protestant reader that it was uttered without any feeling of ill-will; that it broke forth in a moment of unthinking peevishness; for reflection would soon have told me that *my* curses were *superfluous*."

Whatever may be his feeling or sentiment in ordinary cases, this passage demonstrates his baseness in a religious point of view; and we take this opportunity of informing the reader, that Mr. Best, although he was formerly a Protestant, is now a Romanist.

Travels in Russia, by Mr. William Rae Wilson,—2 vols.—Mr. Wilson, without being so severe in his reflections on the Russians and their government as Dr. Clarke was, is evidently no friend to that nation. He was not so ill-treated as their visitor, Mr. Holman, who, though totally *blind*, was suspected of being a *spy* upon the nakedness of their land; yet he was occasionally harassed and molested. Even the French police, under the sway of Napoleon, was not an engine of more vexatious tyranny than that of Russia.

The statistic accounts in these volumes are curious and interesting; but the author's remarks on men, manners, and customs, are not remarkable for acuteness or precision. All books of travels, however, are entertaining, and all make some addition to our stock of multifarious intelligence.

Solitary Walks through many Lands, by Derwent Conway,—2 vols.—This writer ought now to disclose his real name, as he has acquired some reputation in his imaginary character. He is a man of talent and observation, and writes with apparent ease and frequently with animation, but sinks at times into frivolity and *nivaisic*. We do not know whether all these *walks* were

really undertaken: some perhaps may have been fabricated for amusement, as we have no absolute proof to the contrary; but we are willing to believe that they are genuine. The notices respecting Denmark seem to be the most uninteresting in the whole work; but other parts make amends for that deficiency. The sketches of the Netherlands would be more tolerable than they are, if the writer had not dwelt on the grossness of *eating*. He passes from the discussion of phrenology to a *hot supper*, and reveals the next day in all the luxuries of a baronial table.

Epistles to a Friend in Town, by Mr. Chandos Leigh.—Three interesting epistles appeared some years ago in the name of this gentleman, who has now added a fourth, superior in merit to the former compositions. In this poem, the topics discussed are, the pleasures of retirement, the errors of the imagination, the sordid fascinations of the Opera *danscuses*, the insolence of wealth, the silliness of mere collectors of books and pictures, the ostentation of charity, the mistakes made by many in the pursuit of fame, the nature of political ambition (true and false), the claims of genius, and the true use of philosophy. These subjects are treated with much spirit, and are illustrated by veiled allusions to several characters of the day.

The Boy's Own Book.—This is a summary of all the "diversions, athletic, scientific, and recreative, of boyhood and youth." Many parts of this publication are both amusing and instructive; but there are some portions which a prudent teacher, we think, would have been disposed to omit. We here more particularly allude to those amusements which are classed under the head conjuror,—namely, feats of legerdmain, tricks with cards, and artificial fire-works; and, with regard to fencing, there was no occasion for the compiler to revive that mischievous art, merely because he thinks that it affords "capital exercise and elegant amusement, and imparts an easy deportment and graceful action, as well as an extraordinary acuteness of eye and agility of body." Swimming is an useful art; but, as it can be taught better without than with a book, there was no necessity for dwelling upon it in this volume. The instructions for angling, we may also observe, are minutely curious; but some of the directions commend wanton cruelty.

The Juvenile Forget-me-Not.—This is a very suitable "New-Year's Gift" for young persons. It is edited by Mrs. Hall, who has adorned it with some of her own compositions,—the Star, the young Rebel, and the Savoyards. All these effusions are creditable to her talents, and indicative of good feelings; and they appear to be the best prose pieces in the volume, except the two dog-stories by Mrs. Opie and Miss Mit-

ford, and Mrs. Hoffman's Rich Boys and Poor Ones. Some of the poems are pretty, while others are trifling. The frontispiece is a good portrait of the princess Victoria, engraven from a bust possessed by his majesty. Other striking embellishments are the Pet Lamb from Murillo, and the young Rebel.

We shall only extract Kennedy's address to the king's little niece.

" Princess! it were an easy matter
Speeches to make more fine than true;
But those who love thee will not flatter;
A thing no honest heart can do.

The blood, in thy young veins, is royal;
Thy destiny points to a throne;
Yet one who would not prove disloyal
Forgets all—save thyself alone—

Thyself—who's spite of rank, or feature,
Or mental wealth, alas! must share
The common ills which ev'ry creature,
However bless'd, is doom'd to bear.

Princess! the weal or woe of many
May by Heaven's will depend on thee;
It then befits thee more than any,
To be from vain illusion free.

If youthful thoughts, at random straying,
Should paint the splendor of a crown,
Think of the iron cares still weighing
The weary head that wears it down.

On hist'ry's page thou may'st discover
A lesson for rebellious pride;
How kings and queens, a few years over,
Have all, without exception, died!

'Twill tell thee of a cruel Mary,
A good queen Bess, triumphant Anne.
And more, whose reputations vary,
As good or ill they dealt to man.

The sovereign who would live for ever,
Enthron'd in an eternal sphere,
Must counsel ask of God, and never
Reject his laws while ruling here.

No brow majestic beams so brightly
As that where placid wisdom dwells;
No breast imperial beats so lightly
As that where tender Mercy swells.

VICTORIA!—as a happy omen
We hail a name to mortals dear;
But we pronounce it not in common
With lips soft Pity shrieks to hear!

With lips rejoicing in the slaughter
 We breathe it not, but join with those
 Who hope to see thee, Brunswick's daughter,
 Victorious o'er a people's woes."

RIENZI, a Tragedy.

HAVING noticed the representation of this tragedy, which still continues to attract the amateurs of theatrical amusements, we proceed to consider it as the subject of private perusal. Plays in general please much more when acted than when read; and, when we advert to the striking situations in *Rienzi*, and the excellent acting of the chief performers, we may fairly conclude that the remark is in a great degree applicable to the present piece. Yet we must allow that it is calculated to please in the closet, because it interests the feelings, and excites the varied emotions of pity and terror. Miss Mitford is, perhaps, unqualified to grasp, with a masculine hand, the lofty features of political hi-

story; but she is acquainted with the general workings of the human heart, and can portray with delicacy, if she cannot always express, with due energy, the feelings of her characters. Her diction is easy and natural, generally free from metaphorical affectation and the confusion of imagery; but we ought to add, that her hero, though the son of a washerwoman, ought not to have been made to speak, like a modern laundress, in a familiar and slovenly manner.

There is nothing remarkable in the first act; but, in the second, the character of the hero is developed, and it appears that "the fool is grown wise." Lady Colonna desires that he may be watched, saying,

"He hath o'erleap'd the barrier, poverty;
 Hath conquer'd his mean parentage; hath clomb
 To decent station, to high letter'd fame,—
 The pontiff's notary, the honor'd friend
 Of Petrarch."

He soon takes advantage of the dissensions in the state, and rouses the citizens of Rome to arms in an animated speech. The people shout, and a bell "proclaims the glorious tale of Rome re-born and freedom."—"See (says *Rienzi* in the style of Wordsworth), the clouds

"Are swept away, and the moon's boat of light
 Sails in the clear blue sky, and million stars
 Look out on us, and smile."

The third act brings forward *Rienzi* as the master of Rome, sitting as a judge in the Capitol. He condemns Ursini to death for opposing him, and, when mercy is solicited, he says,

— "Lords,
 If ye could range before me all the peers,
 Prelates, and potentates of Christendom,—
 The holy pontiff kneeling at my knee,
 And emperors crouching at my feet, to sue
 For this great robber, still I should be blind
 As justice. But this very day a wife,
 One infant hanging at her breast, and two,
 Scarce bigger, first-born twins of misery,
 Clinging to the poor rags, that scarcely hid
 Her squalid form, grasp'd at my bridle-rein
 To beg her husband's life; condemn'd to die
 For some vile petty theft, some paltry scudi;
 And, whilst the fiery war-horse chased and rear'd,
 Shaking his crest, and plunging to get free,

There, 'midst the dang'rous coil, unmoved, she stood,
 Pleading, in piercing words, the very cry
 Of nature ! And, when I at last said No—
 For I said No to her—she flung herself
 And those poor innocent babes between the stones
 And my hot Arab's hoofs. We saved them all,—
 Thank Heaven, we saved them all !—but I said No
 To that sad woman, 'midst her shrieks. Ye dare not
 Ask me for mercy now."

He endeavours to sanction his power by religious ceremonies, but cannot fully subject the nobles to his sway. After his inauguration, he meets his son-in-law Angelo, and says,

"Methinks this high solemnity might well
 Have claim'd thy presence. A great ruler's heir
 Should be familiar in the people's eyes ;
 Live on their tongues ; take root within their hearts ;
 Win woman's smiles by honest courtesy,
 And force man's tardier praise by bold desert :
 So, when the chief shall die, the gen'ral love
 May hail his successor. But thou, where wast thou ?
 If with thy bride—"

Ang. I have not seen her.—Tribune,—
 Thou wav'st away the word with such a scorn
 As I pour'd poison in thine ear.—Already
 Dost weary of the title ?

Ri. Wherefore should I ?

Ang. Thou art ambitious.

Ri. Granted.

Ang. And would'st be
 A king.

Ri. There thou mistak'st.—A king ! fair son !
 Pow'r dwelleth not in sound, and fame hath garlands
 Brighter than diadems. I might have been
 Anointed, sceptred, crown'd, have cast a blaze
 Of glory round the old imperial wreath,
 The laurel of the Cæsars ; but I chose
 To master kings, not to be one ; to direct
 The royal puppets as my sovereign will,
 And Rome, my Rome, decree.—Tribune ! the Gracchi
 Were call'd so.—Tribune ! I will make that name
 A word of fear to kings.

Ang. Rienzi ! Tribune !
 Hast thou forgotten, on this very spot,
 How thou didst shake the slumb'ring soul of Rome
 With the brave sound of freedom, till she rose,
 And from her giant limbs the shackles dropp'd,
 Burst by one mighty throe ? Hadst thou died then,
 Hist'ry had crown'd thee with a glorious title—
 Deliv'rer of thy country.

Ri. Well !

Ang. Alas ! when now thou fall'st, as fall thou must, 'twill be
 The common tale of low ambition ; tyrants
 O'erthrown to form a wilder tyranny ;
 Princes cast down, that thy obscurer house
 May rise on nobler ruins.

Ri. Hast thou ended ?

I fain would have mistaken thee—hast done ?

Ang. No ; for, despite thy smother'd wrath, the voice
 Of warning truth shall reach thee. Thou to-day
 Hast, by thy frantic sacrilego, drawn on thee
 The thunders of the church, the mortal feud
 Of either emp'ror. Here, at home, the barons
 Hate, and the people shun thee. Seest thou not,
 Even in this noon of pride, thy waning power

Fade, flicker, and wax dim. Thou art as one
Perch'd on some lofty steeple's dizzy height,
Dazzled by the sun, inebriate by long draughts
Of thinner air ; too giddy to look down
Where all his safety lies ; too proud to dare
The long descent to the low depths from whence
The desp'rate climber rose.

Ri. Ay, there's the sting,—
That I, an insect of to-day, outsoar
The rev'rend worm, nobility ! Would'st shame me
With my poor parentage !—Sir, I'm the son
Of him who kept a sordid hostelry
In the Jews' quarter ; my good mother cleans'd
Linen for honest hire. Canst thou say worse ?

Ang. Can worse be said ?

Ri. Add, that my boasted schoolcraft
Was gain'd from such base toil, gain'd with such pain,
That the nice nurture of the mind was oft
Stolen at the body's cost. I have gone dinnerless
And supperless, the scoff of our poor street
For tatter'd vestments and lean hungry looks,
To pay the pedagogue.—Add what thou wilt
Of injury. Say that, grown into man,
I've known the pittance of the hospital,
And, more degrading still, the patronage
Of the Colonna. Of the tallest trees
The roots delve deepest. Yes, I've trod thy halls,
Scorn'd and derided 'midst their ribald crew,
A licens'd jester, save the cap and bells :
I have borne this—and I have borne the death,
The unavenged death, of a dear brother.
I seem'd I was a base ignoble slave.
What am I ?—Peace, I say !—what am I now ?
Head of this great republic, chief of Rome ;
In all but name, her sovereign ; last of all,
Thy father.

Ang. In an evil hour——

Ri. Dar'st thou
Say that ? An evil hour for thee, my Claudia !
Thou should'st have been an emp'r's bride, my fairest.
In evil hour thy woman's heart was caught,
“ By the form moulded as an antique god ; ”
The gallant bearing, the feign'd tale of love—
All false, all outward, simulated all.

Ang. But that I loved her, but that I do love her,
With a deep tenderness, softer and fonder
Than thy ambition-harden'd heart e'er dream'd of,
My sword should answer thee.

Ri. Go to, lord Angelo ;
Thou lov'st her not.—Men taunt not, nor defy
The dear one's kindred. A bright atmosphere
Of sunlight and of beauty breathes around
The bosom's idol.—I have lov'd—she loves thee ;
And therefore thy proud father—even the shrew,
Thy railing mother,—in her eyts, are sacred.
Lay not thy hand upon thy sword, fair son ;
Keep that brave for thy comrades. I'll not fight thee.
Go and give thanks to yonder simple bride,
That her plebeian father mews not up,
Safe in the citadel, her noble husband.
Thou art dangerous, Colonna. But, for her,
Beware !

[*Going.*]

Ang. Come back, Rienzi ! Thus I throw
A brave defiance in thy teeth. [Throws down his glove.]

Ri. Once more,

Beware !

Ang. Take up the glove !

Ri. This time for her— [Takes up the glove.
For her dear sake—come to thy bride! home! home!

Ang. Dost fear me, tribune of the people!

Ri. Fear!

Do I fear thee!—Tempt me no more.—This once,
Home to thy bride!

Ang. Now, Ursini, I come,
Fit partner of thy vengeance."

When discontent rages, for which sufficient grounds are not stated in the play, Rienzi's chief opponents are defeated by his superior power; yet even his friends admit that, "though a victor, the tribune totters." When he has condemned his son-in-law, who refuses an offered pardon, his daughter rushes into his presence, to know whether her husband has suffered.

Ri. As yet
He lives.

Cl. Oh! blessings on thy heart, dear father!
Blessings on thy kind heart! When shall I see him?
Is he in prison? Fear hath made me weak,
And wordless as a child. Oh! send for him.—
Thou hast pardon'd him;—didst thou not say but now
Thou hadst pardon'd him.

Ri. No.

Cl. Oh, thou hast! thou hast!
This is the dalliance thou wast wont to hold
When I have craved some girlish boon—a bird,
A flow'r, a moonlight walk; but now I ask thee
Life, more than life. Thou hast pardon'd him?

Ri. My Claudia!

Cl. Ay! I am thine own Claudia, whose first word
Was father! These are the same hands that clung
Around thy knees, a tottering babe; the lips
That, ere they had learn'd speech, would smile and seek
To meet thee with an infant's kiss,
Thou hast called so like my mother's; eyes, that never
Gazed on thee, but with looks of love.—Oh, pardon!
Nay, father, speak not yet: thy brows are knit
Into a sternness. Pr'ythee, speak not yet!

Ri. This traitor—

Cl. Call him as thou wilt, but pardon! Oh, pardon!

Ri. He defies me.

Cl. See, I kneel,

And he shall kneel, shall kiss thy feet; wilt pardon?

Ri. Mine own dear Claudia.

Cl. Pardon!

Ri. Raise thee up;

Rest on my bosom; let thy beating heart
Lie upon mine; so shall the mutual pang
Be still'd. Oh! that thy father's soul could bear
This grief for thee, my sweet one! 'Oh, forgive—

Cl. Forgive thee what? 'Tis so the headsman speaks
To his poor victim, ere he strikes. Do fathers
Make widows of their children?—send them down
To the cold grave heart-broken? Tell me not
Of fathers,—I have none! All else that breathe
Have known that natural love; the wolf is kind
To her vile cubs; the little wren hath care
For each small youngling of her brood; and thou—
The word that widow'd, orphan'd me? Henceforth
My home shall be his grave; and yet thou canst not—
Father! [Rushing into Rienzi's arms.]

Ri. Ay!

Dost call me father once again, my Claudia,
Mine own sweet child?

Cl. Oh, father, pardon him!

Oh, pardon ! pardon !—"Tis my life I ask
In his. Our lives, dear father !

Ri.—Ho, Camillo !

Where loiters he ?

Camillo, take my ring ;

Fly to the captain of the guard, Alberti ;

Bid him release lord Angelo.

Cl. Now bless thee,—

Bless thee, my father !

Ri. Fly, Camillo, fly !

Why loit'rest thou ?

Cam. The ring.

[*Rienzi gives the ring to Camillo, who departs.*]

Cl. Give me the ring.

Whose speed may match with mine ? Let me be first
To speak those gracious words of pardon.

Ri. No !

That were no place for thee.

Cl. I should see nought

But him, whilst old Camillo—Oh, I hear

His weary footfall still !—I should have been

In Angelo's arms ere now [*Bell sounds.*]

Hark ! hark ! the bell !

Ri. It is the bell that thou so oft hast heard

Summoning the band of liberty—the bell

That peal'd its loud triumphant note, and paus'd

Its mighty voice with such a mastery

Of glorious power, as if the spirit of sound,

That dwells in the viewless wind, and walks the waves

Of the chafed sea, and rules the thunder-cloud

That shrouded him in that small orb, to spread

Tidings of freedom to the nations. Now

It tells of present peril.

Cl. Say, of death.

Oh father ! ev'ry stroke thrills through my veins,

Swaying the inmost pulses of my heart,

As swings the deep vibration. 'Tis his knell.

Ri. My child,

Have I not said that he shall live ?

Cl. Then stop

That bell. The dismal noise beats on me, father,

As from a thousand echoes ; mix'd with groans,

And shrieks, and moanings in the air. Dost hear them ?

Dost hear again ? Be those screams real, father,

Or of the gibb'ring concerts that salute

The newly mad ?

Ri. Be calmer, sweet. I heard

A shriek—a woman's shriek. Calm thee, my child.

LADY COLONNA enters.

Lady C. He's dead. He's dead.

Ri. It is her husband, Claudia ;

Stephen Colonna.

Lady C. Murd'rer, 'tis my son :

[*Claudia sinks at her father's feet.*]

My husband died in honor'd fight ; for him

I weep not.

Ri. Angelo is pardon'd, Claudia.

Lady C. He is dead. I saw the axe, fearfully bright,

Wave o'er his neck with an edgy shine that cut

My burning eye-balls ; saw the butcher-stroke

And the hot blood gush like a fountain high

From out the veins ; and then I heard a voice

Cry pardon ! heard a shout that chorus'd pardon !

Horrible mockery ! So the fiends shall chant

Round thy tormented soul, and pardon, pardon,

Ring through the depths of hell.

Ri. Claudia, my sweet one,
Look up—speak to me! Writhe not thus, my Claudia,
Shiv'ring about my feet.

Lady C. Claudia Colonna!
They say that grief is proud; but I will own thee.
Now, my fair daughter, rouse thee!—Help me curse
Him who hath slain thy husband.

Ri. Woman, fiend,
Thou kill'st my child,—avaunt!

Lady C. When I have said
Mine errand. Think'st thou I came here to crush
Yon feeble worm?—Thou hast done that! She loved him,
Fair faithful wretch, and thou—Why, I could laugh
At such a vengeance! Thy keen axe, that hew'd
My column to the earth, struck down the weed
That crept around its base.

Ri. Claudia! she moves!
She is not dead.

Lady C. Dead! Why, the dead are bless'd,
And she is blasted.—Dead! the dead lie down
In peace, and she shall pine a living ghost
About thee with pale looks and patient love
And bitter gusts of anguish, that shall cross
The gentle spirit, when poor Angelo—
A widow's and a childless mother's curse
Rest on thy head, Rienzi! Live, till Rome
Hurl thee from thy proud seat; live but to prove
The ecstasy of scorn, the fierce contempt,
That wait the tyrant fallen; then die, borne down
By mighty justice!—die as a wild beast
Before the hunters!—die, and leave a name
Portentous, bloody, brief—-a meteor name
Obscurely bad, or madly bright! My curse
Rest on thy head, Rienzi!"

The last scene is wantonly terrific and murderous; but, as it is less horrible in the perusal than in the representation, we shall extract it.

"*Ri.* Who calls upon Rienzi? Citizens,
What seek ye of your tribune?"

Lady C. Give me back
My son.

Ri. Oh, that grim Death would give him back
To Claudia! But the cold, cold grave—why come ye?

Second Cit. For vengeance, perjured tyrant! for thy blood, for liberty!

Ri. For liberty? Go seek
Earth's loftiest heights, and ocean's deepest caves;
Go where the sea-snake and the eagle dwell,
'Midst mighty elements,—where nature is,
And man is not, and ye may see afar,
Impalpable as a rainbow on the clouds,
The glorious vision! Liberty! I dream'd
Of such a goddess once; dream'd that yon slaves
Were Romans, such as ruled the world, and I
Their tribune;—vain and idle dreams! Take back
The symbol and the power. What seek ye more?

First Cit. Tyrant! thy life!
Ri. Come on. Why pause ye, cowards?
I am unarm'd. My breast is bare. Why pause ye?

Claudia enters and rushes forward to Rienzi.

Cl. Father!

Sav. Oh, save her!

Ri. Drag her from my neck,
If ye be men! Save her! She never harm'd
A worm. My Claudia, bless thee! bless thee! Now—now!—

Rienzi falls, pierced by many spears, and the people disperse, leaving Claudia stretched on her father's body.

Sav. Ay, that thrust pierced to the heart; he dies
Even whilst I speak.

Cl. Father!

Lady C. Alas! poor child!

Sav. She bleeds, I fear, to death. Go bear her in,
And treat the corse with reverence; for surely,
Though stain'd with much ambition, he was one
Of the earth's great spirits."

Miscellaneous Varieties.

A Dreadful Alarm.—How blind are the people of this, and indeed of every other country! We are not aware of the dangers which hang over us. We know that our clergy, at least the zealots and methodists of the clerical order (for such men have crept into our sober and regular establishment), frequently pretend to prophesy the speedy end of the present world; but, as they are not authorised by the Scriptures to fix, with any thing like certainty, the term of our existence in our present state, we are not liable to blame for neglecting their warnings. In fact, they know no more in that respect than laymen do. But, when astronomers, who foresee the approaches of comets, tell us that our globe and all its inhabitants will certainly be destroyed by one of those fiery meteors, we have indisputably strong grounds of alarm. It is computed by Olbers, that a comet which either is or will soon be visible, will, in the course of 88,000 years, come as near to us as the moon; that in four millions of years it will pass at the distance of about 7700 geographical miles, when, if its attraction should equal that of the earth, the waters of the ocean will be elevated 13,000 feet, that is, above all the European mountains except Mont Blanc. The inhabitants of the Andes and the Himalaya mountains, therefore, would alone be able to escape such a deluge. After a lapse of 219 millions of years, according to the calculations of the same astronomer, a collision will take place between this comet and the earth, severe enough to shatter its external crust, alter the elements of its orbit, and annihilate the various species of animated beings dwelling on its surface.

When people are menaced with this eventual catastrophe, every one, we think, must be shocked; but we who now live are consoled by reflecting that

it will not occur in our time, even if each of us should very far exceed the longevity of Methuselah. An astronomical sage, named Milne, kindly favors us with another ground of consolation, by alleging that any slight attraction, which his learned brethren, in their calculations, may have chanced to overlook, must invalidate all their conclusions; but, in the same breath, he very inconsistently renews our apprehensions, by saying, that "perhaps some other comet, following an orbit to us unknown, may in the mean time come in contact with our globe, and produce the same terrible effects, long before the stated period of 219 millions of years."—What shall we do under this alarming denunciation of *cometic* hostility?—We can only say, for our own parts, that we shall continue to act both piously and morally, and shall patiently submit to what we cannot control,—the collision of the heavenly bodies, or the war of the elements.

A Meteoric Phenomenon.—On the 29th of September last, in the evening, a remarkable appearance was witnessed, resembling an Aurora Borealis. Some observers called it a lunar rainbow; but this was an incorrect description, as the moon was below the horizon. Others thought that it was the tail of a comet;—at any rate, it was a luminous vapor of uncommon (but colorless) brilliancy, a vast arch of silvery light, which diffused its radiance for almost an hour. It is supposed to have arisen from the magnetism of the earth;—whatever it might have been, however, there is no reason to suppose that it breathed pestilence or war, or threatened any injurious effects.

Singular Recommendation of a cold Climate.—Shaw, the historian of Moray, says, "If the cold is more intense in the mountains, it is an advantage to the inhabitants: for, by contracting the

pores of the body, the vital heat is kept from dissipating, and is repelled toward the inner parts, keeping up a necessary warmth in the whole body."—Hence it would follow, that, the colder the climate might be, the warmer would be the inhabitants, and the warmer the climate the colder the inhabitants. This doctrine is apparently more fanciful than just.

Metaphysical Philosophy.—A journalist asks, "Are the Scotch metaphysicians worth reading?"—We say in answer, that their works are worth a *partial* reading, but not a *perusal*. They call our attention to the nature of the human mind; and there is no harm in amusing ourselves with such inquiries, ever if they do not lead to full conviction. The same writer pretends to vindicate bishop Berkeley against the animadversions of the northern reasoners; but, as he proceeds, he seems to lose himself in the maze of metaphysics. He argues, indeed, not merely without *knowledge* (for who can *know* any thing accurately on this subject?) but without consistency. After objecting to the prelate's principles, he says, "So far as they go, they appear entirely unassailable:—my complaint is, that they do not go farther."—Yet one would think that they had been carried too far, when (by the admission of this sapient critic) the good bishop was too eagerly occupied in running up his system to its highest results, to care properly for laying his foundation wide and deep enough. In his haste to infer, from the sensible scheme of the universe, the all-pervading spirit of its Author, he leaves almost entirely out of consideration that *reason* which exalts man to the conception of either. The only faculties laid down by him with any regularity, as principles of human knowledge, are those which are shared equally by men and by brutes! Brutes possess, as fully as men, all that Berkeley understands by *ideas*; and, if the ideas of brutes extend not from the finite to the infinite, it must be from the want of some distinct class of perceptions, underived through the senses, and which enable us to distinguish between sensual and spiritual existences—between worship and idolatry, justice and a judge's wig, *gratitude* and *roast-beef*."

In fact, Berkeley was a man of learning and worth; but he was not an or-

thodox philosopher; and even persons of ordinary intellect were more sensible than he was of the distinction between body and soul.

The Philosophy of History.—History ought not to be written as it was by some of the monks in the dark ages, who stated facts without comments, and without exhibiting a proper knowledge of human nature or of public life. The historian ought to rise above the annalist to infuse just ideas into the minds of his readers, and enlighten their minds on every topic connected with policy or with social life.—"Who (says Dr. Channing) are the persons that fill the page of history?—Political and military leaders, who have lived for one end, to subdue and govern their fellow-beings. These occupy the foreground; and the people, the human race, dwindle into insignificance, and are almost lost behind their masters. The proper and noblest object of history is, to record the vicissitudes of society, its spirit in different ages, the causes which have determined its progress and decline, and especially the manifestation and growth of its highest attributes and interests, of intelligence, of the religious principle, of moral sentiment, of the elegant and useful arts, of the triumphs of man over nature and himself. Instead of this, we have records of men in power, often weak, oftener wicked, who did little or nothing for the advancement of their age, who were in no sense its representatives, whom the accident of birth perhaps raised to influence. We have the quarrels of courtiers, the intrigues of cabinets, sieges and battles, royal births and deaths, and the secrets of a palace, that sink of lewdness and corruption. These are the staples of history. The inventions of printing, of gunpowder, and the mariner's compass, were too mean affairs for history to trace. She was bowing before kings and warriors. She had volumes for the plots and quarrels of Leicester and Essex in the reign of Elizabeth, but not a page for Shakespeare; and if Bacon had not filled an office, she would hardly have recorded his name, in her anxiety to preserve the deeds and sayings of that Solomon of his age, James I."

Progress of Literature in America.—As newspapers evidently contribute to this progress, we may expect that the barbarians of North-America will gra-

dually shake off their ignorance and illiteracy. An example worthy of being followed has been given by the Cherokees, who have established a newspaper called the *Phoenix*, printed partly in their own language and partly in English. The territory which they occupy contains about 1,400 square miles, and comprises the north-west angle of Georgia, the north-east of the state of Alabama, and the south-east of that of Tennessee. The population amounts to 15,060 individuals, of whom 13,563 are natives, 147 white men, 73 white females, and 1,277 slaves. New Echota is the name of their principal town.—Hemmed in by the white population, and unable to subsist longer by the chase, or by fishing, they have been forced to have recourse to agriculture and the mechanic arts, in which, within the last twenty years, they have made great advances. They inhabit commodious houses, united into villages, and many now possess farms of thirty or forty acres, highly cultivated. Many of them have been converted to Christianity, and schools have been founded in various parts of their territory.

↳ *Tardy Progress of a celebrated Association.*—We did not expect much from the Royal Society of Literature;—and it has done even less than we expected. We are informed by one of the members, that nine *valuable* papers have been communicated within one year. In the first, the Rev. Mr. Edward Davies inquires into the authenticity of a Welsh chronicle, and denies that it is the work of an ancient Briton: indeed, it appears to be a mere forgery, and the subject was not worth discussing, because no judicious antiquary believed it to be genuine.—The second paper treats of the resemblance between the Anglo-Saxon and Persian languages: but this was discovered long before Mr. Sharon Turner traced the analogy. Both those languages are of Gothic origin.—The third communication relates to early poetry: but it throws no light upon the subject.—In the fourth, Mr. Malthus investigates the true meaning of the common expression—the *value* of a commodity,—which every tradesman understands as well as he does.—The fifth is an ineffective dissertation on the reasons of the absence of hieroglyphics from the walls of the Pyramids.—In the sixth, Mr. Davies contends that the book of Job is not a parable but an authentic

narrative, and pretends to settle the time in which that patriarch's patience was so severely tried.—Of the three other papers, only one deserves mention; and that is, the history of the Bithynian capital by Sir William Ouseley.

Wonderful Discoveries and curious Intelligence.—Lieutenant-general Drom has favored the public with brilliant “Sketches of the State of the British Empire,” in which, among boastful remarks and pompous statements, we find the following intelligence.—“During the illustrious reigns of George the third and fourth, Britain has been alike distinguished in arts and arms.

“The naval forces of Britain have for ages acted with decisive success.

“The occurrences of the late war produced, in the persons of Nelson and Wellington, the greatest admiral and general whose achievements have ever adorned the page of history.

“In the field of arts, Arkwright and Watt, within the same period, have been eminently conspicuous.

“Agriculture has been enabled to provide food for the rapidly increasing population in the United Kingdom.

“In the course of the last forty years, under the wise and vigorous government of the directors of the India Company, subject to the control of a board of his majesty's ministers, a series of conquests have been achieved.

“In the eastern hemisphere, the grasp of British dominion includes not only several large and valuable islands, from the Cape of Good Hope to the Strait of Malacca, but also the possession of the lately-occupied continent of Australasia.

“While Britain was believed to enjoy unprecedented prosperity, a commercial panic took place in London.

“Portugal has been for ages the attached ally of Britain.

“Waste lands, which have already been improved to a great extent, may, from the increasing influx of wealth, or the farther skill acquired by our husbandmen, be still continued in tillage.

“The different departments of productive labour require the constant aid of each other in maintaining the prosperity of the empire.

“The suspension bridge over the Menai, and several lines of road, have been executed under the direction of Mr. Telford, an engineer of distinguished talents.

“In January, 1783, when prince Wil-

liam Henry, since duke of Clarence, visited Jamaica, an event most gratifying to the inhabitants, his royal highness saw, and was pleased to admire, its plentiful and prosperous state.

"Agriculture may be considered to be the nursery of the army, as commerce is that of the navy; and both descriptions of force, to a large amount, have been found to be requisite in maintaining the dominion of Britain.

"The potato, which formerly was seldom raised unless in gardens, or by the spade, has been increasing with great rapidity under the operations of the plough.

"The corn bill of last year, which may be said to have been rather deferred than rejected, is now greatly improved.

"The trade in silk, from which great expectation has been entertained, appears to be highly deserving of the farther attention of government. That manufacture cannot, however, be carried to so great an extent, nor can the article be made into cloth with the same advantage as cotton, owing to the raw material not being produced in a state like wool, but in balls of thread spun by the worm."

The Ship-Wreck of M. de la Pérouse.

—The island near which this distinguished navigator was wrecked is called Manicolo, and belongs to the Solomon groupe in the South-Pacific. His two ships, approaching the south-west side in the night, were blown upon a reef. One was a wreck by day-light, and the whole crew perished. From the other, however, some of the sailors managed to effect a landing, when many of them were massacred as they gained the shore, the natives taking them for white spirits, with long noses (their cocked hats being considered a part of the face!) As soon as the unfortunate mariners were found to be human beings, those who had escaped death from the waves and the savages, were allowed to remain unmolested. A small vessel was built from the wrecks, and, as soon as it was ready, the survivors, with the exception of two, left Manicolo, and have never been heard of since. So late as six years ago the two Frenchmen were alive; but one joined a party of natives, who were defeated in a battle, and the other died at Manicolo about three years since. Captain Dillon, who made this discovery, secured several nautical instruments,

many silver spoons marked with the fleur-de-lis, a pair of gold buckles, some China ware, a dollar, a piece of the ornamental work of the stern of a ship with the arms of France, the silver handle of a sword-guard, which bears the cipher of the unfortunate count, &c.

Utility of Storms on some Occasions.

—Referring to epidemic diseases, Dr. Huxham remarks, that he often observed them abate greatly, both in their number and violence, after stormy and heavy rains, the contagious effluvia and morbid congestions of the atmosphere being thus dispersed. In this way, he continues, even tempests frequently prove salutary, stagnant air being, no less than stagnant water, liable to corruption, unless often put into motion. The salubrity occasioned by the agitation of the air, which is more general perhaps on the sea-coast, than in any other situation, was noticed with great interest by the ancients. Augustus Cæsar was so strongly impressed with its beneficial influence, that he built and dedicated a temple to Circius, a wind so powerful that it frequently blew down the houses of the people. The inhabitants of Gaul also, as Seneca informs us, gave public thanks to this tempestuous wind, in consideration of its clearing the atmosphere and rendering it healthful.

A miraculous Discovery.—It is said that M. Champollion the younger, having inspected a collection of ancient manuscripts in the possession of M. Sallier, an inhabitant of Aix, has discovered two rolls of papyrus, supposed to contain the history of the great Sesostris, written in the ninth year of that monarch's reign. It is added, that this remarkable document, which, after a lapse of more than three thousand years, has been discovered as by a miracle, may contain curious details, the interest of which will be readily imagined. A "third roll," says the same journalist, has also been found, treating either of astronomy or astrology, but probably of both these sciences combined. If we give credit to the discovery of the former literary treasure, we may easily admit the additional wonder; for *ce n'est que le premier pas qui compte*, as the wag said who was gravely informed that St. Denys, after being decapitated by the pagans, took up his head, began to walk with it, and even proceeded a mile, like a sound and perfect man.

Guesses at Truth, with Comments.—“Song (say the two guessing brothers) is the tone of emotion. Like poetry, the language of emotion, art should regulate, and perhaps modify it. But, whenever such a modification is introduced as destroys the predominance of the emotion—which yet happens on ninety-nine occasions out of a hundred, and with nine hundred and ninety-nine taught singers out of a thousand—the essence is sacrificed to what should be the accident; and we get notes indeed, but not singing. But, if song be the tone of emotion, what is beautiful singing? The balance of emotion, not the absence of it.”

The *tone of emotion*, we think, ought to depend on nature, rather than be regulated by art; and, for the *balance of emotion*, we should be inclined to substitute the *presence*.

“A rumpled rose-leaf lay in my path. There was one little stain on it; but it was still very sweet. Why was it to be trampled under foot, or looked on as food for swine?”

This seems to be an allusion to the degraded state of a frail fair one, although Otway, in a beautiful passage, says, that the cruel spoiler who crops the rose rifles all its sweetness.

“There is something very odd in the disposition of an Englishman’s senses. He sees with his fingers and hears with his toes. If you enter a gallery of pictures, you find all the spectators longing to become handlers: if you go to hear an overture of Mozart’s, your next neighbour keeps all the while kicking time, as if he could not kill it without.”

The fact is, that the senses of Englishmen are as well disposed as those of foreigners, though they are frequently expressed in a different way.

“A great man commonly disappoints those who visit him. They are on the look-out for his thundering and lightening, and he speaks about common things much like other people; sometimes he may even be seen laughing. He proportions his exertions to his excitements: having been accustomed to converse with deep and lofty thoughts, it is not to be expected that he will flare or sparkle in ordinary chit-chat. One sees no pebbles glittering at the bottom of the Atlantic.”

A critic approves the whole of this
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passage except the *simile*: but this appears to us to be aptly illustrative.

“Languages are the barometers of national thought and character; and Horne Tooke, in attempting to fix the quicksilver for his own metaphysical ends, acted much like a little playfellow of mine at the first school I was at, who screwed the master’s weather-glass up to fair, to make sure of a fine day for a holiday.”

The guessing gentlemen do not exactly comprehend the nature of Horne Tooke’s philological disquisitions. He neither altered our language nor encroached upon it; and, by adjusting its origin and nature, he did not prevent it from being still the barometer to which they allude.

“The far greater number of mankind spend their lives in making themselves miserable. Many are chiefly employed in rendering others miserable. Not a few, thank God! busy themselves a good deal about making others happy. The only rarities are the persons who make themselves happy. This is very odd; for every one says, nobody thinks of or cares about any one half so much as himself. What if that should be the very reason?”

There is a strange confusion in this paragraph; but the inference chiefly deducible from it, is the folly of mankind in not sufficiently attending to the pursuit of happiness.

In another passage, the two writers recommend (at least they do not censure) that selfishness which renders a person more willing to receive than to give, and thus they appear to transfer the *rarity* above-mentioned to those who endeavour to make *others* happy rather than *themselves*.—“It has often been asserted (they say) that to *give* is more delightful than to *receive*. I doubt it. Do you feel more pleasure in giving your dog a bone, or in his coming and licking your hand? Is not her child’s smile the mother’s ample and most precious reward? Much of the pleasure in the mere act of giving consists in the anticipation of a return, while every gift we receive is a token of love, the one thing for which the heart hungers insatiably; of man’s love, if it be the gift of man; of God’s love, if it be the gift of God. Surely the poet feels a far loftier and purer rapture at those thoughts which his genius

breathes into him, than at any thing which, his conscious understanding under the orders of his will can manufacture. No! said a man of understanding: it is impossible for you to derive pleasure from any thing except the consciousness of your own deserts, from being quite sure that what you have done is your own doing. Very well; then pray dismount and walk through that ditch, while my horse carries me over it. I shall not grudge you the satisfaction of having waded across the mire, even though you should enhance it and make the feat still more your own, by taking off your shoes and stockings, lest they should share in your merit. For my own part I always feel steadier and more comfortable when I am leaning on something stronger and mightier than myself."

A Sexual Dispute.—A young Frenchman and his intended bride appeared before a magistrate, to go through the formalities preparatory to their marriage. The girl, being desired to state her name and age, replied, "Louise Donat, aged 25." Reference was then made to the register of births, where was found the following entry:—"Louis Donat, a male child."—"The bride is a man!" cried the astonished mayor. "A man!" echoed those present. The bridegroom alone, though looking a little awkward, seemed not to partake in the general surprise, but, smiling significantly at Louise, said he was willing to run the chance. However, the mayor would not accept his proposition, declaring that the bride was a man in the eyes of the law until the contrary should be shown by judicial enquiry. Accordingly an enquiry was instituted, and the tribunal of Toulon gave its judgement in this case, pronouncing Louise Donat to be a woman. Such are the embarrassments that may flow from the mere omission of a final letter.

A Hindoo Artist.—A military officer at Madras had his portrait taken by a native. These artists draw every feature as accurately as it is generally done in Europe; but there is always a great want of expression in their performances. Their likenesses are not flattering, nor do they attempt to add to any beauty you possess, or smooth off any defect. The captain, seeing his likeness, and having no idea that he

was such a plain man as the native had drawn him, remonstrated warmly with the artist—"Why, hang it, Ram Samnee, you have drawn me very ugly."—The native was much annoyed at this observation. "What, Sir!" he indignantly replied, "master got too much ugly face, mouth go up above master's teeth; master got too much big nose. What, Sir! how I can draw master handsome? he too much ugly. Suppose I tell lie the pencil." This artist was overheard saying of this portrait, when looking at his different pictures, "Ah, that is d—d ugly fellow! Che! che! I never, so long I live, draw such d—d ugly face again," at the same time making grimaces indicative of great disgust.

Devoted Affection of a French Lady.—M. Huber, the naturalist, was the nephew and friend of Voltaire, and had been blind from the age of seventeen. At that time he fell in love with a rich young lady, who returned his affection; but their parents opposed their union, and they were separated. A few months afterwards, he was afflicted with *gutta serena*, which deprived him entirely of sight. Mademoiselle Jullin, on learning his misfortune, declared to her parents, that, although she would have readily submitted to their will, if the man of her choice could have lived comfortably without her, yet, as he now required the constant attendance of a person who loved him, nothing should prevent her from being united to him. Her parents persisted in refusing their consent, but she retained her determination; and, when she became of age, after refusing many brilliant offers, gave her hand to Huber, and the conduct of both lovers soon produced the pardon of their disobedience. She devoted her whole life to the happiness of her husband; and so perfect was her success, that M. Huber has been known to declare that a restoration to sight was no longer desirable. He had a great taste for natural history, and his wife read to him all the best works on the subject. He considered the existing knowledge of the natural history of bees imperfect, and resolved to improve it. He directed Madame Huber in a most careful examination of their habits, and from her observations his work was composed.

A fair Retort.—An Englishman and an Irishman were traveling in the mail-

coach to Portpatrick. The Englishman suspended his hat from the cords across the coach, put on a seal-skin cap, and began to search for a shawl with which he had provided himself for his neck; but, not being able to find it either in his pockets or the coach, he at last hinted that his companion knew something about it. Pat protested his innocence, and offered to stand search when they should reach the next stage. Accordingly, when they arrived at Newtown Stewart, the Irishman stepped into the bar, and was stating the case to the landlord, when he was followed by the Englishman, with his hat in one hand, and the missing shawl (which he had discovered deposited in its crown) in the other. He began to stammer out some awkward apology, and hoped no offence would be taken at what he had said.—Pat answered quite gaily. "Faith, as to that matter, you may keep your mind to yourself—we were both mistaken. You took me for a rogue, and I took you for a gentleman."

THE SPIRIT OF CONTRADICTION,
a matrimonial Story; from the *Friendship's Offering* for 1829.

CUTHBERT was devotedly attached to his young and lovely bride, and they were pronounced, by all who knew them, to be amongst the handsomest and the happiest of human beings. They were both distinguished for piety, talent, and a disposition of peculiar kindness. They were young and healthy; they possessed a competent fortune, and yet were not happy. They were both a little given to contradiction, and the inclination was soon provoked into a habit by reasons at once common and natural. Cuthbert, from his childhood, had been the companion and friend of a widowed mother, who lived quite secluded from society, and held some peculiar opinions, but who possessed, at the same time, a mind of great power. Her son had grown up under the influence of her sentiments, and, among them, had been led unconsciously to approve, if not adopt, her peculiarities.

Helen was one of a large family. Her parents were persons of exemplary character and conduct; but they had their peculiar opinions, also, on some subjects. Cuthbert and his bride were prepared to be perfectly happy in one another's so-

ciety. They knew not how much bitter experience they had to go through before they could learn the secret of being happy together. They soon discovered that, even while they held the same opinions on the grand questions of religion and morality, there was scarcely a trifling subject which did not prove the source of a dispute. Their domestic arrangements, their plans of every kind, their occupations—all were subjects for contradiction; and, when children were born to them, there came fresh sources of difference. Yet they loved each other; so they thought. But their constant habit of contradicting one another, on the merest trifle, had been followed by cold looks and hasty words; and we all know how soon coldness grows into unkindness, and hasty words to angry words. A peevish expression was beginning to fix itself about the once smiling lips of Helen, and a shade to gather over the clear brow of Cuthbert.

About this period a friendly widow paid them a visit of some months. She was nearly related to one of them, and was a great favorite with both. Soon after her arrival Cuthbert began to be very happy. He observed a change in his wife's manner, a gentle and affectionate yielding to his wishes, a discreteness in her replies, which made him confess to himself, that (dear as she had always been to him) she was now perfectly charming.

"What is it that has made me so happy lately?" said Cuthbert to his wife; "for what I feel now, discovers to me, that in times past we might have been happier. I will confess to you," he continued, "that I have been more sensible of the worth of my sweet wife since a conversation which I lately held with Mrs. Franklyn. She observed, dear Helen, my foolish pertinacity to my own opinions; and told me, what I was scarcely aware of, that I had acquired the habit of contradicting you on the slightest occasions, which answered too well to the fault which the word of God condemns in husbands, where it is said, 'Husbands, love your wives, and be not bitter against them.' I had some idea that you were also inclined to imitate me in this failing, till I found, that, on restraining and watching over every inclination of the sort in myself, our little differences ceased altogether. I now see who was really to blame; and I entreat you now to forgive me all the uneasiness

I have caused you. Do speak to me; my dear wife!" he continued, "and don't weep. Won't you speak, Helen? have you nothing to say to your ungracious husband?"—"O yes, yes;" she replied, drawing herself more closely within the arm that encircled her, and lifting her head from his shoulder that she might meet his full gaze: "It is not for me to be silent, dear husband! I have to ask pardon also, for I feel inclined to confess that the fault was all on my side. But I know better now. I have also had a conversation," she added very archly, "with Mrs. Franklyn."

I own, that this account of Cuthbert and his wife is rather common-place; but still I recommend it to married persons. If they heed me not, let them consider the true and beautiful words of Cowper:

"Alas! and is domestic strife,
 * That sorest ill of human life,
 A plague so little to be fear'd,
 As to be wantonly incurred,
 To gratify a fretful passion,
 On ev'ry trivial provocation?
 The kindest and the happiest pair
 Will find occasion to forbear,
 And something, ev'ry day they live,
 To pity, and perhaps forgive."

THE MANIAC,

with an elegant Engraving.

No human abilities can do justice to the magnitude of heavenly power, or the sublimity of the divine attributes and

perfections: yet a man of talent, enraptured by the subject, may soar beyond his ordinary capabilities, and treat such topics with impressive dignity. We admit that the subject has not always animated the writer. Sternhold and Hopkins, we all know, wretchedly mangled the Psalms of the royal minstrel, and Tate and Brady, though bards of a higher grade, did not shine in their attempts to illustrate and enforce those noble compositions. Mr. Robert Montgomery, however, has gone far beyond those versifiers, and has discussed the paramount power and "Omnipresence of the Deity" with an ability which has commanded the applause both of pious and of tasteful readers.

In the first part of his admired poem, a sketch of the creation is given, and the all-pervading presence of God is noticed; but the impossibility of perfectly tracing his influence is confessed by the bard, who says that "he can only select those scenes in which it is impressively demonstrated, such as the *thunder* or the *tempest*," although he maintains that the divine presence is also felt in the *repose* of nature.

In the second part, the presence of the Creator is considered in its influence upon human life. As God witnesses the occasional misfortunes of his creatures, so their crimes cannot escape his view. Various characters are introduced by the poet,—a street-wanderer, an exiled captive, a soldier and a sailor, a murderer, &c. Among these we find the maniac, whose case has been judiciously selected by our designer for illustration.

"Down yon romantic dale, where hamlets few
 Arrest the summer pilgrim's pensive view,
 The village wonder, and the widow's joy,
 Dwells the poor, mindless, pale-faced maniac boy.
 He lives and breathes, and rolls his vacant eye,
 To greet the glowing fancies of the sky;
 But on his cheek unmeaning shades of woe
 Reveal the wither'd thoughts that sleep below!
 A soul-less thing, a spirit of the woods.
 He loves to commune with the fields and floods:
 Sometimes, along the woodland's winding glade,
 He starts, and smiles upon his pallid shade,
 Or scolds with idiot threat the roaming wind,
 But rebel music to the ruin'd mind!
 Or on the shell-strown beach delighted strays,
 Playing his fingers in the noontide rays;
 And, when the sea-waves swell their hideous roar,
 He counts the billows plunging to the shore;
 And oft beneath the glimmer of the moon,
 He chants some wild and melancholy tune,
 Till o'er his soft'ning features seems to play
 A shadowy gleam of mind's reluctant sway."

Thus, like a living dream, apart from men,
 From morn to eve he haunts the wood and glen;
 But round him, near him, wheresoe'er he rove,
 A guardian angel tracks him from above!
 Nor harm from flood or fen shall e'er destroy
 'The mazy wand'rings of the maniac boy.'

A WIFE IN DANGER;

from the *Trials of Life*, by the Author
 of *De-Lisle*.

A HUSBAND, finding that his wife received splendid presents from an admirer, thought it would be unwise not to show her what dangerous ground she stood upon. She had been driving out one morning with a lady, and went to the dining-room immediately on her return home, intending to show her purchases to her husband. No husband, however, did she find—but what, for the moment, delighted her more—the table covered with jewels! The transported Alicia eagerly advanced.—“How beautiful!” she exclaimed aloud, as she tried the brilliants upon her arm and fingers, and alternately put down one ornament to admire another. “I did not see, even at court, such a diamond necklace as this!” she continued. “I wonder where they came from?” Suddenly she spied a beautiful box to hold *bonbons*, set in diamonds, and of a particularly beautiful shape. These *bonbonnières* were much the fashion at this time, and the duchess of D—— had displayed one at the Opera-house, which had been the envy and admiration of all present. To have a more elegant and precious box than her grace of D——; to set the fashion of that shape; to show her fair taper fingers to advantage, as she presented it to her neighbours—how many sources of delight to a fashionable *belle*! Instantly the ornaments were replaced and forgotten: nothing but this delightful box deserved a thought. She was so much engrossed by her admiration, that she saw not her husband until he stood before her.

“Oh, Mr. Clairville,” she cried, with childish joy, “see how magnificent, how lovely, all these things are! Do but look at this *bijou* of a box! Oh! I would not part with it for worlds! And this, too, is the Opera night, and I shall show it there! Is it not charn-

ing?”—“Which, my love?” replied Mr. Clairville, with a smile; “the diamonds or the Opera?”—“Oh, both, to be sure!” hastily answered his wife. “But you do not seem to admire them?”—“Indeed I do; but you know, I think nothing charming but you.”—“And was it to make me more so,” said Alicia, laughing, “that you sent for all these gay things?”—“I am not rich enough to display the contents of all the jewellers’ shops to you, and bid them court your acceptance,” said Mr. Clairville. “These came from one who has more of the power, though not more of the will, to please. The P—— sent them to you, and I spread them on the table to enjoy your first surprise.”—“How very good! how very magnificent!” replied the simple Alicia. “And may I choose what I like?”—“Without doubt,” said her husband. “They are all yours, if you like. But you forget the price.”—“You do not pay for a gift,” said Alicia, the calmness of her husband’s manner subduing her satisfaction.—“These diamonds, nevertheless, have a price,” he said, fixing his eyes steadily on his blooming wife; “I am the price.”

The glittering baubles fell from the hand of the appalled Alicia; mechanically, she retreated from the table, which now only inspired her with alarm and horror; she put her arms behind her, and continued to walk backwards, until she reached the extremity of the apartment in which she stood; then, leaning against the wall, she raised her eyes with an imploring expression to her husband’s face, as if she feared the very sight of these presents had sunk her in his esteem, although she had still but a confused idea of his meaning.

“How pale you are!—my beloved; how you tremble!” said her husband, tenderly supporting her. “You cannot fear an evil you need not bring upon yourself—an evil which, I know, you will not bring upon yourself or me. I did not shock you in this sudden way

because I doubted you, but because I thought it the simplest way of disclosing to you the P——'s views. Now, will you return the diamonds?"—"Oh, no!" exclaimed Alicia, "do *you* return them. It would make me ill to look at them again."—"You would regret parting with them?" he asked, with an indulgent smile.—"Do you think so meanly of me?" said his wife,—some of those half-smothered feelings Nature had given her flashing from her dark bright eyes. "I would not touch again those baneful gifts, for the wealth of fairy tales."—"Indignation is a new improvement to beauty," said Mr. Clairville; but my Alicia is becoming under every emotion!"

COURTSHIP OF A LITERARY LADY.

IT was in the year 1808 that the celebrated Madame de Stael saw, for the first time, M. Rocca, to whom she was subsequently married. M. Hottinger, a rich banker at Geneva, gave a splendid ball, to celebrate the marriage of a friend. M. Rocca, who had gone to Geneva (his native place) to see his family, went to the ball in a hussar's uniform. I was dancing with him (says the authoress of the *Memoirs of Josephine*) when Madame de Stael entered, followed, as usual, by a numerous train. She was richly, but not advantageously dressed. "Is that the woman so much talked of?" said M. Rocca to me; "she is very ugly, and I detest her anxiety for effect."—"She is so accustomed to homage (said I) that it does not prevent her from remaining kind and condescending."—"Oh! all that you can tell me (said he) about her good qualities will not persuade me that she is right in suffering herself to be attended by a whole brigade; and certainly I will never figure in the troop of slaves who follow her." Madame was struck with M. Rocca's fine countenance, which was rather improved than disfigured by a large scar. He was very young, and already decorated with the order of the legion of honor. These two proofs of brilliant courage naturally engaged the attention of a woman so passionately fond of glory. After some moments, however, finding that he did not approach her, she was offended, and observed, that he was indeed tolerable in his person, but

that his self-sufficient air displeased her exceedingly. Nevertheless, this indifference on his part, to which she was not at all accustomed from any one, was, perhaps, precisely the reason why she afterwards took so much trouble about a man, who became dear enough to her to induce her to change a name which she had rendered so illustrious. At length, he returned to Geneva, covered with wounds. His sufferings added to the interest which he excited; and he was happy enough to induce this extraordinary woman to accept the proofs which he gave of the passion he had conceived for her, and finally to marry him. He could not patiently survive the loss of her, but died a few months afterwards. His father was far from possessing similar sensibility. Having lost *his* wife, he, according to the custom at Geneva, attended the funeral to the cemetery, which is out of the town. Somebody, meeting him on his return from this painful ceremony, assumed a sorrowful countenance, and, in the tenderest manner possible, asked him how he did. "Oh!" answered the unfeeling man, "I am very well at present; this little walk has set me up; there is nothing like country air."

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR OCTOBER AND NOVEMBER.

October.—*The deplorable Fate of an admired Female.*—The attractions of beauty sometimes lead to ruin;—a truth which was lately exemplified in a very extraordinary manner. Mademoiselle Verrey, daughter of a Swiss confectioner in Regent-street, not only attracted genteel young men to her father's shop, but drew to the windows even the rabble, who, content with the ordinary charms of the fair, are not in the habit of admiring superior beauty. The continuance of this nuisance at length induced M. Verrey to apply to a magistrate, who sent constables to put a stop to the disturbance. The interference of the police, in this instance, increased the commotion, and a daring ruffian threw a stone, which, passing through the window, struck the unfortunate girl, and wounded her feelings still more than her person. She was consequently confined to her apartment, and her delicate frame sank under the shock. It is a pity that the wretch who committed the outrage

was not detected and severely punished.

November 3.—As we are all interested in the catholic question, it will be proper to take some notice of the public dinner given to Mr. Sheil at the London Tavern. Mr. William Smith, the Unitarian, presided on this occasion; but very few persons of known respectability attended the meeting, except Mr. Campbell and some other literary men. The chief amusement of the evening was a flaming speech from the Hibernian agitator, who substituted sophistry for argument, and idle rant for dignified eloquence. One specimen of his oratory will suffice.—“We are told that Englishmen are not to be bullied by Ireland. What! when the French are in possession of the Morea, and while the Russian eagle, perched on the towers of Varna, prepares its flight for the spires of Constantinople—is this the time to infuriate the passions of Ireland, and to drive seven millions of people mad? Oh! shame, shame! England has brooked insult upon insult. She has borne contumelies that are enough to stir the bones of Chatham in his grave; and with Russia mocking at her on one side, with France deriding and scoffing her on the other—with that regal varlet Don Miguel voiding his rheum in her face—her only consolation is to trample upon an unfortunate province. It is in this honorable occupation that her dignity, and her grandeur, and her glory, are to be made manifest: for all the provocation which she receives she retaliates in our oppression; and for every buffet given her by Europe on the cheek, she stamps upon Ireland’s neck. And we are told, forsooth, that seven millions of people are to be trodden to the earth, because certain demagogues make fierce and fiery speeches, and Englishmen are not to be bullied. Oh, no—they are a proud people. Proud! They are bullied by Russia, by France, and (*proh pudor!*) by Portugal; but they are not to be bullied by Ireland! Is not this the part of some domestic tyrant, who, after being insulted in the public way, and bearing every opprobrium like a base and worthless coward, returns to his house, and, in order to show his valor, beats some feeble and unoffending dependent, and plays the despot at home?”

Some may ask, “Is this the proper way to conciliate a spirited nation?” Certainly not; but the truth is, that the

catholics and their clamorous abettors hope to intimidate the ministry and the parliament into the grant of unmerited concessions.

The London University.—Although the buildings appropriated to this institution are not entirely completed, the names of a considerable number of pupils are enrolled, and the lectures have commenced under favorable auspices.—The first session was opened with a lecture on physiology, delivered by Mr. Charles Bell. He spoke generally of the eventual advantages of the institution, and more particularly of the intended communication of medical and chirurgical knowledge in a less desultory and more regular mode than at any other university. Taking an opportunity of alluding to the King’s College, he congratulated his auditors on the formation of another institution for the diffusion of science and literature, by those who, if they had not the genius to invent, possessed the virtue to follow a good example. The lecture-room was filled with above four hundred persons, including the professors in their gowns, and several noble and distinguished patrons of the undertaking, such as lord Auckland, lord J. Russell, Sir J. Mackintosh, Mr. Hume, &c.

At the close of the lecture, the edifice was visited, in all its finished parts, by the assembled multitude. Both externally and internally its appearance does honor to the architect and the managing committee.

Lectures on various branches of learning and science have subsequently been delivered by men who do not appear to be deficient in the requisite qualifications for the instruction of youth.

5.—Death of a great Lady.—The dowager empress of Russia was suddenly attacked by a fever, from which she so far recovered as to be considered out of danger; but she afterwards had a more serious attack of a paralytic nature, which put an end to all her hopes of long-continued life. She was not perhaps equal in abilities to her mother-in-law, Catharine II, but she had talent and good sense, and was frequently consulted by her son Alexander, the late emperor, on matters of importance and of interest. Her influence was exercised with spirit in favor of her son Nicholas, when he dreaded the rivalry of his elder brother Constantine; and the affection which he had for her was

thus strengthened by esteem: she was also a favorite with the Russian people, who felt the good effects of her benevolence and liberality.

9.—*State of Portugal.*—The usurper of the throne continues his arbitrary career, and riots in tyranny and oppression. Symptoms of discontent have appeared in some of the provinces, and partial insurrections are said to have taken place; but, if neither the emperor of Brazil, nor any European potentate, should take arms against him, he may consider his power as established—such is the stupid blindness of the Portuguese. He lately met with an accident in driving a cabriolet;—the mules either became restive, or took fright, and he and his two sisters were thrown out of the vehicle. He broke one of his thighs; but it is said to be only a simple fracture, and the bulletins state that he has no attendant illness. If his neck had been broken, the “good and true” men in Portugal would not have broken their hearts with grief.

Civic Festivities.—On the accession of the new lord-mayor to office, a grand entertainment was given at Guildhall; but, to the great disappointment of the ladies, it was not accompanied with a ball. To remedy this deficiency, a ball was given in the following week, on a very splendid scale. It is supposed that about 5000 persons were assembled on this occasion. The lower part of the hall was hung round with crimson cloth, festooned with gold rosettes.—Above this was a line of glass chandeliers, surmounted by gas lights. Between the chandeliers and the festoons, on each side, were hung numerous silk banners, richly decorated with heraldic and allegorical devices. The upper part of the hall was magnificent. The three crimson canopies, in which were seated, at the dinner, the knight champion and his two esquires, in armour, were now decorated with orange shrubberies; above which, in the centre, was a large gas star, with brilliant radiations, the centre composed of a ruby cross. The floor of the hall was tastefully chalked, and divided by crimson silk cords, supported in brass stanchions, into ten compartments, each compartment being adapted to contain two sets of quadrilles of 16, so that between three and four hundred persons might always be dancing. The outside of the cords formed an avenue for the com-

pany to circumambulate the hall, ascending lines of benches being placed between the promenade and the walls. We need not say that the ladies were elegantly dressed; but we ought perhaps to observe, that the lady-mayress wore a robe of white satin, and a splendid head-dress of ostrich feathers, with a tiara of diamonds. The refreshments of all kinds appeared sufficiently ample to satisfy all the guests; but, in hastening to procure them, such intemperate eagerness was manifested, that disorder and confusion ensued, which the lord-mayor, as a magistrate, ought to have checked by the exercise of his high authority.

ANECDOTES OF ARTISTS.

Roubiliac.—This foreigner was a sculptor of great talent; but he was an eccentric and what is called an absent man. Mr. J. T. Smith says, “A gentleman who had stayed one night at Slaughter’s Coffee-house until past twelve o’clock, discovered that he had forgotten the street-door key of the house, where he lodged; and, as he had agreed with his landlord not to disturb her other inmates beyond that hour, he was prevailed on by Roubiliac to take the other rubber, and sleep in a spare bed much at his service. The gentleman accepted his invitation, and, on Roubiliac showing him the room, wished him a good night; but, just as he was nearly undressed, he was horror-stricken at the sight of the corpse of a black woman laid out upon the bed. He immediately vociferated the name of Roubiliac, who, upon coming into the room, exclaimed, ‘Oh dear! my good fren, I beg your pardon! I did not remember poor Mary was dare: poor Mary! she die yesterday vid de small-poc! Come, come, and you must take part vid my bed—come—poor Mary was my hos-maid for five, six year—more!’ ”

Banks and Mulready.—The former artist was visited (says Mr. Smith) by “a youth who wished, at the age of thirteen years, to gain admittance to draw in the Royal Academy.—“Well, my little man,” said Mr. Banks, “what is your business with me?”—“I want, Sir, that you should get me to draw at the Royal Academy.”—“That is not in my power. Things are not, in that

respect, as they used to be. Nobody is admitted to draw there but by ballot; and I am only one of the persons upon whose pleasure it depends. But what have you got there? Let me look at your drawing."—Mr. Banks looked at it. "Humph! Ay! Time enough yet, my little man! Do you go to school?"—"Yes, Sir."—"Well, go home, and mind your schooling; and try and make a better drawing of the Apollo; and in a month you may come again, and let me see it."

"He now applied with threefold diligence; thought and thought again, sketched and obliterated; and, at last, as nearly as possible at the expiration of the month, repeated his visit. Mr. Banks was better pleased with his second specimen. He now took him into his study, bade him look about him, and asked him what he thought of one thing and another. He encouraged him, told him to go on with his drawing, and said he might come again in a week. Under the eye of Mr. Banks, the boy's proficiency was visible, and the artist began to conceive a kindness for him. Little did he think, when he was questioning this youth, that Nature had enriched him with some of her choicest gifts, and that the Royal Academy would in him, at this moment, have had to boast of one of its brightest members, in the name of Mulready."

Ware the Architect.—"A thin sickly little boy, a chimney-sweeper, was amusing himself one morning, by drawing, with a piece of chalk, the street-front of Whitehall upon the basement-stones of the building itself, carrying his delineations as high as his little arms could reach; and this he was accomplishing by occasionally running into the middle of the street to look up at the noble edifice, and then returning to the base of the building to proceed with his elevation. It happened that his operations caught the eye of a gentleman of considerable taste and fortune, as he was riding by. He checked the carriage, and, after a few minutes' observation, called to the boy to come to him; who, upon being asked where he lived, immediately burst into tears, and begged of the gentleman not to tell his master, assuring him he would wipe it all off. "Don't be alarmed," answered the gentleman, at the same time throwing him a shilling, to convince him he

intended him no harm. His benefactor then went instantly to his master, who gave the boy an excellent character, at the same time declaring him to be of little use to him, in consequence of his natural bodily weakness. He said that he was fully aware of his fondness for *chalking*, and showed his visitor what a state his walls were in, from the young artist having drawn the portico of St. Martin's Church in various places upon them. The gentleman purchased the remainder of the boy's time; gave him an excellent education; then sent him to Italy; and, upon his return, employed him, and introduced him to his friends as an architect."

Sir Robert Strange.—"Strange (said Mr. R. Cooper, who had the honor of instructing the late princess Charlotte in drawing) was a countryman of mine, a North Briton, who served his time to my father as an engraver, and was a soldier in the rebel army of 1745. It so happened, when duke William put the enemy to flight, that Strange, finding a door open, made his way into the house, ascended to the first floor, and entered a room where a young lady was seated. She was at her needle-work and singing. Young Strange implored her protection. The lady, without rising or being the least disconcerted, desired him to get under her hoop. He immediately stooped, and the amiable woman covered him up. Shortly after this, the house was searched; the lady continued at her work, singing as before, and the soldiers, on entering the room, considering Miss Lumsdale alone, respectfully retired. Robert, as soon as the search was over, being released from his covering, kissed the hand of his protectress, at which moment, for the first time, he found himself in love. He married the lady; and no persons, beset as they were with early difficulties, lived more happily."

Fuseli.—He was short in stature; his eyes were full, prominent, and, like the eagle's, piercingly brilliant. He dressed well, and at all times looked like a superior man. His remarks were generally witty, and sometimes severely cutting; but to the ladies, particularly those who were qualified to give him the retort-courteous, he was cautiously and precisely polite. In early life he suffered each of his many female admirers to suppose herself the favorite fair. Miss Moser, at one period, drew

that conclusion, and for a long time he flirted with Angelica Kauffmann; but he found at last that her glances were directed toward Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Parker. In Fuseli's marriage

state, Mrs. Wolstoncraft fell desperately in love with him; and many other ladies were exceedingly delighted with his conversation.

Fine Arts.

Sculpture.—Mr. Chantrey has not diminished his high reputation by his recent works in this admired art. He has executed in bronze a statue of our present sovereign, strongly resembling the great original. It is, with its pedestal, about nineteen feet high, the figure itself being nine. The unclassical modern costume is well concealed by the drapery and folds of the state robe. The right arm from the elbow is brought forward in a graceful position, but does not produce an equally good effect, when viewed from all points. The left arm rests on the breast, enveloped in the drapery of the robe. The bust is full, finely rounded, and so adjusted as to harmonise admirably with the other parts.—The same artist has finished a monument which the dowager

marchioness of Hertford ordered to be erected to the memory of her lamented lord, and which attracts general admiration by its beauty of design and excellence of workmanship. It is composed of a single recumbent figure of the marquis, with the first finger of his left hand between the opened leaves of a book, the right hand reclining on the body, and the head raised in the act of meditation. The ease and composure of the figure, and the serene thoughtfulness impressed on the countenance, with the exquisite arrangements of the drapery, armorial bearings, &c. are in the happiest manner of Chantrey. The statue is enclosed in an arched recess of the richest and most picturesque Gothic.

Music.

THE melodious and harmonic festival at Manchester, was honored with the presence of Catalani, who was both in fine voice and in good spirits. She gave Luther's Hymn in her best manner; but the Pious Orgies of Miss Stephens seemed to excite more pleasing sensations. Miss Paton gave several airs with remarkable effect, and her exertions were enthusiastically applauded. We are pleased to find, that, on one evening, an extra concert was given; and, on this occasion, all the singers transferred, to some charitable institutions, the fees to which they were entitled.

The York music-meeting was still more *celebrious*, as some of our journalists would say. In the crowded minster, the first grand burst of sound was that of Handel's Dettingen *Te-Deum*, which was given with the greatest precision, and with a sublime effect. The chorus consisted of 90 cantos, 90 tenors, 70 altos, and 100 basses; and these, with 13 principal singers, and 250 in-

strumental performers, made up a total of 613.

The greatest curiosity was excited by the appearance of Catalani. Those who had heard the "queen of song" at the first York festival, were anxious to know whether she still retained the same pre-eminence. Her performance was upon the whole a grand effort, and seemed to prove that she had suffered no diminution of that wonderful power for which she has been so long celebrated. Braham stood beside her, and seemed resolved to prove that, when he pleases, he is still the prince of British male singers. He finely sang "My arms," and "Sound an alarm," and the chorus which followed was almost overpowering. Miss Paton appeared during the third part of the performance, and delivered a recitative from Handel's opera of *Susanna*, which was followed by an air from the same work, beginning "If guiltless blood." To the well-known brilliancy and vigor of her execution,

and the decided firmness of her tone, she added a softness and pathos which might not perhaps have been expected from her. The concluding words—"Oh, righteous Heaven, thy will be done," were delivered with an expression of meekness and resignation, and with a softness of tone and manner,

which deeply affected the audience, and stamped this performance as the most effective of the day.

We have only spoken of the first day of the festival; but the other days were equally (if not more) productive of general delight and satisfaction.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A NEW comedy, from the pen of Mr. James Sheridan Knowles, was presented to a crowded audience on the 22d. It is entitled, *the Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green*; but it differs very considerably from that story with which most of our young readers are probably acquainted. The æra is changed to the reign of Elizabeth; and, although the blind beggar is still a persecuted nobleman, hiding himself from the fury of his cruel enemies, he is not Simon Montfort, earl of Leicester, but one who in those days of turbulence had been despoiled of his estate by an unnatural brother. The beggar, in the comedy, is accompanied in his adversity by his wife Emma, and his daughter, who, according to her actual condition, is merely called Bess. The surpassing beauty of the daughter, who guides her blind father in his walks through the streets of London, draws crowds of admirers, who follow and annoy them. It happens that one day, the young lord Wilford sees her while riding by, and is inspired with the strongest affection. Something, however, alarms his horse at the moment, and he is carried away from the spot, against his will. He returns as soon as he can stop his horse, but the fair one had gone. He cannot forget her, and he therefore resolves to seek her through the world. Among others, whose passion the young lady excites, is a courtier, lord Thomas, who lays a plan for making himself master of her person by force. She is accordingly seized, in the open day, and torn from her father's side. She succeeds, however, in effecting her escape, and takes refuge under the roof of the hospitable landlady of a country inn, where she

acts as bar-maid. In a few days she has several suitors, who press their claims in vain. The landlady has become so attached to her, that she wishes to unite her in marriage with her own son Ralph; but the girl is deeply enamoured of lord Wilford, and is constantly poring over a portrait of her father, whom he resembles. He has agreed with a friend, Belmont, to travel into the country, in order to divert his mind, and they stop at the very inn where the fair Bess is serving. Wilford does not for some time recognise her; but she knows him at the first glance, and is greatly confused and agitated by his presence. She can do nothing, and the hostess almost loses her temper on finding her utterly incapable of attending to her duties, perplexed too, as she is, by three silly fellows, who are insisting that she shall marry one of them the next day. Belmont has been long admiring her, when she at last, in passing Wilford, meets his eye. He asks with astonishment whether she is to be the bride, and is informed by the hostess that she is betrothed to Ralph. The stupified girl even suffers her hand unconsciously to be placed within Ralph's, and Wilford, in a fit of distraction, rushes from her, while she sinks to the ground senseless. He cannot leave the spot, however, and, remaining near the inn, witnesses the arrival of the three suitors, and their endeavours to persuade Bess to decide which shall possess her. When she avows that she is a beggar's daughter, they all desert her, and the hostess, having with indignation seen her son reject the maid, offers her to Wilford, who, pouring forth a stream of eloquent blessings on her, resolves to take her away with him. Ralph and the others

offer to resist him, and, as the conflict is beginning, the queen's herald arrives and claims possession of her. The piece now draws to a conclusion, and, in the last scene, her majesty restores the Blind Beggar to his honors and property, and makes the lovers happy.

The scenery displayed considerable beauty and splendor. The representation of London Bridge, in 1600, was exceedingly good and apparently accurate. The royal processions of the maiden queen were pompous, and the dresses gorgeous. Mrs. Fancet was attired in the precise costume that belonged to her part, and she played it with truly royal dignity. Cooper was highly effective as lord Wilford, and uttered his impassioned sentiments with

great force. Miss E. Tree both looked and acted the heroine admirably.

The merit of various parts of the comedy, and the humor of Liston, who acted the part of a servant in an under-plot, did not prevent the piece from hanging heavily. Indeed, it was considerably too long, and therefore tedious; and, at one time, it seemed in danger of being condemned; but, when curtailment and alteration were promised, the disgust of the audience appeared to be allayed.

As a literary work, this comedy evinces no small degree of merit. Two specimens of it, we think, will be read with pleasure. The ruined nobleman, when urged to leave his country, says,

"I will not—cannot quit my native land !
 Bann'd as I am, 'tis precious to me still.
 It is my father's land—'tis lov'd for that ;
 'Tis thine—thy child's—it should be lov'd for you ;
 It should be lov'd, if only for itself !
 'Tis free, it hath no despot, but its laws :
 'Tis independent ; it can stand alone ;
 'Tis mighty, 'gainst its enemies, 'tis one.
 Where can I find the land the like to it.
 Its son, tho' under ban and forfeiture,
 Is envied for it. He's the brother of
 The free ! I cannot quit my native land ;
 For sight of other land I would not give
 The feeling of its breath.—The wall of him
 That does not forfeit it, no man may scale,
 However proud, unscath'd to do him wrong.
 I cannot—will not quit my native land !"

The passage in which lord Wilford describes his first sight of the wandering girl, is full of the genuine enthusiasm of passion :—

"Returning thence, a motley group of men,
 Mechanics, servants, masters, old and young,
 Collected round some object which they seem'd
 To gaze with most admiring wonder on,
 Attracted me. What think you 'twas ? A maid—
 A maid attir'd in unpretending suit
 Of humble russet !—such a distance wide
 Remov'd from any child of luxury
 Or wealth, not e'en a simple riband-knot
 To grace her coil and bonnet did expend
 It's chary costliness ! But O what wealth
 Had nature rain'd where fortune seem'd to grudge
 The poorest drop of her enriching shower !
 Sight could not take it in !—the tongue would stop
 Ere it could sum it half—all terms outrun
 That rate the value of known loveliness !
 At thought of winning it, the heart grows cold
 As his whom more than very affluence
 Doth lift from very want !—There stood the maid,
 Silent and motionless, with eyes on ground
 Abash'd by the reflection of herself,
 Cast back upon her so on every side

From mirrors that express'd her charms indeed,
 By showing her their power ! Once, only once,
 She rais'd her eyes, and lo ! they lit on mine,
 With look as 'twere of recognition pleas'd ;
 And in that moment I did feel a thrill
 As though our souls embrac'd—when, spite of fate,
 Just then my steed grew restive, and defied
 All skill of rein to stop or rule his course,
 And bore me from her !”

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

A NEW comic piece has been brought forward at this house with indifferent success. It was extended to three acts; but, if it had been completed in two acts, it would have had a better chance of securing the favor of the audience. The plot had some *stamina*, on which a tolerable superstructure might have been reared by the united talents of the French dramatist and the English translator.—A colonel, having been wounded in an engagement, is invited by a baron to take up his temporary residence in his castle. The baron's household consists of his daughter Matilda, her servant Bertha, and Katzbach, a footman. The military guest very naturally, as well as theatrically, falls in love with the young lady, and receives the full approbation of the baron to press his suit. While, however, he is flattering himself with the idea that the lady's affections are nearly his own, and that his brother Ernest, who has cut him out in *liaisons* of a lighter nature, is posted at a considerable distance from the scene of his present operations, he unexpectedly receives a message by a trooper that this dreaded brother, having received an account of his being wounded, is on his way to pay him an affectionate visit of condolence. The colonel gives immediate orders to be denied to all captains, especially of artillery, and Katzbach is commanded to attend particularly to this injunction. Ernest having been, however, promoted to a majority during the absence of his brother from the army, the footman does not conceive himself bound to exclude him. The colonel almost instantly finds his worst fears realised; for the major not only makes violent love to the lady, but it even comes out that they have been known to each other before, and that, during a short visit of the lady to Paris, they had exchanged vows of eternal constancy, although they were ignorant of each other's situation and name. At this period the stratagems of the soldiers to outwit each

other commence. The colonel, as a reward for his services, has been appointed governor of Tilnitz, and, in order to get rid of his brother, he appoints him lieutenant-governor, with orders to depart immediately. Ernest, aware of his brother's motives, departs to his government; but, in his character of deputy, ventures to issue an order, declaring that any person who shall suffer a wounded officer to remain in his house after he is so far recovered as to be able to march to join his regiment, shall suffer death. This order is served on the baron, who instantly ejects the colonel in spite of his remonstrances. Ernest, having thus removed his brother, repairs to the castle, and pays his respects to Matilda; but his scheme is baffled by the governor, who, having discovered the trick, assumes his authority, and orders him into arrest. The colonel then renews his addresses to Matilda; but she appeals to his generosity, and confesses that she has been for some time attached to Ernest, and, should she marry any other, it would only be in compliance with the commands of her father. On hearing this declaration, the colonel resolves to forego his own wishes, and unites the hands of the lovers, consoling himself by the reflection that this is the last time he can be *cut out* by a younger brother.

That the characters of the two officers were well personated on this occasion, we may truly affirm; but we think that, for Mr. Charles Kemble, at least, the part was *infra dignitatem*. Green, as Ernest, was lively and agreeable, and reminded us occasionally, by his manner, of what Elliston was in his younger days. Fawcett did all he could to support the part of the Baron, apparently a mixture of Uncle Toby and Commodore Truncheon; but it was little better than a failure, as was also the character of Katzbach, which did not sufficiently call forth the talent of Keeley.—The comedy was *repeated*; but there is no reason to expect that it will be often honored in that way.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING DRESS.

THIS elegant costume consists of a gown of amber-colored satin, with a very broad hem round the border; over this hem is a wreath of black foliage, worked in delicate embroidery with floize silk. The sleeves are short, and terminate by a frill of blond, above which is a narrow band of black velvet: a belt of the same material encircles the waist, which is made quite plain, low, and with a broad falling tucker of blond. The head-dress is a Spanish hat of black velvet, placed very much on one side; under that part of the brim which is elevated, are Castilian points of celestial-blue satin. A beautiful black plumage plays over the crown and part of the brim, and one feather on the right side waves gracefully as low as the throat. The ear-pendants are of sapphires; a necklace of wrought gold is also worn with sapphire drops; beneath this depends a gold neck-chain of fine workmanship. The bracelets are of broad velvet, ornamented with gold.

PROMENADE DRESS.

THIS costume consists of a high dress of lavender blue, or grey *gros de Naples*, with a Vandyck border of black velvet. The sleeves are *à la Marie*; but the fullness is not confined till beneath the elbow; it is then formed into several divisions, with narrow black velvet bands, as low as the wrists, where each sleeve terminates by a bracelet of dark braided hair, fastened to a cameo. A black velvet pelerine, with long ends drawn through the belt, is worn with this dress, and is finished in points all round; these points, on the shoulders, are double, and form *mancherons*. Over the pelerine is a splendid lace collar, and round the throat a triple ruff of black blond. A hat of black velvet is ornamented with long bows of colored satin riband, and a white muff of unspotted ermine completes the dress.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

THE mourning is now at an end, and the different *marchandes des nouveautés* are all animation and bustle, in preparing the winter fashions.

Mantles well wadded, and closely wrapped round the form, seem at present to take the precedency of every other out-door envelope; they are much in favor, when they are made of black satin, lined with some striking color; they are wide, with large pelerine capes, which are often of chinchilla. But, in our opinion, nothing is so smart, so appropriate and tasteful for walking costume, as pelisses; these are of satin (at least, such are the newest), and are likely to prevail much as the season of winter advances. Four tippets, in the Russian-mantelet-pelerine style, are much worn over poplin, bombazine, and Norwich-crape dresses; these dresses are made high and are well lined.

Bonnets of black velvet are very general; their shape is beautiful and so becoming, that we are scarcely inclined to quarrel with their size, which is, however, immensely large. They are trimmed either with very long bows of velvet

and satin intermingled, or with puffings of velvet, relieved by small aigrette plumes. They are tied modestly under the chin on one side. In the hat and bonnet department, there is no novelty worth mentioning. We have seen some colored silk bonnets in carriages; but they were of sombre hues, such as oriental-blue trimmed with puffings of the same, intermingled with black velvet; and though some were enlivened by the plumage of the tropic-bird, the black feathers of the heron were as frequently seen. The black velvet hats worn in the carriages which grace Hyde-park, are frequently adorned with white marabout feathers.

Dresses of celestial-blue *gros de Naples*, which appear exactly, by candle-light, like French-grey, were much worn by young persons at evening parties, with pearls, at the conclusion of the mourning; they were trimmed at the border with two rows of diamond-ornaments, standing out full *en dents de lion*: they were made low, with the corsage *à l'Enfant*. A *sautoir* of white gauze, richly brocaded with black, was tied carelessly just beneath the throat. White transparent long sleeves are in

general favor with colored silk dresses. Morning dresses are made of rose-colored corded gingham, trimmed with broad bias folds, headed by black *passementerie*. Cloth dresses, which have been long laid aside, are expected to be again in vogue this winter; they are very comfortable as a high dress, in morning walks, requiring only a pelérine in addition; but there is much to be said against them; never ought they to be retained as a fire-side costume: for, perhaps, the next evening is devoted to a dress-party or a ball, where the thinness of the texture, and the nakedness of the neck and arms, are sure to be the causes of violent colds, often ending in pulmonary complaints. The belts or zones continue to be finished in a point at the front, where a triangular buckle completes this part of the dress.

The hair is arranged with beautiful simplicity, yet in various ways; some young ladies wear it short, and arranged à l'Enfant; this is peculiarly becoming to the shape of many heads, especially as it imparts a very youthful appearance, if the lady is not tall. We saw a very beautiful young female at a Sunday concert, very lately, with her hair, which was remarkably fine, exactly arranged in ringlets, in the style of Van-Dyck's beautiful portrait of Henrietta-Maria, the queen of Charles the First; yet there was no vain display of the lovely auburn tresses which nature had bestowed on this young lady; for she wore an elegant fichu of blond, very simply trimmed with pink gauze riband, which in a great measure concealed those ringlets.

The turbans now worn are of velvet or gauze; the former seem most in favor; they are very much in the beret shape, and have long lappets of broad blond depending over each shoulder. The gauze turbans are immensely wide, and have few ornaments. Cornettes of blond, with bows of pink gauze riband, are worn in home dress: the morning caps are of colored gauze, trimmed with fringe of a different hue. When young ladies wear only their hair, a few strings of pearls, a diadem comb, or two or three full-blown flowers, are all the additional ornaments.

The colors for pelisses, clokes, and dresses, are slate-color, celestial-blue, ruby, and puce; for turbans and berets,

pink, hortensia, crimson, and oriental-blue.

MODES PARISIENNES.*

LYONNESE shawls are the favorite outdoor envelope; they are of a thick texture, formed of raw silk, and those most in vogue are striped. Fur tippets of the *boa* kind are worn over high dresses of merino; the newest article of this kind is figured in sprigs set very close together. Riding-dresses are made of fine purple cloth; the hat is of black beaver, with a white veil. The clokes of the ladies are now made exactly like those of men: they have a square collar, and a cape which descends as low as the small of the waist. They are often made of stuff, with chequers of black and *ponceau*, and are lined with flannel sarzenet. The collar and the cape are of plush silk. Pelisses of poplin are likely to be very fashionable; the back of the corsage is full, the collar stands up, and is then slightly turned down.

A hat of lilac *gros de Naples* has been seen in a carriage, adorned with a wreath of the flower called periwinkle. Bonnets of blue sarzenet, are very richly ornamented with double ruches of white blond; on the crown are two rows of blond quilling, plaited on *rouleaux*, which are placed vertically. There are ribands, striped and decorated with flowers, which are broad enough to cover the brim of a hat. Some carriage hats of white tatin are bordered with a pattern of vine-leaves, and are ornamented with blue-bells formed of velvet. Plain black velvet hats, lined with white satin, are now, however, most prevalent.— Sometimes they are trimmed at the edge of the brim with white blond, with a rouleau of white satin above the blond, and two rosettes of white satin riband.

Linen and cotton dresses with patterns of large flowers, are worn in *dejeuné* costume. For dresses of silk, the patterns are of great beauty, and consist of delicate field-flowers. Velvets will soon be worn at evening-parties, as many dresses of this material are in preparation; they are of a light and beautiful texture, and are called *Greek-velvets*. Fancy dresses are made of painted *gros de Naples*, or of silk organdy. Figured and plain poplins are equally in favor; they never stood in higher estimation.

* See the annexed Engraving of the latest Parisian fashions.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

Sons to the ladies Greenock and Nasmyth, and to the wives of the hon. W. Gage, Mr. Parke (the new judge), Mr. sheriff Copeland, the rev. G. R. Gray, the rev. T. Fuller, the rev. Augustus Hobart, Mr. G. Dowdeswell, Mr. Adam Hodgson, Mr. Miles Marley, Mr. Alexander Dobie, Mr. T. Riddell, and captain Strachey of the navy.

Daughters to the marchioness of Clanricarde and lady Garvagh, and to the wives of the hon. and rev. H. V. Fitzgerald (twins), the hon. Mr. Calthorpe, Mr. Boyd of Auchinleck, Mr. H. Hyndman, the rev. Mr. Greenwood of Christ's Hospital, the rev. E. Tagart, the rev. G. Uppleby, Mr. W. Tucker of Islington, Mr. Sutherland of Croydon, Mr. Anderson the surgeon, and captain A. H. Kirwan.

MARRIAGES.

Lord Howard de Walden, to Lucy, the third daughter of the duke of Portland.

The hon. Mr. William Pole Tylny Long Wellesley, to Mrs. Bligh, daughter of colonel Paterson.

The rev. Mr. Thelwall, to Miss Ta-
hourdin of Islington.

Mr. Alder, to Miss Hanson, who was divorced from the earl of Portsmouth.

Sir Henry Montresor, to Miss Fairman of Linsted.

Mr. R. Davis, of the navy, to the dowager lady Kirkcudbright.

At Dublin, Sir C. Dillon, to the widow of the rev. Dr. Miller.

Mr. Toplis, junior, of St. Paul's Church-yard, to Miss Hodson of Burton.

DEATHS.

George lord Lyttelton, at the age of 66 years.

Lord de-la-Zouche, in his 75th year.

At the age of 90 years, Mr. Isaac Dimsdale.

The hon. H. Savile.

Sir B. Leighton.

Sir William Forbes, of Pitsligo.

William Burnet, M.D.

Benjamin Robinson, M.D.

Lieutenant-colonel J. Duff.

Captain Joseph Haynes, of the navy.

Mr. J. Atkinson, surgeon, of Leeds.

At Southgate, Mrs. Carrick.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A CORRESPONDENT, evidently of the male species, has sent to us an essay on "Female Authorship." With vague compliments to the fair votaries of literature he mingles undue severity of censure: he attempts to reason without feeling the ground on which he stands, or without precisely knowing his *data*; he can scarcely proceed without exposing his want of intellectual acuteness; and, with ludicrous inconsistency, he censures by anticipation those who would accuse him of holding opinions which (as far as we can judge from his obscure jargon) he really intended to enforce.

We cannot persuade ourselves to accede to the offer of Mr. T. R., because we do not wish to be bound, by a *preliminary* agreement, to accept what we may eventually disapprove. Making use of *vulgar* phraseology (into which even the *polite* and proverb-hating earl of Chesterfield would sometimes deviate), we say, "We do not like to buy a *pig* in a *poke*." Mr. R. must not conclude, however, that we are dissatisfied with his specimen of his literary capabilities.

The "Wrongs of the Catholics" appear to D. F., to call for resentment and vengeance. He means the wrongs which they *suffer*, not those which they either do or did *inflict*: but his observations on this subject are unworthy of serious notice. Those sectaries suffer nothing of which they can reasonably complain. The mode in which our government was adjusted at the Revolution, forbids the grant of high power to those who acrimoniously reprobate and strongly condemn that settlement, and who only seek an opportunity of subverting it.

The "Historic Retrospections" are confused and inaccurate; some of the statements are ill-founded, and the remarks are frequently puerile.

A "Cool Reasoner" cannot properly wield his own weapon: while he is cutting with a two-edged sword, he unintentionally wounds himself.

The stanzas on Life, and those in which the untimely fate of Isabel is deplored, are inadmissible.

The "Irregular Stanzas" are not *misnamed* by their composer; and we may add, that they do not atone for their irregularity by a display of talent.

We shall take time to deliberate on the admissibility of the *Rendezvous*.

We have no recollection of having received the Tale of Adelaide Selby.



Evening Costume

From the "Illustrated London News" of 1878





THE
LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR,

MIRROR OF THE BELLES-LETTRES, FINE ARTS,
MUSIC, DRAMA, FASHIONS, &c.

A New Series.

DECEMBER 31, 1828.

REMARKS ON HIGH BIRTH.

A POPULAR essayist speaks of the *merit* of illustrious birth. He certainly did not express himself correctly, when he attributed *merit* to birth. All persons, whatever may be the rank or distinction of their parents, have nothing to do with their birth, because they have no influence over it; and therefore the idea of merit, derived from that pretended source, has no foundation in truth. *Merit* implies only what we earn or deserve by our own exertions; and that we can deserve any thing merely by the mode of our introduction into the world, though it is a point which sophists may dispute (for they *will* dispute about the most obvious point, as bishop Berkeley argued against the existence of *matter*), can never be proved to the satisfaction of wise or intelligent persons. Birth is merely adventitious and accidental; and the ingenious author to whom we allude inadvertently spoke of its *merit*, when he meant only to discuss its *advantages*. What those advantages are, or ought to be, let us briefly inquire.

When the world was re-peopled after the deluge, the patriarchal family of Noah held the pre-eminence in point of illustrious birth, and no one could dare to compete in that respect with his sons or descendants. But, as the people multiplied, and consequently roved in quest of more enlarged abodes, new

arrangements became expedient; and it was then a question of importance, what should be the laws or regulations of the rising states or communities. Some might prefer a government by elders; others might wish for the sway of one personage. The latter, in those turbulent times, permitted or suffered a man of talent and courage to assume the government; and, as he had occasion for the aid and assistance of others, he summoned to his cabinet a few of his friends, who were thenceforward considered as the most distinguished of his subjects. The children of these privy counsellors, as well as those of the new ruler, were supposed to be elevated by *privilege* above the bulk of the nation; and hence arose the idea of high birth. All were equal, as the descendants of Adam and Eve; but, as persons successively appeared who had acquired the regard and esteem of their fellow-citizens, the offspring of these conspicuous and prominent characters claimed the distinction of being well-born and well-bred.—“Gratitude (says the essayist), which first raised a benefactor to a distinguished rank in civil honors, was willing to continue its returns of kindness to his immediate offspring; and this predilection gradually led to the accumulation of honors and possessions, until the incense, which was originally offered because it was deserved, was lavished at the shrine of opulence.”

The well-born at length acquired that ascendancy which led to the formation of a class of nobles. This order was deemed an useful political establishment, as it consisted of persons who had been raised to eminence either for their own merit or the services of their ancestors, and who, possessing a territorial patrimony in the country, were thought likely to be vigilant guardians of the laws. To these were occasionally added such individuals as had acquired opulence by various means; and thus an *aristocracy* was formed, which has continued in most countries even to the present day. Whether the establishment deserves that appellation (for the term implies a government carried on by the *best persons* in the state), has been doubted by many; but we are inclined to believe, as far as we can judge from history, that it is preferable to a democracy. The subjects of Great-Britain pretend that they have a popular government; but, whatever they may think of the effect of parliamentary election, they are in a great measure the slaves of a privileged aristocracy; for the majority of the members even of the lower house are of the aristocratic order, proud of their birth and arbitrary in their principles. This pride of birth is disgusting and offensive. The persons who claim the honor seem to think, not only that their frames, but their minds also, are cast in a finer mould than those of the lower class of people or the rabble;—that they are formed of better clay,—*meliore luto*. But every man of sense denies this arrogant claim, and asserts the natural equality even of the lowest citizens or peasants to the highest of the nobility. Birth is no criterion of merit; a low-born man, if he be honest and virtuous, is more truly noble than the son of a king or a duke. What does Euripides say on this topic? “A worthy man appears to me to be *well-born*; and he who is unjust and unprincipled, though the offspring of a distinguished family, is in my opinion *ill-born*.”—Juvenal, adverting to the same point, says, “Art thou justly reckoned a holy, good, and upright man? In that case I acknowledge thee to be truly noble.”—Such is the language of the manly and the wise;—only the servile and the weak connect true worth or merit with high birth or gentility; and it has been properly observed, that there is many a nobleman at the loom, at the

plough, and in the shop, according to the genuine idea of nobility, which includes courage, spirit, generosity, and benevolence, the qualities of a warm and open heart, totally unconnected with the accidental advantages of riches and honor. It may indeed be said, that virtue alone, or excellence of character, is true nobility.

Yet, if there be no merit in the splendor of birth or the gentility of extraction, there is an imposing air in those seeming advantages. They make a person appear more respectable than he would seem to be without them. Such is the *littleness* of man, that these little things appear great in his eyes. He is “pleased with a feather, tickled with a straw,” dazzled by a star or a riband, and delighted with a long pedigree; and, as these appearances fascinate a great proportion of the community, some advantage arises from that attention and respect which are consequently paid to the high-born and the noble, whose qualities, however mean or ordinary, are over-valued and emblazoned. If they speak nonsense, it is called sense; and whatever they do, if any doubt can arise on the subject, the result is at least more favorable to their characters than it ought to be. There is less of this devotion to rank in Great-Britain than in other countries; but, even with us, birth and rank are too much regarded. The absurdity of this reverence or respect must be evident to every reflecting man; yet that consideration does not sufficiently check its prevalence.

It may be said, that wealth has, more particularly in our time, encroached on the claims of the high-born, and attracted a great share of that respect which nobility of birth before seemed to monopolise. But we may observe that this is a result of the same principle, if we may so term that blindness which prompts the people to respect exterior advantages more than intrinsic worth.

We conclude with remarking, that there is a considerable advantage in high birth, where the recollections of the merit of ancestors stimulate the zeal of their successors to an imitation of good examples and laudable conduct; but, as this is rarely the case, the pride of birth may be justly derided as an overweening pretension, an idle boast, and an arrogant ostentation of dubious merit.

ZILLAH; A TALE OF THE HOLY CITY,
by the Author of *Brambletye-House*.
4 vols. 1828.

THIS is a work of research and labor rather than of genius or fancy,—a display of antique figures and dresses, of exterior practices and ceremonies, of minute formality and pompous pageantry. The scenes are more artificial than natural; the delineator is a faithful copyist, not a masterly original artist; the sketches are florid without vigor, and, although they may be deemed characteristic, do not make a forcible or interesting impression.

The period selected by Mr. Smith is the time when Marc Antony figured among the most distinguished characters in the Roman world. There was a contest for the throne of Judæa between Antigonus and Herod, and the latter was supported by all the influence of Antony. At the opening of the tale, Antigonus, then reigning, sends the *sagan* (or the deputy of the Jewish high-priest) to bribe and conciliate the powerful Roman. The priest, who has married Salome, a proud and haughty widow, resolves to take his daughter Zillah (the fruit of a former marriage) to the Eternal City. The only incident that occurs before he leaves Jerusalem is the appearance of a wild man calling himself Esau, and frightening the quiet inhabitants by terrible warnings and predictions. The account of this journey, made up principally of descriptions of scenery and national customs, occupies too large a portion of the work, without advancing the real progress of the tale. Esau is repeatedly seen by the traveling party, and his strange appearances excite some surprise; but it afterwards appears that this fellow is the son of Salome, and, having been banished from his native country for some crime, heads a band of robbers, and, in various disguises, transports himself from one place to another, with astonishing celerity.—The priest and his daughter at length reach Rome, and are introduced to Antony, who, being an ardent admirer of female beauty, becomes enamored of Zillah, and is determined to seduce her. The dissolute voluptuary endeavours to familiarise her with the gaieties and luxuries of Rome, and shows her its wonders and curiosities. It did not evince much delicacy to recommend the

combats of wild beasts to a lady's notice; yet the Jewish girl takes her station at Pompey's theatre to witness a scene of that kind. On this occasion, the approach and effects of a storm are well described.—“Zillah observed that the sun no longer shone upon the arena, that dark clouds were sweeping across the sky, and that the whole theatre was involved in a deep lurid gloom. As every thing portended a sharp and sudden tempest, the enormous veil, or awning, which was occasionally extended over a great part of the aperture at the top of the theatre, as a shade from the sun, was now stretched forward to its utmost reach, to protect the spectators from the expected deluge, involving the lower parts in such a dense obscurity, that the people looked like dim rows of shadows, while their voices came up confusedly out of the darkness with an ominous and unnatural sound, as if it was the gibbering of so many unseen spectres. The effect of this sudden eclipse was, perhaps, increased by its contrast with a vivid stream of sunshine which had recently poured down into the arena. At this juncture Antony, followed by a numerous company of his partisans, entered the theatre. Such was the obscurity, that he might not perhaps have been recognised, had not a military band, stationed for the purpose, struck up with trumpets, cymbals, and clarions, a favorite martial tune, called Antony's March, at which signal the whole multitude simultaneously rose from their seats, the rustling of their garments emitting a sound like the rushing of mighty waters, and the movements of their bodies occasioning a sensible agitation in the air. Loud and almost deafening applauses followed; for those who provided the Romans with their favourite shows were sure of being popular; and the clamour had not yet subsided, when a terrific flash of lightning suddenly flooded the whole vast area with a resplendent blaze, the gloom became blacker than ever, and a stunning burst of thunder threatened to split in pieces the solid walls of the theatre, or shake them down upon the heads of the spectators.

“The assembled people, whose terrors were aggravated by superstition, instantly resumed their seats, aghast with dismay, and awed into a profound silence; but the numerous wild beasts in

the dens below, startled by the previous shouts of the populace, and the astounding peal from Heaven, answered the dread challenge with a burst of savage fury; the roar of lions, tigers, and bears, the baying of wolves, the fierce snorting of wild boars, the hollow yell of the rhinoceros, and the sharp, shrill, piercing cry of the elephant, filled the vast concave of the walls with such commingled and appalling echoes, that many thought the monsters were breaking from their prison, and mustering their forces for a desperate and deadly plunge amid the spectators. Dauntless, indeed, must that man have been who could reflect without emotion that he was sitting between two perils of no ordinary nature—that whole forests of wild beasts were ramping and ravening beneath him, and that the skies above were vomiting forth fire amid tremendous concussions that seemed to rock the very earth.

"A momentary intermission occurred; during which interval Octavius, accompanied by a troop of friends, entered the theatre, on the opposite side to that where Antony had seated himself, and advanced toward the front rows. Courageous as he had proved himself on various occasions, he had a superstitious morbid horror of lightening; and another dazzling flash happening to blaze through the building when he had proceeded about halfway, he suddenly turned round, not without visible manifestations of alarm, and hurried back to the arched passage from which he had emerged. This retreat occasioned a strong sensation among the spectators; it was considered so favourable an augury for Antony, that, notwithstanding the continued violence of the tempest, a buzz of exultation from his partisans murmured hollowly around the building. The flashes, though less blinding, now became more frequent; and, as they illuminated the peopled area with a momentary shiver of brilliance, Zillah beheld a myriad of faces starting out of the dim void, all animated with deep emotion, and their eyes sparkling, as if they were on fire, when the shroud of gloom again fell suddenly over them, and she saw nothing but an indistinct mass closing around her, like the narrow horizon of a moonless night. It seemed as if a whole people leaped into light and life, only to be extinguished again in an

instant, to the funeral dirge of a peal of thunder. A deluge now pouring into that portion of the building which was unprotected by the awning, cloaks, hats, and canopies of all sorts, were put in busy requisition; the flashes became gradually less vivid and frequent; the light slowly revisited the benighted area; the thunder rolled muttering away into the distance; the roaring of the wild beasts subsided into an occasional angry growl or short snarl; the furious pattering of the big splashing rain dwindled into an inaudible shower; the clouds broke away; the bright blue sky again became visible; the sun came forth, rejoicing in his recovered might, and his bright beams, darting through the opening of the awning, fell once more upon the glittering yellow sands of the arena."

The vigilant caution of the heroine's friends, and the warnings of the wild man, are not so efficacious as to prevent Antony from capturing the fair maiden. He sends her to the temple of Cybele, where she is confined in a vault; luckily, however, the temple takes fire, and she makes her escape back to her father. Antony's designs being now evident, the ambassador hastens from Rome; but the misfortunes of the family do not terminate here. They are not safe by land or sea. On their passage, having secured a vessel at the nearest port, they are captured by pirates. As all the occurrences that arise are conceived with a view to astonish the reader, it is not much to be wondered at that the persecuted party should be again pounced upon by Antony. The tyrant throws the unhappy girl into a prison, where she is fortunately visited by Cleopatra, who plans and executes her escape. Once more upon the road they are attacked by banditti, and, after many mortifications, disasters, disappointments, and perils of all kinds, they at last arrive in safety at Jerusalem. Here they find a conspiracy against Antigonus proceeding to maturity; and this leads to an animated scene.—"No place in the world, except the Holy City, could have supplied such an assembly as was now collected. In the perpetual fermentation of its spiritual elements, Jerusalem was always throwing up a scum of superstition, assuming every variety of shape, from simple fanaticism to demoniacal possession and raving delirium. In the present con-

gress, pretenders and sanctimonious mountebanks of all sorts were added to the list, so that it comprised specimens of mere hypocritical knavery, unconscious self-delusion, blind bigoted enthusiasm, and all their intermediate shades. Here might be seen the monthly prognosticator, with his tablets and horoscope; the diviner, spanning his long mystical staff with his fingers; the devout juggler, pretending to vomit fire; the charmer, with serpents coiling and hissing round his throat, by which he practised divination; the hooded witch, muttering and mumbling spells; enchanter, sorcerer, and wizard, with their wands and magical books, most of whom were at the same time ventriloquists, and pretended to make their oracular responses come out of a bottle; and the necromancer, who, by sleeping upon a newly-made grave, could obtain communion with the dead, and learn from them the future state of the living. To these must be added the zealots, foaming at the mouth, falling into ecstasies, and gashing themselves with knives till the blood spurted from their bodies; and those possessed with devils, writhing their limbs and uttering maniacal howlings. Let the reader imagine the effect of such an assemblage surrounding a supposed prophet's tomb within a rocky vault, their bearded faces expressing every variety of passion, from cold hypocrisy to fiery phrensy, their eyes sparkling like live coals, and all illuminated or thrown into dark shade by the fitful glare of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cavern. Tubal the Pharisee was already within it; but his crafty insidious character prompted him to ensconce himself in the darker recesses of the sepulchre, where he might watch without taking any active part in the perilous proceedings of the night. The buzz, the muttering, and the howling, were in some degree checked when Salome and Barjona entered; for the former was respected, not only as being a relation of the king, and the wife of the sagan, but as a woman of ambitious and undaunted character, while the latter had obtained a moral dominion over these various spirits by his hypocritical mortifications, but more especially by his irresistible eloquence. Seeing that they were in a state of excitement fitted for his purpose, he took his station at the head of the tomb, and

having placed a naked sword in his paralytic right-hand, which he supported on the top of the tomb, Barjona commenced his speech. Who but they who already knew him would have imagined that such a wreck and remnant of humanity could have poured forth a torrent of eloquence so sonorous, fiery, and splendid? It might indeed have been thought that his lips had been touched by a live coal from the altar—but from the altar of Moloch, from the unhallowed fires of faction, sedition, and turbulence. While he was speaking, the involuntary twitches and shudderings of his paralytic arm frequently rattled the naked sword upon the tomb, whence issued an ominous and hollow but martial sound, that harmonised well with his spirit-stirring oration, awaking in some a feeling of deep awe, and inflaming the enthusiasm of others to the highest pitch of excitement. So startling and unexpected was his concluding proposition, that several were dumfounded, although the majority, fired by the impassioned appeal that had been made to them, vociferated, "Down with Antigonus!"—"Down with all kings!" shrieked a fiery-eyed zealot, leaping upon the tomb—"God is the only king of the Jews, and our proper government a theocracy. When our ancestors impiously clamoured for a monarch, the prophet Samuel foretold that if they had one he would enslave them, and make their daughters perfumers, cooks, and pastry-servants. Saul was given to them in wrath and for a punishment. Tyrants have our kings been to us ever since, nor can we expect the favour of Heaven till we sacrifice all these usurpers, and acknowledge none for our ruler but the great King, the glorious Lord of Heaven."—"Come down, thou frantic wretch!" shouted Barjona, stretching out his left hand, as if he would have dragged him from the tomb, and drowning with his powerful voice every other in the place.—"Thou Koph! thou ape! thou bawling Moabite!" cried the zealot, "thou traitor to the Lord!" So saying, he leaped down upon the unfortunate Barjona, plunged his dagger in his heart, and they both rolled in the dust together. In an instant, the whole sepulchre was a scene of indescribable tumult. Those labouring under demoniacal possession yelled and howled amidst convulsive writhings:

cries of rage were mingled with the applauding shouts of a few devotees, who would have supported the murder perpetrated by their fanatical brother; but they were quickly overpowered; swords and daggers gleamed in the dim light of the cavern; and the assassin, covered with innumerable wounds, was soon stretched beside his victim."

Zillah, as we before hinted, is aided in her escape by Cleopatra's jealousy, when that princess has detected her lover in a renewal of his base attempts.—"Gazing beneath her, she beheld a vast and lofty hall, near the ceiling of which she found herself standing. It was spacious as the interior of a temple, decorated with ponderous columns, a large statue of the veiled Isis, and other grim, gigantic, and hideous deities of the Egyptian mythology, which, being only indistinctly revealed in the dim twilight, imparted an additionally stupendous and terrific character to the gloomy vastness of the enclosure. A wrought stone cornice, projecting about two feet from the wall, extended from the spot where they stood to the opposite extremity of the building. 'Have you the courage to risk your life by walking along this dizzy ledge?' inquired Cleopatra, pointing to it. 'It is your only means of escape, and I have myself just traversed it for the purpose of visiting you?'"

A disguise being thought necessary to secure her escape, Zillah put on a garment which Cleopatra had worn when it pleased her to personate the goddess Isis, the robe being decorated with the symbols of that deity, and the head-dress being a lofty garland of leaves, corn, and artificial peaches, interwoven. An entertainment being announced by Antony, "massive golden chandeliers suspended from the ceiling, and numerous lofty *candelabra* and lamps of alabaster arranged along the side of the hall, irradiated the whole enclosure with the blaze of day; the tables, encumbered with gorgeous plate, lofty Grecian vases sculptured with exquisite figures, and ponderous oriental censers, the sparkling of whose gold was quenched in the radiance of the jewelry with which they were embossed, displayed that wasteful and insane profusion which constituted Antony's sole notion of magnificence. The nobility and the priesthood in their robes of ceremony, and the ladies of the court in

their gala-dresses, were ranged along the various tables: at the head of which sat the triumvir, magnificently attired as the god Bacchus, having on his right hand Cleopatra, the enchantress of all eyes and hearts, not less voluptuous and lovely than the Queen of Love, whose garb and attributes she had assumed for the night. Cupids and beautiful damsels, representing the Nymphs and Graces, were in attendance upon the royal and divine pair, as if to complete their living apotheosis, and to offer, by their light, lovely, and radiant forms, a strange contrast to the opposite extremity of the hall, where sat enthroned the great veiled figure of Isis, within an enclosure, guarded at each angle by the gigantic black granite statue of an Egyptian deity, stern, solemn, terrific, and rendered still more hideous by the red glare thrown from the flaming altar in front of the shrine.

"Silence being proclaimed by a crier, the priest of Isis, standing beside the altar, pronounced in a loud voice, 'The health of the god Antony! and may the sacrifices and libations which he now offers to his sister Isis be propitiously accepted!' At the same time he poured perfumed oil upon the flame, and the band, as it had been previously concerted, struck up Antony's march. This was the signal for Zillah. Commending herself to Heaven in a short prayer, she stepped upon the narrow cornice with a throbbing heart, and, keeping her eyes fixed upon the wall, while she waved her hand rejectingly toward the assemblage below, she proceeded with a slow and steady pace along her perilous path. Cleopatra was the first to startle the echoing hall with a fearful shriek, as she pointed at the apparition, screaming out, 'The goddess! the goddess! she rejects the offerings!—and see! see! the fire of the altar has gone out!' and she fell back in her chair, apparently overcome with dread. Owing to the great height of the cornice, none of the guests below could perceive its projection, and they might therefore be well excused for imagining that the offended goddess was treading the air, and about to visit them, perhaps, with some terrible infliction.—Antony and Cleopatra themselves, in spite of their assumed divinity, offered to their guests the humiliating spectacle of a disorderly retreat; and in a few minutes the silent, lonely hall, with its lamps still blazing, the

gorgeous vases and goblets flickering in their own golden light, their gems twinkling like stars, the censers breathing up their rich perfumes, and the costly feast outspread upon the tables, were all abandoned to the veiled goddess, and to the granite giants, who seemed to be left as the grim guardians of the deserted banquet."

The influence and persuasions of Antony have a commanding effect, and Roman troops advance to the support of Herod. Felix, a youth who attracted Zillah's attention in the arena at Rome, suddenly appears at night in the garden of the sagan's house, habited as a Hebrew. Although "the course of true love never does run smooth," yet it happens by a fortunate coincidence, that Zillah hears the noise of her lover's approach, and joins him. The result is, a long conversation, the conversion of the young Pagan to the religion of Moses, and a mutual vow of attachment. A battle follows this tender scene; the partisans of Antigonius are routed; Herod is proclaimed king; and, after the tumult of victory has subsided, the young lovers are united.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A CHRISTMAS SPENT
AT OLD-COURT, from the *Fire-Side Book*.

SIR ADAM FAIRFAX was a gentleman of the old school, who had a strong attachment to many old usages, and some old prejudices. He was, as the old song says,

"An old worshipful gentleman who had a greater estate,
That kept a brave old house at a hountifull rate."

He had also—

"A good old fashion, when Christmase was come,"

to call in all his old neighbours, not quite "with bagpipe and drum," but with a welcome to the full as hearty, though not so noisy. He had too much of that common sense which happily is of all periods, to be silly, intemperate, and sinful, just for the sake of keeping up old customs. Though Sir Adam, being of a free and cheerful spirit, agreed in the maxim, that "to enjoy is to obey," yet he loved also to put this saying, I believe of old Jeremy Tay-

lor, into practice, that "no man is a better merchant than he that lays out his time upon God, and his money upon the poor." Therefore, at Christmas, though the house was generally filled with pleasant and merry company, that which was first attended to was the worship and service of the Lord—the guests first considered were the poor and needy, who stand in the place of Christ to their more wealthy brethren.

Some days before Christmas, Mistress Amabel, and her dear Grace Fairfax, and Mrs. Bartlett, the housekeeper, might be found in the servants' hall giving away good stout blankets and warm clothing, which they had been preparing long before. More than once, or even twice, during Christmas time, tables were spread with the famous fare of the season, and barrels of good strong ale were kept flowing. But in the profusion of Old Court there was no waste, in the festivity neither intemperance nor drunkenness.

While the knight was exercising his hospitality, two letters were laid before him. "This is from my son Harry," he said, taking up one of them. "The other must be read first, however."—(His eye had glanced upon the handwriting of his first-born, Marmaduke.) "Hey! Mistress Amabel," he cried, after a rustling of paper, and making many exclamations, as his custom often was; "here's a fine piece of business!"—"No bad news, I hope," said the old lady.—"Bad news, no!—I mean, yes; or rather no and yes together. First of all, here's Marmaduke's letter, with a long story about attachment, and my approval, and a girl without a groat; and how certain he is that you, and I, and little Gracey there, will love her. Pshaw, the boy's a fool! I hate your love-matches, and your poor beauties."—"Are you quite sure of that, father?" whispered his daughter Grace, who had stolen round to her father's side, and who, as soon as she caught his eye, turned a sidelong glance to the portrait of one who had been very poor and very beautiful—her own mother. As she spoke, she half hung her head, and looked archly and smilingly full in her father's face. There was a little art in the girl's look, and she would not have cared to confess it; yet it was natural with her, for she had caught it of her own mother. She knew its potency, and she knew that her father would

take her in his arms and kiss her fondly. She might have guessed that, just then, any smile from her would charm her father; for, poor girl! she had smiled very seldom of late. Her eyes had lost half of their brightness, and her soft cheek was very pale. But this is not the time to tell her story.

"That child's as like her mother as she can stare," said the old man, as he looked at Grace, then intently perusing her brother's letter, which she had quietly taken, without asking, from his hand.—"Not stare, father, if you please, that's not quite the word." She looked up and smiled again. "I hope I don't stare. I believe you have turned over your once happy art of speaking to a lady's ear to Marmaduke. Dear fellow! how well he writes! This Lucy of his must be a sweet creature; I like every thing about her; at least every thing he says. And what a pretty name!—Lucy! my favourite name!"—"But where is Harry's letter?" said the knight; "I had it in my hand a minute ago. Have you taken Harry's letter?" he asked; for Grace had turned again to her elder brother's, and had not heard his first inquiry.—"Did you speak, father? what did you say?—Have I taken Harry's letter? to be sure, I have;" and she showed it under the letter she was reading.—"Ah, well!" replied the old knight, sitting down, satisfied that the letter was found. "Read it aloud to your aunt and me—read the good news of the morning."—"Good news! what can it be, if, after Marmaduke's good news, this intelligence of Harry is, by way of distinction, to be called the good news? Well, aunt, I'm sure you are impatient to hear, so I'll begin:—

"I have much to tell you, much to explain, but I hope to explain all to your perfect satisfaction. I will begin my narrative.—Not many weeks ago I had an unexpected meeting with Mr. Joscelyn, who behaved so ill to my poor sister Grace."

"Grace could not get out half the words; the paper fluttered in her hand, and her lip quivered with agitation.—"O Harry!" she cried, in a tone of deep distress — "and he promised me!"

"Give me the letter, my darling," said the old knight. "I forgot that part; but don't be frightened; nothing that you dread has happened: give me

the letter."—"No, no, dear father! I'm very silly; but I can hardly help it; I did not expect the name just then, that's all. How very warm it is!" she said, and pushed back her beautiful hair, now hanging over a cheek crimsoned with emotion.—"With Mr. Joscelyn,"—she continued, and running over with her eye the few words that followed,—"and his wife!"—"He is married, then!" A deeper blush spread over her whole face. "I'm very glad! For his wife's sake, that impetuous Harry would, I hope, avoid him, and not wound her feelings as well as mine."—"Go on reading, Gracey," said the knight.—"And his wife and sister. Of course I did not go near them; but the next day I met one of the party again—the sister, the lady Clarice Joscelyn; she was with her mother at lord N.'s. To my astonishment, the mother and daughter begged an introduction to me, and treated me with the most marked attention. The former took an opportunity of assuring me with what displeasure she had regarded her son's conduct, and spoke in high terms of the character given by every one to my darling sister. All this was far from displeasing to me: but, to make the matter short, I must tell you that I found the lady Clarice charming; and, as I saw she thought me a very pretty fellow, I persuaded her and the countess her mother to let the brother go on to Rome, where they had all intended to winter, without them. The day after Mr. Joscelyn's departure beheld me the husband, the very happy husband, of my dear little Clarice."

"HARRY FAIRFAX."

Harry and his bride made their appearance at Old-Court with their attendants. There came so many of them, and the servants were such fine ladies and gentlemen, and there were so many trunks and boxes and packages, that confusion reigned for many hours; lady Clarice mistook Mistress Amabel for the housekeeper, and consigned to her care a lap-dog of king Charles's breed, which she said was ravenously hungry, and must eat immediately. And then one of the carriages, in driving round to the stable-yard, nearly unhorsed the old knight, who was walking his horse home; and a kitchen-wench was found with her greasy apron on, and a gridiron in her hand, standing stock-still in the passage leading to the drawing-room. Her mouth and eyes were open with

astonishment, and she thought of every thing more than of her duty.

Marmaduke and his bride Lucy afterwards presented themselves at the hospitable mansion. Every body admired Lucy at first sight, every one declared her beautiful; but the vain and trifling (lady Clarice among them) pronounced her too reserved and serious. The fact was, Lucy had no pleasure in trifling, no taste for lavishing her enthusiasm on little follies: the distinguishing characteristic of her mind was good sense; of her disposition, humility—unaffected good-humour, genuine humanity.—From the time that Mrs. Fairfax appeared at Old-Court, lady Clarice, who, under all her levity and thoughtlessness, had a tolerable share of vanity and common downright selfishness, was anxious to take her departure. She felt that the nobility of Lucy's mind threw all her nobility of rank, and other little advantages on which she had piqued herself, into the background, and in vain she talked and laughed, and from the mere love of notice displayed her several accomplishments; one quiet remark of Lucy's drew the attention of every one away from her. She had formed the idea of a mere uneducated girl, when told that Lucy was the daughter of a poor north-country parson, had never been in London, and was some years younger than herself. But she had not been in her society many hours before she felt herself awed by the parson's daughter. Lucy had no accomplishments; she could not sing; knew nothing of music; spoke not a word of French! Lady Clarice marveled within herself what could make her so attractive. She could not understand the simple charm which distinguishes every modest and perfectly feminine woman above the rest of her sex.

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be:
But she is in her grave, and, Oh!
The difference to me!

This was a maiden something more to the purpose than the slender damsels whom academies create on canvas, or of whom some bachelor bards dream. The

ENGLISH, SCOTCH, AND IRISH BEAUTY; *from the Anniversary.*

It has been said by some one, and, if not said before, it shall be said now, that no woman is incapable of inspiring love, fixing affection, and making a man happy. We are far less influenced by outward loveliness than we imagine. Men speak with admiration and write with rapture of the beauty which the artist loves, which, like genius in the system of Gall, is ascertained by scale and compass; but, in practice, see how they despise those splendid theories, and yield to a sense of beauty and loveliness, of which the standard is in their own hearts. It is not the elegance of form, for that is often imperfect; it is not loveliness of face, for there Nature has been perchance neglectful; nor is it the charm of sentiment or sweet words, for even among women there is an occasional lack of that; neither is it the depth of their feelings, nor the sincerity of their affection, that their whole power over man springs from. Yet every woman, beautiful or not, has that power more or less; and every man yields to its influence.

The women of all nations are beautiful. Female beauty, in the limited sense of the word, is that outward form or proportion which corresponds with the theories of poets and the rules of artists—of which every nation has examples, and of which every woman has a share. But beauty, by a more natural definition of the word, is that indescribable charm, that union of many qualities of person and mind and heart, by which the greatest portion of happiness is ensured to man. One of our best poets has touched on this matter with the wisdom of inspiration; these are his words;

poet of Rydal Mount is a married man, and knows from what sources domestic happiness comes. The gossamer creations of the fancy, were they transformed

to breathing flesh and blood, would never do for a man's bosom. Those delicate aerial visions, those personified zephyrs, are decidedly unfit for the maternal wear and tear of the world, and would never survive the begetting. Not so the buxom dames of our two fine islands. It was the intention of nature that they should be the mothers of warriors and poets, of philosophers and historians, of men of sense and science; and she formed them for the task. Look at them as they move along. If art, with its scale and its compasses, and its eternal chant of the *beau idéal*, had peopled the world, we should have been a nation of ninnies; our isles would have been filled with figures and beings "beautiful exceedingly," but loveless, joyless, splendidly silly, and elegantly contemptible. It has been better ordered.

I have looked much on man, and more on woman. The world presents a distinct image of my own perception of beauty; and from the decisions of true love I could lay down the law of human affection, and the universal sense entertained respecting female loveliness.—There is no need to be profound, there is no occasion for research; look on wedded society, it is visible to all.—There, a man very plain is linked to a woman very lovely; a creature as silent as marble, to one eloquent, fluent, and talkative; a very tall man to a very little woman; a very portly lady to a man short, slender, and attenuated; the brown weds the black, and the white the golden; personal deformities are not in the way of affection; love contradicts all our theories of loveliness, and happiness has no more to do with beauty than a good crop of corn has with the personal looks of him who sowed the seed. The question, therefore, which some simple person has put, "which of the three kingdoms has the most beautiful ladies," is one of surpassing absurdity. Who would ever think of going forth with rules of artists in their hands, and scraps of idle verse on their lips, to measure and adjust the precedence of beauty among the three nations? Who shall say which is the fairest flower of the field, which is the brightest of the stars of Heaven? One loves the daisy for its modesty, another the rose for its splendor, and a third the lily for its purity; and they are all right.

We know not, indeed, by our natural

theory of female loveliness, which nation has the most beautiful women, because we know not which is the happiest. Where-ever there is most bosom tranquillity, most domestic happiness, beauty reigns in all its strength. Look at that mud hovel on one of the wild hills of Ireland; smoke is streaming from door and window; a woman, to six healthy children and a happy husband, is portioning out a simple and scanty meal; she is a good mother and an affectionate wife; and though tinged with smoke and touched by care, she is warmly beloved; she is lovely in her husband's eyes, and is therefore beautiful. Go into yon Scottish cottage, and you will see a clean floor, a bright fire, merry children, a thrifty wife, and a husband who is nursing the youngest child, and making a whistle for the eldest. The woman is lovely and beautiful, and an image of thrift and good housewifery, beyond any painter's creation; her husband believes her beautiful too, and, whilst making the little instrument of melody to please his child, he thinks of the rivals from whom he won her, and how fair she is compared to all her early companions. Or here is a house at hand, hemmed round with fruit-trees and flowers, while the blossoming tassels of the honeysuckle perfume us as we pass in at the door. Enter and behold that Englishwoman, out of keeping with all the rules of academic beauty, full and ample in her person, her cheeks glowing with vulgar health, her eyes shining with quiet happiness, her children swarming like summer bees, her house shining like a new clock, and her movements as regular as one of Murray's chronometers. There sits her husband, a sleek contented man, well fed, cleanly lodged, and softly handled, who glories in the good looks and sagacity of his wife, and eyes her affectionately as he holds the shining tankard to his lips, and swallows slowly and with protracted delight the healthy beverage which she has brewed. Now that is a beautiful woman; and why is she beautiful? because the gentleness of her nature and the kindness of her heart throw a household halo around her person, adorning her as a honey-suckle adorns an ordinary tree, and impressing her mental image on our minds. Such is beauty in my sight—a creation more honorable to nature and more beneficial

to man, and in itself infinitely more lovely, even to look upon, than those shapes, made according to the line and level of art, which please inexperienced eyes, delude dreamers, fascinate old bachelors, and catch the eye, and vex the heart.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE NATURE OF LOVE, *by the late Mr. Shelley, from the Keepsake for 1829.*

WHAT is Love? Ask him who lives, what is life; ask him who adores, what is God.

I know not the internal constitutions of other men. I see that in some external attributes they resemble me; but, when, misled by that appearance, I have thought to appeal to something in common, and unburthen my inmost soul to them, I have found my language misunderstood, like one in a distant and savage land. The more opportunities they have afforded me for experience, the wider has appeared the interval between us, and to a greater distance have the points of sympathy been withdrawn. With a spirit ill-fitted to sustain such proof, trembling and feeble through its tenderness, I have everywhere sought, and have found only repulse and disappointment.

Thou demandest what is love. It is that powerful attraction toward all we conceive, or fear, or hope, beyond ourselves, when we find within our own thoughts the chasm of an insufficient void, and seek to awaken, in all things that are, a community with what we experience within ourselves. If we reason we would be understood; if we imagine, we would that the airy children of our brain were born anew within another's; if we feel, we would that another's nerves should vibrate to our own, that the beams of their eyes should kindle at once, and mix and melt into our own: that lips of motionless ice should not reply to lips quivering and burning with the heart's best blood;—this is Love. This is the bond which connects not only man with man, but with every thing which exists. We are born into the world, and there is something within us, which, from the instant that we live, more and more thirsts after its likeness. It is probably in correspondence

with this law that the infant drains milk from the bosom of its mother; this propensity develops itself with the development of our nature. We dimly see, within our intellectual nature, a miniature as it were of our entire self, yet deprived of all that we condemn or despise,—the ideal prototype of every thing excellent and lovely that we are capable of conceiving as belonging to the nature of man;—not only the portrait of our external being, but an assemblage of the minutest particles of which our nature is composed: a mirror whose surface reflects only the forms of purity and brightness; a soul within our own soul that describes a circle around its proper Paradise, which pain and sorrow and evil dare not overleap. To this we eagerly refer all sensations, thirsting that they should resemble and correspond with it. The discovery of its antitype; the meeting with an understanding capable of clearly estimating our own; an imagination which should enter into and seize upon the subtle and delicate peculiarities which we have delighted to cherish and unfold in secret, with a frame, whose nerves, like the chords of two exquisite lyres, strung to the accompaniment of one delightful voice, vibrate with the vibrations of our own; and a combination of all these in such proportion as the type within demands; this is the invisible and unattainable point to which love tends: and to attain which, it urges forth the powers of man to arrest the faintest shadow of that, without the possession of which, there is no rest or respite to the heart over which it rules. Hence in solitude, or in that deserted state when we are surrounded by human beings, and yet they sympathise not with us, we love the flowers, the grass, the waters, and the sky. In the motion of the very leaves of spring, in the blue air, there is then found a secret correspondence with our hearts. There is eloquence in the tongueless wind, as well as a melody in the flowing brooks and the rustling of the reeds beside them, which, by their inconceivable relation to something within the soul, awaken the spirits to dances of breathless rapture, and bring tears of mysterious tenderness to the eyes, like the enthusiasm of patriotic success, or the voice of one beloved singing to you alone. Sterne says that if he were in

a desert he would love some cypress. So soon as this want or power is dead, man becomes a living sepulchre of himself, and what yet survives is the mere husk of what once he was.

TALES OF THE WEST, by the Author of *Letters from the East*. 2 vols. 1828.

ORIENTALISM is an established term for a peculiar mode of writing, prevalent in Asia; but there is no ground for the use of such a word as *Occidentalism*, applied to the compositions and style of the West. We do not say that Mr. Carne has so styled the present work; but he seems to think that he has formed, in his title, a pretty antithesis. In fact, there is no particular fashion for the writings of the western nations: they do not seem to have that *esprit de corps*, or that uniformity, which those of the East exhibit.

In these volumes we find seven tales, all of which display a respectable portion of talent, though some are superior to others. A critic justly observes, that there are, in Mr. Carne's work, "few scenes of much energy, and scarcely any attempts to struggle with the dark and fierce passions of our nature; but it contains pleasing pictures of filial and fraternal love, of the first palpitations of a sweet emotion, enduring faith, pure, self-sacrificing affection, and remembrances outliving death. All this is described in a very soft and soothing style, which conveys a sort of feminine character—a *morbidezza* (to borrow a term from painting) even to the stronger scenes of the author. Even the death-bed struggles and death-bed repentance which Mr. Carne sometimes loves to delineate, are shorn of their terrors by the united sentiment and softness of his diction; remorse, in his hands, loses its horrors—all that we are shocked and shudder at—every painful character of guilt and anguish. We do not know whether this account of these tales will please those readers who have been accustomed to the intoxicating spirit of passion poured forth so freely by other novelists in its unrectified state; but we are sure that all persons of good taste and feeling will be both touched and delighted with them, and with the applause of such readers Mr. Carne ought to be contented. The Alps rearing themselves in the sky like an army of giants

about to scale Heaven, the volcano flouting the sun with its murky banners, the long swell of the ocean, are fine things to gaze upon now and then; but we all love to look oftener on the pastoral hills and green valleys of other countries, and to listen to the musical murmurs of streams more lucid and limited than the melancholy waste of waters by which navies have been engulfed."

The Valley of the Lizard is a pleasing tale. The hero is Rosemaine, whose active and adventurous spirit prompts him to become a smuggler, at first with some reluctance, but afterwards with determined spirit. He at length acquires the command of a brig.—"He and his associates had been chased warily for several hours by a king's ship of far superior force, and had kept up a distant cannonade; but the enemy gained on them so quickly, that it was resolved to run the vessel into a cove on the north shore of the country; and, by getting into shallow water, there was a hope of baffling the pursuit. The brig accordingly ran in close to the shore; yet the enemy soon entered, and cast anchor at no great distance, opening instantly a heavy fire. There was no thought of surrender on the part of the pursued; a price was set upon their lives, which they resolved to sell dearly, since there was no hope of pardon. It now grew dark, and the onslaws returned for some time with fury their enemy's fire; but so destructive was the latter, that they fell rapidly on every side, and their resistance grew gradually fainter. The boats of the cruiser instantly drew nigh, and the chased vessel, already overpowered, was boarded by men who were determined not to spare. Yet on their own deck the remnant of the smugglers fought fearlessly and long: the cutlass of Rosemaine flashed amidst the throng, while he animated his comrades still to make head against their foes. But it was in vain; he saw them fall one after another at his feet, and covered with wounds he was soon stretched beside them. When all resistance was over, the crew of the man-of-war began to secure their prize, which they found to contain a very valuable cargo; and, in about half an hour afterwards, when the lieutenant returned from making the report to his commander, he ordered the deck to be cleared of the dead and wounded. The slain were immediately thrown overboard: but, as it was now

quite dark, it was frequently necessary to place the light close to the features of the vanquished, in order to discover if signs of animation remained, before the body was committed to the deep.—Rosemaine, whose wounds had bled profusely, had in the mean time recovered his senses so far as to be conscious of what was passing around him; and he gazed wildly at first on the moving figures that passed to and fro upon the deck, and on the light that glared over the ghastly countenances of his fallen crew; on whom bent the features of the victors with an eagerness, as if unwilling that death should yet have rescued the captives from their hold. The lamp at last approached the spot where he lay, and an exclamation burst from the group that this was the captain of the prize. His presence of mind did not forsake him in this extremity; he closed his eyes, drew in his breath, and was sensible in every nerve of the full blaze which was thrown on his features, and which dwelt there amidst the doubts and misgivings of his cruel examiners. He heard the voice of the officer, low at first, as he bade them carefully observe if he did not live, and gradually growing louder, and breaking forth into execrations, as rage and disappointment got the better of hope. ‘He is dead,’ they all exclaimed, ‘and we have lost the reward,’ whilst the prostrate figure lay still and moveless as if in the grasp of the grave. They left him at last, and he listened to their retiring steps. In a short time, all was hushed; a boat, with the lieutenant, pushed off from the prize, and the sullen plash of the oars fell on his ears like sounds of succour to a dying man. He opened his eyes, and gazed cautiously around; the stars were shining brightly from a clear winter’s sky, and the cold wind swept piercingly over the scene of slaughter, bearing the waves unceasingly against the sides of the bark. A stifled groan came at intervals from some prostrate comrade near him, and sharp agony ran through every limb, as the bark rose and fell with each dash of the billow.

“He had little doubt that he was bleeding to death, and strove to rally all his fleeting strength, both of body and mind, to make one desperate effort for escape. Raising himself with difficulty on one hand, he beheld a small

group of the enemy’s crew, seated around their supper, at the other end of the vessel; and, turning his eyes to the shore, they rested on the low beach of white sand, that lay distinct in the pale star-light, and on the cottages of the hamlet beyond; if he could arrive there, he was safe, for the people were all in his interest. He drew his wounded body slowly along the deck, dropped silently into the water, and, being an excellent swimmer, struggled hard to gain a footing, but in vain, the depth around being greater than he had expected. The shore was close at hand: it seemed he could almost touch it, and he bore up against the waves in despair, with his enfeebled frame bleeding at every pore; and fixed his look on the cottages, from which all the lights had now disappeared, their inhabitants being buried in sleep. The receding surge carried him back against the vessel; and, rendered helpless by the blow, he yielded to his fate; each object swam before his dazzled eyes, and the waves rolled over his sinking head, when he suddenly grasped, almost unconsciously, a rope that hung loosely from the side. Thus sustained till hope and strength returned, he clung to the rope as he advanced again to the shore. More successful, he this time found a footing, and crawled to a part of the beach that was covered with a wild and thick verdure, which afforded temporary concealment. To arrive at the hamlet, however, it was necessary to cross the bed of white sand, on which he would run the greatest risk of being seen and pursued by the sailors on board. He quitted the clump of bushes; stooping low, he ran as quickly as his weakness would allow along the sand, and reached the door of one of the cottages, of which an old woman was the only tenant. Here he lay several months, ere his wounds were healed, attended by the solitary inmate. No search was ever made after him, as he was believed to have perished.”

Having banished himself to South-America, Rosemaine sinks the smuggler in the lawful trader, sailing up rivers in a bark, and at other times traversing extended and desolate plains. His feelings are well described.—“The love of Nature, in these wanderings amidst her most hushed and glorious aspects, grew upon his mind,—a feeling till then unknown by him. When resting for the

night in the depth of forests, amidst universal silence, while the last beams of golden light rested on the tops of the tall trees, no cheerful and accustomed sounds told of the fading day, no lingering and varying hues reconciled the eye by their beauty to its departure. The sun seemed to sink at once on an immense solitude, that pressed upon the soul, and whose intricate and untrodden recesses the eye sought to pierce in vain. Neither did evening bring with its approach voices from the distance, which, while they appal, excite in the traveler a deep and fearful interest. There was a rush of beautiful wings and plumage of every hue; but no melody arose from the peopled branches, and no beasts of prey moved in their deepening shade. When the fire blazed fiercely and threw its light some way off, the retreating steps and the shrill and timid cries were heard of the feeble animals of the forest, the deer, the tapir, and others, who fled from the glare of the flame. The heavens, brilliant even at night in such a climate, were unseen through the thick canopy of the ancient forest, that was scarcely stirred by the breeze sweeping by. In such a situation, the mind is forced to reflect in spite of itself; and, while Rosemaine gazed on the sleeping figures of his attendants, stretched round the embers, the past became painfully distinct, and dark were the colours in which it rose to view. Often when he had sunk to sleep, reclined on the trunk of a tree, he was awakened by the fancied rush of the billows, the clamours of dying men, and the voice of the pursuer; and welcome were the first beams of morning, penetrating the mass of foliage above his head."

He afterwards marries a Spanish girl, and is for some years both a flourishing merchant and a happy husband; but his love at length subsides into indifference, from no other cause than the unsteadiness of his character.—"Isabel had long seen the gradual decay of her husband's affection with anguish; it was the strong anchor on which she had reposed all her happiness, and over the early wreck she wept bitterly. Each art was tried by the lovely and ill-fated woman to regain the empire she had lost: but it might not be: the dresses and ornaments that used, in his fancy, to become her most, and which he had profusely lavished, were worn to attract his eye, and when he returned at even-

ing, wearied with his many and perplexing concerns, her features were dressed in smiles, her voice assumed its sweetest accent, and then she spoke of the brilliant hours of their first interviews, when he came a wanderer to her native roof, and how affection grew in that solitude; but the blissful memory fell on her breaking heart alone. The colour left her cheek, but the lustre of her eye was bright as when all within was happy; she never suffered a murmur to escape her lips at the neglect that now grew daily more and more apparent.—Her spirit, however, fell fast beneath the sorrow that never quitted it. As long as her declining strength permitted, she continued to frequent her luxuriant garden, the care of which had been her favourite employment. The palm of Brazil was there, and the orange and myrtle grew in profusion around the fountain that fell in several streams into a spacious marble basin, which looked like a mimic lake; for rocks rose out of its wave, and flowers of every hue grew wild upon its banks. A small and thickly-shaded terrace ran along the lower end of the garden, and overhung the sea. Hence might be heard the songs of the mariners and fishermen, and the mingled sounds that rose from the wide bay, while immediately around all was solitude and silence; and here, as moonlight slept on the surface of the sheet of water, and scarcely pierced the thick branches of the trees, Isabel thought of the far and endeared paths of her home in Paraguay—the hours of undoubting affection—the vows of eternal constancy, that time had proved to be as the leaves scattered by the storm."

Shocked at the untimely fate of a neglected wife, he disposes of his property, wanders over North-America, returns to Europe, settles in a farm, marries again, and, in the calmness of retirement, thinks of the "past vivid moments of his life as if they had been a dream."

THE ENGLISHMAN; a Satirical Effusion, by the Rev. Mr. Croly.

A MODERN Greek is supposed to be describing, to a friend, various specimens of human nature and manners. After speaking of the Germans and other Europeans, he says, "My last

guest was an Englishman; a fine example of the great country of contradictions; where the philosophers are fools, and the fools are philosophers; where every man scorns foreigners, and every man copies them; where the poor enjoy the revenues of the state, and the rich are beggared to feed them; where kings live in private houses, and subjects live in palaces; where the nobles are the proudest on earth, and where every third man of them has had a plebeian for his grandfather; where every man adores his country, and every man runs out of it as fast as he can.

"My Englishman was a personage of the highest education of his country; that is, he had been ten years at its most famous school, where he learned to pronounce the most barbarous Latin in the most barbarous manner, and play cricket to perfection. Some years more at a college whose reputation runs the circuit of the globe, taught him that a circle is not a square, and that the human stomach is capable of containing three bottles of wine at a time. He was then sent forth a perfect man, to uphold the state, if he pleased; but fate turned his talents in another direction. Coming to the borders of the sea, like the rest of his countrymen, to get rid of society (which is effected by a round of dinners, balls, and breakfasts, in those spots of seclusion), his eye was caught by the sunset on the French cliffs. He put on his hat; sailed for the land of gaiety; and, once in motion, went on to the Baltic, the Neva, and the Don, abusing every thing that he saw, heard, and felt, until the sea of Azof received him within its muddy bosom, the Bosphorus whirled him down its rapid stream, and he found himself under the shadow of the sultan of sultans. There he paused; and his genius developed itself in an offer to teach the Turkish cavalry the use of the horse and scimitar, the mufti the Koran, the sultan the art of decapitation, the sultanas how to color their own cheeks, and the people how to speak their own language. But the Turks as much hate to learn as they scorn to teach. A promise of the bamboo if he farther presumed to enlighten the land of the Mahometans, put him to his speed; and, as literature was the darling passion of his soul, he steered his bark to our mountain, where, by some ill chance,

he was directed to me, as the most profound of the profound. I was tying up the shoots of yonder vagrant vine, when the man of genius invaded me. The vine is exactly three yards from my door; yet, before I could take shelter, he had demanded of me, whether I could tell him what had become of the thirty-five lost tragedies of Euripides, of the hundred and thirteen melodramas of Sophocles, and the hundred and eighty farces of Menander. Overwhelmed by this deluge of learning, I could only protest that I knew no more than himself on the subject, and attempted to make my escape; but his ardour of enquiry was not to be eluded. Holding me by the breast, he insisted on my telling him, on the spot, whether the complete Decades of Livy and the Annals of Tacitus were not in my possession; whether I thought Lycophron more muddy, or mysterious, or mad; whether any man living could make any thing of Æschylus; and whether the probability of the case was not, that his tragedies were a literal compilation of the ravings of the Athenian lunatic hospital. Luckily the sea had given him an appetite, and dinner took off the violence of his inquisition. But over our bottle the subject was renewed; and he declared that he had come to fix among us, for the purpose of devoting his existence to purifying from the cobwebs of twelve centuries, and exsodifying from the bowels of the mountain, if need be, our precious remnants of ancient poetry, philosophy, and science, to be remitted to his illustrious country, and thence sent forth, brightened, polished, and purified, hung with the accumulated notes of her ten thousand literati, and glittering in the contributions of her arts, to illuminate the world.

"I congratulated England, the world, and the discoverer, and produced some more of my best wine. He imbibed it with the zeal of a lover of antiquity, until he fell on the floor. He rose next day at noon with a head-ache; wrote a chapter in his voluminous journal; ordered his boat; and, hearing that agates were to be sold cheap at Lemnos, found out that he wanted sleeve-buttons, sailed, and I never saw him more.

"If you have any curiosity to know his opinion of us, you may find it in that quarto; one of ten which he made

out of his rumours abroad, magnified by his researches at home. He has abused us in the most pitiless manner. Our chapels are hovels; our cottages, sties; our brotherhood, banditti; our provisions, poison; and our wines, vinegar; our grand convent, the noble Laura, which opened its gates of hospitality to this rider of asses, is a mass of dungeons for a mass of criminals; our Vatope and Inerouè, lovely as their

mere prospect would make them, are fit for nothing but the rats and weasels that will soon be the only dwellers of their walls; and even our Calandari, with its venerable grandeur, and those groves of vine and olive that cling and cluster round it like the sovereign temple of the hill, receives the divided honours of an ill-looking penitentiary and an insecure prison."

THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF CHEERFULNESS.

FAIR as the dawning light, auspicious guest!
 Source of all comfort to the human breast!
 Depriv'd of thee, we moan in sad despair,
 And the dull moments pass in anxious care.
 Though beauteous objects all around us rise,
 To charm the fancy and delight the eyes;
 Though art's fair works and nature's gifts conspire
 To please each sense and satiate each desire,
 'Tis joyless all, till thy enliv'ning ray
 Scatters the melancholy gloom away;
 Then opens to the soul a heav'nly scene
 Of joy and peace, all sprightly, all serene.
 Where dost thou deign, say in what blest retreat,
 To choose thy mansion and to fix thy seat?
 Thy sacred presence how shall we explore?
 Can Av'rice gain thee with his golden store?
 Can vain Ambition, with her boasted charms,
 Tempt thee within her wide-extended arms?
 No—with content alone can'st thou abide,
 Thy sister, ever smiling by thy side.
 When gay companions, void of ev'ry care,
 Crown the full bowl, and the rich banquet share,
 And give a loose to pleasure, art thou there?
 Or, when the eager swains pursue the chase,
 With active limbs, and health in ev'ry face,
 Is it thy voice that, wak'ning up the morn,
 Cheers the staunch hounds, and winds the jolly horn?
 Or, when the assembling great and fair advance,
 To celebrate the mask, the play, the dance,
 Whilst beauty spreads its sweetest charms around,
 And airs ecstatic swell their tuneful sound,
 Art thou within the pompous circle found?
 Does not thy influence more sedately shine?
 Can such tumultuous joys as these be thine?
 Surely more mild, more constant in their course,
 Thy pleasures issue from a nobler source,
 From sweet discretion ruling in the breast,
 From passions temper'd, and from lust repress'd,
 From thoughts unconscious of a guilty smart,
 And the calm transports of an honest heart.
 Thy aid, O ever faithful, ever kind,
 Through life, through death, attends the virtuous mind:
 Of angry fate wards from us ev'ry blow,
 Cures ev'ry ill, and softens ev'ry woe.

Whatever good our mortal state desires,
 What wisdom finds, or innocence inspires,
 From nature's bounteous hand whatever flows,
 Whate'er our Maker's providence bestows,
 By thee mankind enjoys, by thee repays
 A grateful tribute of perpetual praise.

STANZAS ON BENEVOLENCE,

by Mr. Bowring.

Oh, let us never lightly fling
 A barb of woe to wound another;
 Oh, never let us haste to bring
 The cup of sorrow to a brother.

Each has the power to wound: but he
 Who wounds that he may witness pain,
 Has learn'd no law of Charity,
 Which ne'er inflicts a pang in vain.

'Tis godlike to awaken joy,
 Or sorrow's influence to subdue;
 But not to wound, nor to annoy,
 Is part of virtue's lesson too:—

Peace, wing'd in fairer worlds above,
 Shall bend her down and brighten *this*,
 When all man's labor shall be love,
 And all his thoughts a brother's bliss.

AN ADDRESS TO AN ABSENT LADY,

by the Rev. Thomas Dale; from the Musical Souvenir.

OFT as the broad sun dips
 Bencath the western sea,
 A prayer is on my lips,
 Dearest! a prayer for thee.
 I know not where thou wand'rest now,
 O'er ocean-wave, or mountain-brow—
 I only know that He,
 Who hears the suppliant's prayer,
 Where'er thou art, on land or sea,
 Alone can shield thee there.

Oft as the bright dawn breaks
 Behind the eastern hill,
 Mine eye from slumber wakes,
 My heart is with thee still:
 For thee my latest vows were said,
 For thee my earliest prayers are pray'd—
 And O! when storms shall low'r
 Above the swelling sea,
 Be it thy shield, in danger's hour,
 That I have pray'd for thee.

THE NATURAL EFFECTS OF LOVE,

by Mr. Pringle.

Oh ! not, when hopes are brightest,
 Is all love's sweet enchantment known;
 Oh ! not, when hearts are lightest,
 Is all fond woman's fervor shown :
 But, when life's clouds o'ertake us,
 And the cold world is cloth'd in gloom,
 When summer friends forsake us,
 The rose of love is best in bloom.

Love is no wand'ring vapor,
 That lures astray with treach'rous spark ;
 Love is no transient taper,
 That lives an hour, and leaves us dark :
 But, like the lamp that lightens
 The Greenland hut beneath the snow,
 The bosom's home it brightens,
 When all beside is chill below.

LUCY AND HER BIRD,

by R. Southey.

SOMETHING I fain would teach thee from the grief
 That thus hath fill'd those gentle eyes with tears,
 The which may be thy sober sure relief
 When sorrow visits thee in after-years.

I ask not whither is the spirit flown
 That lit the eye which there in death is seal'd ;
 Our Father hath not made that myst'ry known ;
 Needless the knowledge, therefore not reveal'd.

But didst thou know, in sure and sacred truth,
 It had a place assign'd in yonder skies ;
 There, through an endless life of joyous youth,
 To warble in the bow'rs of Paradise ;

Lucy, if then the pow'r to thee were given
 In that cold clay its life to re-engage,
 Would'st thou call back the warbler from its heaven,
 To be again the tenant of a cage ?

Only that thou might'st cherish it again,
 Would'st thou the object of thy love recall
 To mortal life, and chance, and change, and pain,
 And death, which must be suffer'd once by all ?

Oh, no, thou say'st ; oh, surely not, not so !
 I read the answer which those looks express :
 For pure and true affection, well I know,
 Leaves in the heart no room for selfishness.

Such love of all our virtues is the gem;
 We bring with us the immortal seed at birth;
 Of Heaven it is, and heavenly: woe to them
 Who make it wholly earthly and of earth!

What we love perfectly, for its own sake
 We love and not our own; being ready thus
 Whate'er self-sacrifice is ask'd to make;
 That which is best for it, is best for us.

O, Lucy! treasure up that pious thought;
 It hath a balm for sorrow's deadliest darts,
 And with true comfort thou wilt find it fraught,
 If grief should reach thee in thy heart of hearts!*

THE FEAST OF LIFE,

by Miss Landon.

I lead thee to my mystic feast:
 Each one thou lov'st is gather'd there.
 Yet put thou on a mourning robe,
 And bind the cypress in thy hair.

The hall is vast, and cold, and drear;
 The board with faded flow'rs is spread.
 Shadows of beauty flit around,
 But beauty from each bloom has fled;

And music echoes from the walls,
 But music with a dirge-like sound;
 And pale and silent are the guests,
 And ev'ry eye is on the ground.

Here, take this cup, though dark it seem,
 And drink to human hopes and fears;
 'Tis from their native element
 The cup is fill'd—it is of tears.

What! turn'st thou with averted brow?
 Thou scornest this poor feast of mine,
 And askest for a purple robe,
 Light words, glad smiles, and sunny wine.

In vain the veil has left thine eyes,
 Or such these would have seem'd to thee;
 Before thee is the Feast of Life,
 But life in its reality!

* This little poem calls to our recollection the *Lesbia* of Catullus. The laureate's piece is inferior in poetic beauty; but he has given it a moral turn, of which the Roman bard had no idea. EDITOR.

THE RICH BUT NOT HAPPY MAN,

by Mr. Kennedy.

O THE clear caller stream an' the shady green tree,
An' the hours I spent, bonnie Mary, wi' thee,
When the gloamin' that hallow'd the lang simmer day
Seem'd to fleet on the wings o' the swallow away!

As saft flowin' waters, trees leafy and green,
As ye, my auld loved anes, I aften hae seen;
An' maids like my Mary, young, artless, and fair;
But the joys o' past hours I've found never mair!

Wi' gold frae the Indies I've bought me braid lands,
I've biggit the house in the plantin' that stands;
But I'm no half sae happy wi' a' that's now mine
As when wi' my Mary I wander'd lang syne.

A stranger I was in the lands whence I came;
Now absence has made me a stranger at hame;
Baith great folk and sma' o' his siller can tell,
But naebody cares for the carl himsel.

O wae on this grandeur! it's lonesome and cauld,
It's no like the pleasure I tasted of auld,
When down by the burn and bonnie green tree
I dream'd through the gloamin', lost lassie, wi' thee!

A NEW-YEAR'S EVE,

by Mr. Bernard Barton.

A NEW year's Eve! My fancy, wing thy flight,
Nor doubt that, in thy native country dear,
There are who honor with appropriate rite
The closing hours of the departing year;
Who mingle with their hospitable cheer
Feelings and thoughts to man in mercy given,
Bright'ning in sorrow's eye the pensive tear,
And healing hearts by disappointment riven,—
Their's who o'er rougher seas have tempest-tost been driven.

And these are they who on this social eve
Its old observances with joy fulfil;
Their simple hearts the loss of such would grieve,
For childhood's early mem'ry keeps them still,
Like lovely wild-flow'rs by a crystal rill,
Fresh and unfading; they may be antique,
In towns disused; but rural vale and hill,
And those who live and die there, love to seek
The blameless bliss they yield, for unto them they speak

A language dear as the remember'd tone
Of murmur'ing streamlet in his native land
As to the wand'rer's ear, who treads alone
O'er India's or Arabia's wastes of sand:

Their mem'ry too is mix'd with pleasures plann'd
 In the bright happy hours of blooming youth;
 When Fancy scatter'd flow'rs with open hand
 Across Hope's path, whose visions pass'd for sooth;
 Yet linger in such hearts their ancient worth and truth.

And therefore do they deck their walls with green;
 There shines the holly-bough with berries red;
 There too the yule-log's cheerful blaze is seen
 Around its genial warmth and light to shed;
 Round it are happy faces, smiles that spread
 A feeling of enjoyment calm and pure,
 A sense of happiness, home-born, home-bred,
 Whose influence shall unchangeably endure,
 While *home* for English hearts has pleasures to allure.

And far remote be the degenerate day
 Which dooms *our* thoughts in quest of joy to roam
 From the thatch'd white-wash'd cot, tho' built of clay,
 To wealth's most costly, grandeur's proudest dome!
 A Briton's breast should love and prize his home:
 Changeful our clime, and round our spot of earth,
 Roused by the wintry winds, the white waves foam;
 But here all household ties have had their birth,
 And sires and sons been found to feel and own their worth.

Here the Penates have been worship'd long,
 Not merely by the wood-fire blazing bright,
 By childhood's pastime, and by poet's song,
 Though these have gladden'd many a winter night,
 And made their longest, darkest hour seem light;
 But their's has been the homage of the heart,
 That far surpasses each external rite,
 In which more quiet feelings have their part—
 Smiles that uncalled for come, tears that unbidden start.

And though the world more worldly may have grown,
 And modes and manners to our fathers dear
 Be now by most unpractised and unknown,
 Not less their *spirit* we may still revere;
 Honor'd the smile, and hallow'd be the tear,
 Given to these reliques of the olden time;
 For those there be that prize them, as the ear
 May love the ancient poet's simple rhyme,
 Or feel the secret charm of minster's distant chime.

Thus it should be! their mem'ry is entwined
 With things long buried in time's whelming wave;
 Objects the heart has ever fondly shrined,
 And fain from dull forgetfulness would save;
 The wise, the good, the gentle, and the brave,
 Whose names o'er hist'ry's page have glory shed;
 The patriot's birth-place, and the poet's grave,
 Old manners and old customs, long since fled,
 Yet to the living dear, link'd with the honor'd dead!

RULES AND MAXIMS FOR SWEETENING
MATRIMONY,

*addressed to the Maids, Wives, and
Widows, in Great-Britain.*

THE surest method of obtaining a good husband, or to keep one so, is to be good yourself.

Never use a lover ill, whom you intend to make your husband, lest he should upbraid you with your former treatment of him, or return it in the sequel.

If ever you should feel an inclination to act the tyrant, endeavour to recollect these two lines, taken from an old piece called the *Battle of the Sexes*:

"Gently shall those be rul'd, who gently sway'd;
Abject shall those obey, who haughtily were
obey'd."

Avoid, therefore, all thoughts of managing your husband. Never impose upon his understanding or (as some do very foolishly) try his temper: but, having before marriage treated your lover with sincerity, treat him after the ceremony with affection and respect.

In the matrimonial state do not promise to yourself felicity without alloy; for that cannot be procured in this sublunary state. Consider beforehand, that the person with whom you intend to connect yourself is not an angel, but a man; and if, when you are united, you discover any thing in his humor or behaviour not so agreeable as you expected, pass it over as a human frailty; smooth your brow, compose your temper, and try to amend it by cheerfulness and good-nature.

Resolve, every morning, to be good-natured and cheerful on that day; and, if any accident should occur to break that resolution, suffer it not to put you out of temper with every thing else.

Dispute not with your husband, whatever the occasion may be; but rather deny yourself the trivial satisfaction of having your own will, than risk a quarrel of which you cannot foresee the end.

Be assured, that a woman's power, as well as her happiness, has no other foundation than her husband's love, which it is her interest to preserve and increase by all possible means. Study, therefore, his temper, and command your own; enjoy his satisfaction with

him, share and soothe his cares, and conceal his infirmities.

Read frequently the matrimonial service, and in doing so, overlook not the word *obey*.*

Always wear your wedding-ring; for more virtue lies in it than is generally imagined. If you are ruffled unawares, assaulted with improper thoughts, or tempted in any way against your duty, look upon the ring, and call to mind who gave it you, where it was received, and what passed at that solemn time.

Have you any regard to your husband's welfare or esteem? Then have a due regard to his income, in all your expences and desires; for, if necessity should follow, there is great danger of the loss of both.

Let not many days pass without a serious examination of your conduct as a wife; and if, on reflection, you find yourself guilty of any weaknesses, the best atonement is, to be more particularly cautious in future.

A due attention to these rules will, we trust, effectually prevent those bickerings and animosities which are so prevalent in the married state. At any rate, they appear to us to deserve attention; and, if they be not infallible specifics for the cure of matrimonial disorders, they at least can do no harm,—which cannot be said of all medicines.

B. E.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE EARL OF
LIVERPOOL.

THE death of a statesman who conducted the affairs of a great kingdom for a long course of years, must be regarded as an important event, whether his administration was beneficial or injurious to the country; but, when the exertions of the individual in question contributed to the rescue of Europe from the disgraceful domination and abominable tyranny of a base adventurer, his life and conduct are more particularly entitled to notice. His government was not in all respects the most constitu-

* This little word, we fear, is too frequently overlooked or disregarded by the ladies; but they ought to consider that, when two persons are in the case, *equality* of power may lead to confusion. When a dispute arises, one must yield, however reluctantly, to the other; and who, we ask, ought to rule?—Certainly, not the weaker vessel, but the lord of the creation.—*EDIT.*

tional; but his intentions were apparently good, and the result of his counsels did not impair the public prosperity.

Robert Banks Jenkinson was born in the year 1770. His father was Mr. Charles Jenkinson, a man of a respectable family but of small fortune, who, being an intelligent conductor of public business, and also a zealous Tory, recommended himself to the favor of George the Third, which he retained and secured to the close of his life.—Hence the son was bred a statesman, and was enabled to enter upon public life under the most favorable auspices. After he had been educated at Oxford, where he was distinguished among his collegiate contemporaries (of whom the late Mr. Canning was one), rather for assiduous attention to his studies than for those showy qualities which gain for young men a premature reputation for talent, that often leads them to neglect the surest means of success—laborious industry—he visited the continent, and was in Paris at that interesting period when the Bastille was destroyed. Having thus enlarged his stock of ideas, he returned to England, procured a seat in parliament, and ventured to take a part in the debate on Mr. Whitbread's motion respecting the armament against Russia. His harangue was considered as one of the most successful efforts ever made by a speaker at the commencement of his career, and it was said by an opponent, Mr. (now earl) Grey, whose praise was the more valuable as it was never lavishly bestowed, that "the honorable gentleman had delivered his sentiments with such eloquence of manner and correctness of expression, that, if a stranger had heard him he would not have readily supposed it was the first time of his speaking."

In 1793, his lordship became a member of the board of control for the affairs of India. In 1796 he was appointed master of the mint, a privy-counsellor, and one of the commissioners for trade and plantations. On the change of the ministry, in 1801, he succeeded lord Grenville as secretary of state for foreign affairs; and when Mr. Pitt returned to office, in 1804, on the renewal of the war, he quitted the foreign for the home-secretary's office.

Mr. Pitt's death was followed by a change of administration, and *All the Talents* came into office. The country had them, but would not keep them

long. After their dismissal, lord Liverpool again took a place in the administration. On the death of Mr. Perceval, he became first lord of the treasury, and he continued premier until the year 1827, when a paralytic stroke incapacitated him for public functions. He lingered in a helpless state without recovering his faculties, and died on the 4th of the present month, in the 59th year of his age.

The characteristic of the earl of Liverpool as a minister was, that he was an honest man, though a statesman of no great abilities; a man more of detail than principle, rather distinguished for official regularity of habits, and acquaintance with business, than intelligent, or exactly at home, in questions involving comprehensive views. Like all men of this kind, he sacrificed too much to conciliation, and frequently escaped difficulties by compromising interests which ought to have been kept inviolate. But even his opponents must admit that he was uniform, consistent, and sincere. In the pursuit of ambitious objects, which he kept up to the last, he never lost the simplicity of an honest mind. He was in this respect incorruptible, and without taint. He finished as he began, and never once swerved from the principles which, in his early youth, he had adopted and approved. He did not, like Mr. Pitt, commence a Whig, and terminate a Tory; or, like lord Grenville, begin a Tory, and finish a Whig. If he was moderate in his talents, he was at least laborious and safe; and, if he never dazzled by his brilliancy, he scorned to mislead by sophistry. *Par negotiis, necque supra**, is the aphorism best adapted to express his quiet character; and, when Mr. Pitt pronounced his eulogy, on introducing him into the Addington administration, by calling him *that solid young man*, he spoke of him to the extent of his merits.

Like all other ministers, he generally bestowed civil employments with a view to the continuance of his own power, and rarely looked to talents which stood unconnected with political interests. In conferring ecclesiastical preferments, he showed, in general, the natural integrity of his heart, and his sincere love for our Protestant commu-

* Equal to business and not above it.

nion, and, on very few occasions, the personal weakness which belonged to him. Of the mitres which fell to his patronage, the majority were bestowed on conscientious motives and feelings, while some were given to the importunities of friends, or wrested from him by the interest of the court.

As a financier, he never attained great distinction. He was scarcely acquainted with political œconomy as a science, and was perhaps a better minister on that account, though he possessed no other information on the subject of finance than what his secretaries or the revenue board were able to communicate and supply.

As a scholar, he had not much of solid learning or elegant attainments, and was not, like Canning or Peel, distinguished in his university. As a writer, he was feeble and confused; but as a speaker, he had an air of candor and sincerity, a mild address, and an imposing and gentlemanly manner, which went a good way to conciliate the attention and approbation of his hearers.

If not a great man, he was a good man. No minister, since lord Burghley, ever exhibited a better example of integrity, morality, and truly Christian graces. His private household was such as became a man who believed, from the bottom of his heart, what he publicly professed. In the midst of a nation's business, family devotions were regularly maintained. He had no children: but to his servants, and all who were under his care, he acted as a religious instructor. In the same spirit, he became a zealous patron of the Bible Society, the Christian-Knowledge Society, and that which has been instituted for the education of the poor in the principles of the church of England. The last society has lost in him the most liberal benefactor; but he lived to see it boast, according to its last report, of having 500,000 children enrolled as its pupils and catechumens.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE MR. CANNING,
by Sir James Mackintosh.

THOSE who attend to the pursuits of literature and watch its progress, may recollect that a history of Great-Britain from the Revolution to our own time was privately promised, if not publicly

announced, by an eloquent senator, who is also an able writer. While we are sorry to find that he has only executed a small part of his plan, we ought to thank the proprietor and editor of a celebrated annual (the Keepsake) for having procured even a "sketch of a fragment" of the promised work. From this sketch, which relates to the present century, we extract with pleasure a part of the character of the late prime minister.

"When Mr. Canning, in 1822, assumed the conduct of foreign affairs and of the house of commons, he adopted measures and disclosed views which had no parallel among contemporary ministers. The wish, indeed, that England should retire into a more neutral station, and assume a more mediatorial attitude than perhaps her share in the alliance against France could before have easily allowed, had then become so prevalent, that even his predecessor, though entangled in another policy, shewed no doubtful marks of a desire to change his course. Perhaps little could have been done to give it effect until all reasonable royalists were taught by experience that the passion for reformation was too deeply rooted to be torn up by force, and till the eagerness of inexperienced nations for sudden and violent changes had been chastised by defeat. In the five years which followed, the plan for re-establishing the tranquillity of Europe, by balancing the force and reconciling the pretensions of the parties then openly or secretly agitating every country, which probably arose by slow degrees in Mr. Canning's mind, as circumstances became auspicious, and as his own power was more consolidated, began to be carried into execution by three measures, of which the spirit, object, and example, were yet more important than the immediate effects; namely, the recognition of the Spanish republics in America, the aid to Portugal, with the countenance thereby afforded to limited monarchy in that country, and the treaty concluded with Russia and France for the rescue and preservation of Greece. The last of these transactions will now be considered as the most memorable, and as that which best illustrates the comprehensive policy toward which he at length approached. It was a measure eminently pacific, which aimed at the lasting establishment of amity between states, and

peace between parties, and which, if executed with spirit, was likely to avoid the inconvenience even of a slight and short rupture with the Ottoman Porte itself. It engaged royalists and liberals in an enterprise on which the majority of both concurred; it tended to knit more closely the ties of friendship between the most powerful governments, and to fasten more firmly the bands between rulers and nations, by uniting the former for an object generally acceptable to the latter. It combined the lustre of a generous enterprise with the greatest probability of preventing the unsafe aggrandisement of any state. In the midst of these high designs, and before that pacific alliance, of which the liberation of Greece was to be the cement, had acquired consistence, Mr. Canning was cut off. He left his system, and much of his fame, at the mercy of his successors. Without invidious comparison, it may be safely said that, from the circumstances in which he died, his death was more generally interesting among civilised nations, than that of any other English statesman had ever been. It was an event in the internal history of every country. From Lima to Athens, every nation struggling for independence or existence, was filled by it with sorrow and dismay. The Miguelites of Portugal, the Apostolicals of Spain, the Jesuitical faction in France, and the Divan of Constantinople, raised a shout of joy at the fall of their dreaded enemy. He was regretted by all who, heated by no personal or party resentment, felt for genius struck down in the act of attempting to heal the revolutionary distemper, and to render future improvements pacific, on the principle of a deep and thorough compromise between the interests and the opinions, the prejudices and the demands, of the supporters of establishment and the followers of reformation.

“From his boyhood he was the foremost among very distinguished contemporaries, and continued to be regarded as the best specimen, and the most brilliant representative, of a public and national education. His youthful eye sparkled with quickness and arch pleasantry, and his countenance early betrayed that jealousy of his own dignity, and sensibility to suspected disregard, which were afterwards softened, but never quite subdued. Neither the habits

of a great school, nor those of a popular assembly, were calculated to weaken his love of praise and passion for distinction. But, as he advanced in years, his fine countenance was ennobled by the expression of thought and feeling; he more pursued that lasting praise which is not to be earned without praiseworthiness; and, if he continued to be a lover of fame, he also passionately loved the glory of his country. Even he who almost alone was entitled to look down on fame as ‘that last infirmity of noble minds,’ had not forgotten that it was

‘The spur that the clear spirit doth raise,
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.’

“The natural bent of character is, perhaps, better ascertained from the undisturbed and unconscious play of the mind in the common intercourse of society, than from its movements under the power of strong interest or warm passions in public life. In social intercourse Mr. Canning was delightful. Happily for the true charm of his conversation, he was too busy otherwise not to treat society as more fitted for relaxation than display. It is but little to say, that he was neither disputatious, declamatory, nor sententious; neither a dictator nor a jester. His manner was simple and unobtrusive, his language always quite familiar. If a higher thought stole from his mind, it came in its conversational undress. From this plain ground his pleasantry sprang with the happiest effect, and it was nearly exempt from that alloy of taunt and banter, which he sometimes mixed with more precious materials in public contest. He may be added to the list of those eminent persons who pleased most in their friendly circle. He had the agreeable quality of being more easily pleased in society than might have been expected from the keenness of his discernment and the sensibility of his temper. He was liable to be discomposed, or even silenced, by the presence of any one whom he did not like. His manner in society betrayed the political vexations or anxieties which preyed on his mind, nor could he conceal that sensitiveness to public attacks which their frequent recurrence wears out in most English politicians. These last foibles may be thought interesting as the remains of natural character, not destroyed by refined society and political affairs. He was assailed by some adversaries so ignoble as to

wound him through his filial affection, which preserved its respectful character through the whole course of his advancement. The ardent zeal for his memory, which appeared immediately after his death, attests the warmth of those domestic affections which seldom prevail where they are not mutual. To his touching epitaph on his son, parental love has given a charm which is wanting in his other verses. It was said of him at one time, that no man had so little popularity and such affectionate friends; and the truth was certainly more sacrificed to point in the former than in the latter member of the contrast. Some of his friendships continued in spite of political differences, which, by rendering intercourse less unconstrained, often undermine friendship; and others were remarkable for a warmth, constancy, and disinterestedness, which, though chiefly honorable to those who were capable of so pure a kindness, yet redound to the credit of him who was the object of it. No man is so beloved who is not himself formed for friendship. Notwithstanding his disregard for money, he was not tempted in youth, by the example or the kindness of affluent friends, much to overstep his little patrimony. He never afterwards sacrificed to parade or personal indulgence, though his occupations scarcely allowed him to think enough of his private affairs. Even from his moderate fortune, his bounty was often liberal to suitors to whom official relief could not be granted. By a sort of generosity still harder for him to practise, he endeavoured, in cases where the suffering was great, though the suit could not be granted, to satisfy the feelings of the suitor, by full explanation in writing of the causes which rendered compliance impracticable. Wherever he took an interest, he shewed it as much by delicacy to the feelings of those whom he served or relieved, as by substantial consideration for their claims; a rare and most praiseworthy merit among men in power.

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 "Mr. Canning possessed in a high degree the outward advantages of an orator. His expressive countenance varied with the changes of his eloquence; his voice, flexible and articulate, had as much compass as his mode of speaking required. In the calm part of his

speeches, his attitude and gesture might have been selected by a painter to represent grace rising toward dignity.—No English speaker used the keen and brilliant weapon of wit so long, so often, or so effectively, as Mr. Canning. He gained more triumphs and incurred more enmity by it than any other. Those whose importance depends much on birth and fortune, are impatient of seeing their own artificial dignity, or that of their order, broken down by derision; and perhaps few men heartily forgive a successful jest against themselves, but those who are conscious of being unhurt by it. Mr. Canning often used this talent imprudently.

"As his oratorical faults were those of youthful genius, the progress of age seemed to purify his eloquence, and every year appeared to remove some speck which hid, or at least dimmed, a beauty. He daily rose to larger views, and made, perhaps, as near approaches to philosophical principles as the great difference between the objects of the philosopher and those of the orator will commonly allow. When the memorials of his own time, the composition of which he is said never to have interrupted in his busiest moments, are made known to the public, his abilities as a writer may be better estimated.

"His power of writing verse may rather be classed with his accomplishments, than numbered among his high and noble faculties. It would have been a distinction for an inferior man.—In some of the amusements or tasks of his boyhood there are passages which, without much help from fancy, might appear to contain allusions to his greatest measures of policy, as well as to the tenor of his life, and to the melancholy splendour which surrounded his death. In the concluding line of the first English verses written by him at Eton, he expressed a wish, which has been singularly realised, that he might

'Live in a blaze, and in a blaze expire.'

It is at least a striking coincidence, that the statesman, whose dying measure was to mature an alliance for the deliverance of Greece, should, when a boy, have written English verses on the slavery of that country, and that, in his prize poem at Oxford, on the Pilgrimage to Mecca, a composition as much applauded as a modern Latin poem

can aspire to be, he should have as bitterly deplored the lot of other renowned countries, now groaning under the same barbarous yoke.

“He was a man of fine and brilliant genius, of warm affections, of high and generous spirit; a statesman, who, at home, converted most of his opponents into warm supporters; who, abroad, was the sole hope and trust of all who sought an orderly and legal liberty; and who was cut off in the midst of vigorous and splendid measures, which, if executed by himself, or with his own spirit, promised to place his name in the first class of rulers, among the founders of lasting peace, and the guardians of human improvement.”

NOLLEKENS AND HIS TIMES, *comprising a Life of that celebrated Sculptor, and Memoirs of Contemporary Artists, by Mr. John Thomas Smith.* 2 vols. 1828.

THERE were very few English sculptors of great skill or talent before the reign of George III. Foreigners were chiefly employed by our princes and gentry before that era; and, even after some natives had manifested their abilities, strangers were still encouraged.—Nollekens was one of these; and so high was his reputation, that he acquired great wealth by the exercise of his talents. He gained, indeed, more than he deserved; for we may venture to affirm, though we know that many will differ from us in opinion, that no man's abilities deserve more than he knows how to use.

“Nollekens (says a periodical writer) was economical to a degree of farcical absurdity: his wife was a partner in his farthing retrenchments, and was also a jealous, foolish, talkative woman. The sculptor, after the fashion of him of the “Surrey side,” who painted a dozen original Shakespeares and sold each separately as the identical portrait from which the solitary engraving was taken, cheated his patrons and employers by substituting vile casts of his own for the genuine antique. He was an impostor as well as a man of genius; and he superadded, to the meanest roguery of his profession, the coarsest vulgarity

of manners. Toward the latter part of his life, however, his nature seems to have relented; avarice relaxed her hold upon his affections, and his hoarded wealth was as profusely distributed amongst the wretched and the unhappy, as it had previously been cunningly wrung from the rich and proud. There is a fine religious lesson in this active repentance; and, although the writer does not appear to have caught the full spirit, or to have understood the influence of the facts he has related, yet the simple indication of the mighty change of habits, on the eve of rendering up the last account of mortality, is in itself a practical homily upon our duties.”

There is a great deal of frivolity in these volumes; yet they are far from being destitute of information and amusement. As there is no necessity for analysing them, we shall merely give desultory quotations.

Dr. Johnson was acquainted with the sculptor, whom he sometimes descended to recommend.—“When the doctor sat for his bust, he was very much displeased at the manner in which the head had been loaded with hair, which the sculptor insisted upon, as it made him more like an ancient poet. The sittings were not very favourable, which rather vexed the artist, who, on opening the street-door, (a vulgarity he was addicted to), peevishly whined,—‘Now, doctor, you *did* say you would give my busto half an hour before dinner, and the dinner has been waiting this long time, to which the doctor's reply was, ‘Bow-wow-wow!’—The bust is a wonderfully fine one and very like; but certainly the sort of hair is objectionable, having been modeled from the flowing locks of a sturdy Irish beggar, originally a street pavior (*paver*), who, after he had sat an hour, refused to take a shilling, stating that he could have made more by begging!’”

On another occasion, Mrs. Thrale (afterwards Mrs. Piozzi) is pleasantly introduced:—Mrs. Thrale one morning entered Nollekens' studio, accompanied by Dr. Johnson, to see the bust of lord Mansfield, when the sculptor vociferated, ‘I like your picture by Sir Joshua very much: he tells me it's for Thrale, a brewer over the water: his wife's a sharp woman, one of the blue-stockings people.’—‘Nolly, Nolly,’ observed the doctor, ‘I wish your maid would stop your foolish mouth with a blue bag;’ at

which Mrs. Thrale smiled, and whispered to the doctor, 'My dear Sir, you'll get nothing by blunting your arrows upon a block.'

Of the shameful meanness and rapacious illiberality of the artist, a judgement may be formed from the following statement.—'The marble for a particular figure did not ultimately cost him more than twenty pounds: for he had so cunningly economised the block, that he cut out from the corners several pieces for various busts: and even farther than this, the block not being long enough by the depth of Mr. Pitt's head, he contrived to drill out a lump from between the legs large enough for the head, which he put on the shoulders of the block. The arm was also carved from a single piece; and yet for this figure, *pieced* in a manner which the sculptors of Italy would have been ashamed of, he received the unheard-of price of three thousand guineas, and one thousand for the pedestal, giving the sculptor who carved it only three hundred pounds for his trouble. For the busts in marble, he paid Gahagan, Goblet, and another sculptor of inferior merit, twenty-four pounds each, upon the average.'

The artist sometimes aimed at wit, but did not shine in his attempts of that kind.—'When Mr. West was sitting for a bust, which the members of the British Institution had requested to have, the duke of York arrived, accompanied by his royal brother, the duke of Cumberland. The duke of York, at that time, was also sitting for his bust, when Mr. West heard Nollekens inquire of him, 'How's your father?' on which the duke, with his usual condescension, smilingly informed him that the king was better. The duke of Cumberland then asked Nollekens why a man of his years wore so high a *toupet* to his wig? The artist, instead of answering, wished to know why his royal highness wore those *mutaques*? The duke of York smiled and said, 'You have it now, Cumberland.'

On another occasion, he was perversely sarcastic rather than witty.—'During the time an illustrious personage was sitting for his bust, he could not refrain from smiling at his friend, who stood behind Nollekens, at the truly ridiculous manner in which the artist had inconvenienced himself for the occa-

sion. His powdered *toupet*, which was stiffly pomatumed, stood pointedly erect; and he had, for the first time, put on a coat to which the tailor had given an enormously high buckramed cape, so that his head appeared as if it were in the pillory. To look over this cape, Nollekens had for some time painfully exerted himself, by stretching his neck to its fullest possible extent; but, as he proceeded with his model, his body by degrees relaxed, and his head at last was so completely buried within the cape, that nothing but the pinnacle of his *toupet* was visible above it. This ridiculous exit of Nollekens' head so operated upon the risibility of the noble sitter, that, at last, he irresistibly indulged in a liberal fit of laughter, which so irritated the little sculptor, who had for some time noticed their smiles, that, instead of good-temperedly finding fault with the tailor, he lost sight of propriety, and, thrusting his thumb into the mouth of the model, impetuously exclaimed, with a treble wag of his head, 'If you laugh, I'll make a fool of ye.'

The following is an amusing scene between the sculptor and his wife, who was the *Pekuah* of Dr. Johnson.—'Of all the varieties of itinerant amusements before Mr. Punch came into vogue, none seemed to give Nollekens more pleasure than the Milk-maids' dance on May-day, of which he was so avowed an admirer, that Mrs. Crossdale, my old school-mistress and his opposite neighbour, assured me that she one May-day witnessed no less than five garlands, and their lasses, who had danced at his parlour window, to each of whom he had given half-a-crown. This indulgence of his was considered by Mrs. Nollekens as a great piece of folly and extravagance: and she soon discovered that it was the custom of most of the abandoned women who sat to him for his Venuses, to hire themselves as dancers upon these occasions; and, as he constantly promised to give each of them something when they came, he always made a point of staying at home to see them display their agility. Sometimes Mrs. Nollekens, whose exquisite feelings induced her to stand at a distance to watch their movements, would rate him for descending to such low pleasures. 'A man like you,' she would say, 'who could obtain orders at any time for the

Opera-House (where you could see Vestris), and who is visited by the No-verres, how you can agitate your feet as you do, at such strumming, is to me perfectly astonishing! See! look over the way at the first-floor window of the Sun and Horse-shoe; the landlord and his wife are laughing at you; and I declare, there is Finney, your brute of a mason, yes, and his son Kit, ay, and old John Panzetta, the polisher, looking over their shoulders. How can you so expose yourself, Mr. Nollekens? I wish, from my heart, Dr. Burney would come in just now; and I am quite sure that Miss Hawkins, poor as her ear is for music, whose playing, as the doctor says, distracts one to hear,—even she, I say, could never be pleased with such trash as you are now listening to.' But he was deaf to all her remonstrances, and continued to move his head to the movements of the feet of the girls, with as much gratification as the man of real taste and feeling expresses at this day, when he is riveted to the magic sweetness of Samuel Wesley's voluntaries."

This good lady was evidently jealous of her husband, as appears from her interference on the occasion of a visit which he received from a pretty woman, who pretended to wish for employment as a modeler, but perhaps entertained other views in consequence of her knowledge of the admiration which the artist felt for female beauty.—"One morning, a very handsome woman modestly rapped at the door. Mr. Nollekens, who was giving me instructions to knead the clay for a bust of Mr. Mathias, answered the knock, and, when he saw the beautiful creature, whom I had seen over the window blinds, he said, 'Come in, my dear; who sent you to me?'—'No one, Sir; my friends tell me I have a peculiar talent for modeling in butter, and I have brought a few pigs and sheep in this butter-boat to show you.'—'Walk in; this is only my pupil, and he won't say a word about it.'—'I beg your pardon, Sir, for the intrusion: perhaps I ought to have informed you that I am a housekeeper in want of a situation, and finding that the knowledge of modeling animals in butter would greatly add to my recommendation, I have taken the liberty of submitting the little things I have done to your inspection.' At this moment the door of the

studio was opened, and Mrs. Nollekens, with her usual precision of words, stepped up to her husband, and, putting her finger upon his sleeve, said, 'Surely, Mr. Nollekens will not suffer himself to be looked upon in the light of a pastry-cook! what have you, my dear Sir, to do with modeling in butter? the world will say that you have taught Mrs.—what is your name, my good woman?'—'Wilnot.'—'Mrs. Wilnot to model in butter! Pray, are you married?'—'No, I can't say I am married, ma'am.'—'Mr. Nollekens, I wish to speak with you in the next room.' What was said there I know not; but Mrs. Wilnot observed to me, 'She is jealous—so far my good looks are against me.' In what way Mr. Nollekens was prevailed upon I cannot tell; but true it is, he did not return into the room, though his wife entered, who delivered the following address to the handsome housekeeper:—'Mr. Nollekens is extremely sorry to say, that his professional engagements, at this season of the year, will not permit him to attend to your wishes; but, if you will leave your address with me, he will consider himself your debtor.' Mrs. Wilnot gave her address, and then, after replacing her lambs, sheep, and pigs in the butter-boat, retired."

The generality of misers are particularly parsimonious in the article of coal. The opulent Sir William Pulteney frequently passed whole days in the winter without the comfort of a fire in his study or his parlor, alleging that a defiance of cold tended to the benefit of his health, when his real object was to save a few shillings. Nollekens was nearly as penurious in that respect.—"When the late marquis of Londonderry was sitting for his bust, coals were at an enormous price; and the noble lord, who had been for some time shivering in his seat, took the opportunity, when the sculptor went out for more clay, of throwing some coals upon the fire. "Oh, my good lord, I don't know what Mr. Nollekens will say!" exclaimed Mrs. Nollekens, who was bolstered up and bound to an old night-chair by the fire-side: 'Never mind, my good lady,' answered his lordship; 'tell him to put them into my bill.' Lonsdale, the portrait-painter, who found him one severe winter's evening starving himself before a wretched fire, requested to be permitted to throw a few coals on; and,

before Nollekens could reply, on they were. Lonsdale, strongly suspecting that they would be taken off as soon as he was gone, was determined to be convinced; and, when he had reached the street-door, pretending to have forgotten something, he re-ascended to the room, and found him as he expected, taking them off with the fire-feeder (so strongly recommended to him by the bishop of St. Asaph), at the same time muttering to himself, '*Shameful!* shameful extravagance!'

Let these pleasantries now give way to some serious remarks upon the prevailing practice of the sculptural art.—“Much has frequently been said by those persons who understand little of the matter, respecting the practice of modern sculptors, as it regards the manner in which the texture of the respective materials they represent should be carved. They insist that no attempt to particularise any specific substance should be made, but that every description of drapery should be treated alike, whether linen, silk, or woollen; so that it be drapery, it is enough. Another states, that the silk drapery given by Roubiliac to the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, at Cambridge, is more often admired than the other parts of the figure; and this may probably be the case, as the ideas of those persons who praise the statue for its silk mantle, are confined to texture only. But surely it would have been highly improper if Roubiliac had given folds like those of linen or woollen, when he knew that he had to represent silk.

“Chantrey’s busts are valuable, in addition to their astonishing strength of natural character, for the fleshy manner in which he has treated them, which every real artist knows to be the most difficult part of the sculptor’s task.—Surely the man of taste, after he has admired and spoken of the fleshiness of a figure, would not think of blaming the sculptor for attending to the manner in which he had carved the ermine of a king’s robe, the lawn sleeves of a bishop’s rochet, the silk riband of an order of knighthood, or the woollen coat of an admiral. Each of these articles should be precisely attended to, or they will not remind us of the things which they are intended to represent; and, if the sculptor were wholly inattentive to texture, many a lawyer would be deprived of his silk gown. Suppose the

artist had to carve a negro’s woolly head, should the hair be as sleek and oily as his skin? In my opinion, unquestionably not; nor should the foam of the fiery steed be glossy like its coat. The flesh of that truly beautiful figure of Charity, by Westmacott, is powerfully and properly contrasted by the coarseness of the dowdy drapery, with which he has covered her limbs; and perhaps I cannot point out a more striking instance of the unequivocal influence of contrast, than that which is displayed in this figure.

“Nollekens, great as he certainly was as a sculptor of busts, never produced that lively fleshiness which we see so pre-eminently attended to by the best English sculptors of the present day; and yet he was fully aware of its beauty and high importance, for I have often heard him observe, when any one was looking at an antique head of a Faun, which was afterwards purchased at his sale by the duke of Newcastle, that he never saw flesh better represented in marble, and that it was for that great excellence he bought it. But, though the texture of the mechanical materials is by no means to be neglected, it can be viewed by an intellectual person in a secondary light only; and it has often, of late years, given me great pleasure to observe that the same class of persons, who in my boyish days would admire a bleeding-heart-cherry painted upon a Pontipool tea-board, or a Tradescant-strawberry upon a Dutch table, now attentively look, and for a long time too, with the most awful respect at the majestic fragments of the Greek sculptors’ art, so gloriously displayed in the Elgin Gallery. These are, indeed, treasures, the merits of which, in my humble opinion, men of the first talent, however powerful might be their command of words, would find themselves at least inadequate to describe.”

A CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH OF SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT, *from the Anniversary.*

WE have met with few men whom we wished so much to meet again as Sir George Beaumont. We have met with men of greater talents, of higher rank, of equal learning, and of finer powers of conversation; but we never met with one who represented so gracefully and

naturally the man of rank, of learning, and of literature. He had all the easy dignity which we assign to the Sidneys and the Raleighs of Elizabeth's court, united to the polished manners, refined taste, and sense of propriety, which distinguish that of George the Fourth. His kindliness of nature and generosity of heart were his own. The man and his manners had a dignity about them which were inherited, not copied. His learning was extensive, and sat gracefully on him, like an every-day-dress; while his love of literature, and his admiration of art, dawned modestly out, and gradually brightened upon you.

He was of old descent, and had reason to be proud of it, for he came from a race of great warriors and poets; yet he was not proud. He had cause to be vain of his possessions, for they were ample and of that picturesque kind which the owner loved; yet he was not vain. He had also good cause to be proud of his learning, his taste, his talents, and his influence; yet he seemed unconscious of them all. You could see at once that he was not of the common order of men, for his looks were full of talent and intelligence; nor could you fail to feel that the graceful and simple stateliness of his manners was something hereditary, belonged a little to other days, and had nothing at all to do with the upstart lordliness of those who are the first of their family that find a gold spoon in their mouths.

If we had uttered the words we have now written, during the life-time of our friend, and if they had been doubted by any one, a single glance of the unbeliever at the baronet himself, at the company he loved to keep, and the house which he inhabited, would have dispelled all doubts of that kind. At home his good taste and his good sense were alike visible. His house was not a glittering mansion of shells and spars, of specimens of clay and bits of bone, of cracked porringers, or of things rare and strange, and dirty and far-fetched; for the walls were hung with the noblest paintings, the finest efforts of the human intellect, which taste and riches had united in obtaining; his shelves were stored with the learning and genius of all ages, and his table was surrounded by men who had a claim on the world, not because the fire-new stamp of honor was upon them, nor because their fathers

had been hereditary transmitters of foolish faces, but from the more unquestioned title of learning, talent, and genius. Men were there whose genius honored the age; men of rank, whose taste and attainments rendered their titles less necessary; the poets and the artists most famous in their time. Nor were they there because they happened to be momentary bubbles sparkling on the stream of fashion, but from a sense of their worth and a feeling of their merits. There were, indeed, few men of eminence with whom he was not friendly and familiar. Of the genius of Wordsworth he was a rewarder, as well as a warm admirer, and the poet has repaid his regard by many friendly and graceful allusions embodied in his works.—They were companions. They planted trees, planned abodes, erected altars, and ornamented fountains among the picturesque domains of Charnwood and Grace-Dieu; and nothing can display more touchingly the brotherhood of nature, or the union of taste and feeling, than their joint employments. The fame of the poet was warmly aided by the friendship of Sir George. It is true that the original power of thought, and the deep sympathy with nature, and the supremacy claimed for genius over the artificial dignities of the earth, which distinguish his works, were sure to make their way to public attention, for nature will assert her own power at last; but all this is wondrously facilitated by a friendly voice calling out, like the herald in Scripture, "Behold the man whom the king delighteth to honor."

Let Wordsworth speak for himself of this honorable brotherhood. "Several of my best poems were composed under the shade of your own groves—upon the classic ground of Coleorton—where I was animated by the recollection of those illustrious poets of your name and family who were born in that neighbourhood, and, you may be assured, did not wander with indifference by the dashing stream of Grace-Dieu, or among the rocks that diversify Charnwood. Nor is there any one to whom such parts of this collection as have been inspired or colored by the beautiful country from which I now address you, could be presented with more propriety than to yourself, who have composed so many admirable pictures from the suggestions of the same scenery."

ASTRONOMICAL FANCIES.

AN ingenious writer has given to the world the supposed narrative of a man who pretends to have had two lives, and to have corrected in one the follies and vices of the other. The work is too much connected with metaphysical absurdity and German mysticism to suit rational English readers; and few, we think, will be so interested in the progress of the strange story as to proceed to the end. Yet it displays marks of talent and powers of thinking. We are not disposed to analyse it, but shall merely quote an amusing speculation.

"We had been going over the comparative revolutions of the planets: and the extreme likelihood that they were all of them inhabited made him deduce a set of very whimsical and not unamusing inferences. For instance, the affinity of these planets to one another, and to one common centre (said he), would lead one to suppose that their inhabitants partook of this generic similarity. Mercury, on such a plan, must have its man, as well as the earth. But the revolution of that near visitant of our sun round its own axis is made in six hours. The day, therefore, of Mercury consists of but three hours, for meals, and their provision and preparation, exercise, business, and pleasure. One of our common trials there would starve the whole court. The Mercurial senate would have sunk under the combined wit and wisdom of our Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan. The action there is probably quicker, through its whole animal existence, than ours. Ideas must flow quicker. Our winged words would creep to them. The tongue must move faster, and even language itself be still farther abbreviated, to suit the demands of such rapid communication. But, if we should be of opinion, that, as Mercury completes his year in eighty-eight days, and is six times as strongly enlightened by the sun as we are, he may not be cool enough for animal production, this will not be supposed of our more intimate acquaintance Jupiter, who, though his revolution round the common sun takes him nearly twelve of our years to accomplish, has a day of scarcely five hours, and six hundred and eighteen of our weeks

to be distributed in business, pleasure, and repose. As to Saturn, with a day and night of only seven hours, and not having so much as a hundredth part of the light enjoyed by Jupiter, with thirty of our years to wander in twilight dejection round the sun, the men there, perhaps, slumber between thought and thought, and all conversation is a suit in Chancery. But though it may be true, that in planets enjoying a middle position, like our earth, the safest and best walking may be found for beings like ourselves, it would be too much to assume, that upon nearer or more distant worlds there is no walking at all. Vast power is, no doubt, capable of amazing varieties in creation. The very senses may be fewer, more numerous, or possess other properties than ours. The human creatures of Saturn may, for instance, have that sort of phosphoric ignition in the dark, which lights certain animals here to their prey, and probably fascinates as well as shows it. Day and night, moreover, with the Saturnine, may not be the unavoidable alternations of labour and repose, but the strength, as well as the will to labour, may carry them through a period of activity equal to our own. To be sure the opposite conclusion is more likely to be true, because, where the grossness is greater, there is more torpor, and night may not arrive too soon after an active day of five, four, or even three of our own hours."

NOTICES IN VARIOUS BRANCHES OF
NATURAL HISTORY.

Is the Whale a Fish?—Aristotle classed fishes in three divisions,—cetaceous, cartilaginous, and spinous. Some subsequent naturalists arranged them according to their places of abode, in seas, lakes, or rivers; but, when it was observed that many fishes frequented these situations indiscriminately, Willoughby and Ray recurred to the Aristotelian classification, which Linnæus also in a great measure adopted. In the progress of investigation, however, it has been discovered that the internal structure of the whale, and other cetaceous animals, is very much allied to that of quadrupeds, while the external figure also bears an equal coincidence. Whales differ from fishes in being de-

stitute of gills, and in breathing by means of lungs, on which account they are obliged to rise frequently to the surface of the water, for fresh air; and they resemble land animals in having warm blood, and in several other circumstances, particularly that of suckling their young, which no real fish condescends to do. The whale, therefore may be pronounced not to be a fish.

The Whale-Guide.—It is related by ancient naturalists, and Plutarch says that he witnessed the fact in the Mediterranean, that the whale never moves without being preceded by a small fish like the sea-gudgeon, for this reason called the whale-guide, which the whale follows, suffering himself to be led and turned by it as a ship is governed by the helm. In recompense for the services of his little friend, he allows it to retire securely into his great mouth which swallows up all other things: and there it sleeps, while the whale never attempts to stir till it awakens to lead him, when he immediately follows. If by any accident he loses his guide, he goes wandering hither and thither, and dashes himself on the rocks like a ship without a rudder.—That this account is fabulous we have no hesitation in affirming. It is not the only idle story that Plutarch has related. Beside the general improbability of the statement, there is one objection to it, which is this:—fishes, we believe, do not sleep like land animals, as appears from sharks tracking the swiftest-sailing ships for weeks together.

The Tunny.—This is a beautiful fish, having the back of a fine, deep, China blue, with eight spurious fins on the dorsal line, and as many on the belly. The tunnies enter the Mediterranean in immense shoals, swimming with great swiftness, making a loud hissing noise, and forming a regular parallelogram. Why they assume this order does not appear; for it is not calculated to facilitate either their progress or the capture of their prey. Perhaps, however, it may be intended to prevent the attacks of their enemies, like the Lacedemonian or the Roman phalanx, to which, perhaps, the parallelogram of the tunny shoals may have given origin. Sometimes tunnies are found in our northern seas, in pursuit of herrings, &c., but always in small numbers, never in shoals.

Movements of Herrings.—It has been maintained by some naturalists,

that herrings breed in the northern seas, from which they annually migrate southwards; but for this opinion there does not seem to be any satisfactory authority. It has never, at least, been attempted to verify the theory by establishing herring-fisheries on the coast of Iceland, Greenland, or Spitzbergen. There is nothing to indicate a migration from the north; on the contrary, there is every reason to believe that they breed in our own seas: but the times of their breeding and of their visits are irregular and capricious. Much money has been squandered in erecting stations for fisheries, which the herrings afterwards abandoned.

Amphibious Fishes.—According to captain Cook there is found in New Holland a small fish of a singular kind. It is about the size of a minnow, and has very strong breast-fins. He found it in places that were quite dry, where, as was supposed, it might have been left by the tide; but it did not seem to have become languid by the want of water, for, on his approach, it leaped away, by the help of the breast-fins; nor, indeed, did it seem to prefer water to land, for, when it was found in the water, it often leaped out, and pursued its way upon dry ground. He also observed, that, when it was in places where small stones were standing above the surface of the water, it chose rather to leap from stone to stone than to swim, and he saw several of them pass entirely over puddles in this manner, until they came to dry ground, when they leaped away.

The Eagle-Fish.—This creature is about three feet long, with golden eyes, rounded nose, and sharp hooked teeth. Its air-bag, or swim-bladder, is remarkable, as Cuvier describes it, for being furnished with numerous projections from its sides. It is a common fish in the Mediterranean, and occasionally visits the shores of Britain. In 1820, one was captured by some fishermen near the Zetland isles, and, when brought into the boat, it made a purring noise. It is probably the fish referred to by Mr. Couch, as approaching the shores of Cornwall, following pieces of wood covered with barnacles, upon which it may be supposed to feed.

The American Sea-Serpent.—The existence of this serpent was long doubted, and, even now, we cannot believe every thing that is said of it. Mr. Warburton

speaks more positively on the subject than any former navigator or writer.—He has given a graphic representation of one which he and some of his ship's company beheld. The monster seemed (he says) to be about sixty feet long.—At first, it carried its head vertically out of the water, as his figure represents it; but, in about twenty minutes, it stretched itself out horizontally. It moved in an undulating manner, and swam almost like an eel. It was seen, two days afterwards, at a distance of 200 leagues, by the crew of another vessel.

Religious Use of the Silver Muscle.—The shell of this American fish is a favorite ornament among some of the barbarian tribes in North-America, who call it the *white couch*; and the breast-plate of the most sacred personage in the tribe is formed entirely of this kind of shell. This breast-plate is worn on the great annual festival of the natives, when, clothed in white raiment of finely-dressed doe-skins, resembling the ephod of the Jews, the 'great beloved man,' as he is termed by his brethren, enters the holiest division in their place of worship, and offers the sacred fire as an atonement for the sins of his people. It is pretended that these tribes are the descendants of Jewish emigrants, who traversed the Atlantic in early times to avoid persecution;—an opinion even less probable than the story which many Welshmen believe, of the colonisation of some parts of North-America by prince Madoc and his followers.

Supposed Eyes of the Snail.—Some naturalists have asserted that the black pellucid points on the horns of the snail are eyes—telescopic eyes, which can be drawn out or sheathed at the will of the animal, like a pair of portable spying-glasses. Others maintain, that these points are nothing more than the expansion of a nerve, meant to give delicacy to an exquisite organ of touch; and Sir Everard Home and Mr. Bauer support this opinion upon the faith of minute dissection.—Indeed, the possession of retractile eyes would be contrary to the general analogy of other animals.

Fecundity of the Oyster.—The liquor of this shell-fish contains incredible multitudes of small embryo oysters, covered with their tiny shells, perfectly transparent, and swimming

nimbly about. One hundred and twenty of these embryos, if placed in a row, would not extend one inch. Beside these, the liquor is said to contain a great number of animalcules, five hundred times less in size, which emit a phosphoric light. Within the shell also are three distinct species of worms, which shine in the dark like the glow-worm. The sea-star, cockle, and muscle, are the great enemies of the oyster. The first gets within the shell when it gapes, and sucks out the inhabitant. While the tide is flowing, oysters lie with the hollow of the shell downwards; but, when it ebbs, they turn on the other side.

Sponges.—The ancient naturalists supposed that these were marine productions possessing animal life; and many of the moderns before our time considered them as vegetables, and some even thought they were minerals. From the most accurate investigations, it appears that they are inanimate bodies, insensible to the touch or to the undulations of the sea, and formed by the juices or gelatinous exudations of the zoöphytes which inhabit them.

Ingenious Insects.—Wasps practised the art of paper-making before it was invented by mankind. They do not use for their paper any of the substances employed in our manufactories, but the fibres of wood, which they detach by means of their jaws from posts, rails, window-frames, &c.; and, when they have amassed a bundle of fibres, they moisten the heap with a few drops of viscid glue from their mouths, and, kneading it with their jaws into a sort of paste, or *papier maché*, fly off with it to their nest. This ductile mass they attach to that part of the building upon which they are at work, walking backwards, and spreading it into leaves of the required thinness, by means of the jaws, tongue, and legs. This operation is performed several times, until the proper number of layers, which are to compose the roof, are finished. The wasp's paper is about the thickness of thin post; and some idea may be formed of the labor necessary to complete the covering of the nest, from the fact, that it requires about fifteen or sixteen sheets to perfect the curious fabric.

A Cruel Brute.—The captain of a Greenland whaler, wishing to take a white bear without injuring the skin, laid a noose in the snow, and placed a

piece of kreng or hot meat within it. A bear, ranging over the neighbouring ice, was soon enticed to the spot by the savory smell. He perceived the bait, approached, and seized it in his mouth; and, when his foot, by a jerk of the rope, was entangled in the noose, he pushed it off with his paw, and deliberately retired. After having eaten the piece which he had carried away with him, he returned. The noose (with another piece of kreng) being then replaced, he pushed the rope aside, and again walked triumphantly off with the kreng. A third time the noose was laid: the sailors buried the rope beneath the snow, and laid the bait in a deep hole dug in the centre. The bear once more approached, and the sailors were confident of success; but the animal, more sagacious than they expected to find him, after snuffing about the place for a few moments, scraped the snow away with his paw, threw the rope aside, and again escaped with the tempting prize.

Laws among wild Elephants.—The elephant (says Mr. Cordiner) appears to be monogamous; and so strictly are the matrimonial laws enforced in the herd, that, when one of a pair dies or is captured, the other is banished. An elephant, thus driven into solitude, becomes so moody, irritable, and vicious, that it is exceedingly dangerous to approach him; for he is ready to wreak out his wrath upon every animal which falls in his way.

Lion-Tigers.—In Atkins' *menagerie* are two animals, produced by the conjugal union of a lion and a tigress. Both therefore partake of the external appearance of each of their parents. The form of the head is more like that of the lion. On the limbs are stripes similar to those of the tiger; but, the ground color being the pale tawny or mouse-brown of the lion, the black, which is also faint, does not show so strongly as in the tiger. They are fine creatures, and more playful than mischievous. The parents are remarkably tame and docile, allowing their keeper to go into the den and play with them, as if they were a pair of domestic cats. Among other things, he makes them sit down on their haunches, one on each side of him, while he places himself so that his face almost touches their cheeks. He then makes them spring repeatedly through

a hoop which he holds up for the purpose. He will even put his head into the lion's mouth, taking care first to bring him into good-humor by patting and caressing him.

TALES OF A GRANDFATHER,

being Stories taken from the History of Scotland.—3 vols. *First Series*—3 vols. *Second Series*.—1828.

THIS work, in its nature, resembles Mr. Neele's *Romance of History*; but it has two advantages over that work. In the first place, it includes fewer deviations from the strictness of truth; and, secondly, it evinces greater talent. It was intended by Sir Walter Scott chiefly for young readers; but persons of mature age may derive great entertainment and instruction from these interesting volumes. In the first series, the history is brought down to the union of the *crowns* of England and Scotland; in the second, to the incorporation of the *kingdoms*.

The stories of Macbeth, William Wallace, and Robert Bruce, are given in a spirited manner; but we pass over these parts of the work, and proceed to a display of female heroism.

Black Agnes.—Among the warlike exploits of this period, we must not forget the defence of the castle of Dunbar, by the celebrated countess of March. Her lord had embraced the side of David Bruce, and had taken the field with the regent. The countess, who from her complexion was termed Black Agnes, was a high-spirited and courageous woman, the daughter of Thomas Randolph, earl of Moray, and the heiress of his valour and patriotism. The castle was very strong, being built upon a chain of rocks stretching into the sea, having only one passage to the main land, which was well fortified. It was besieged by the earl of Salisbury, who employed to destroy its walls great military engines, constructed to throw huge stones, with which machines fortifications were attacked before the use of cannon. Black Agnes set all his attempts at defiance, and showed herself with her maids on the walls of the castle, wiping the places where the huge stones fell with a clean towel, as if they could do no ill to her castle, save raising a little dust, which

a napkin could wipe away. The earl then brought forward to the assault an engine of another kind, being a species of wooden shed, or house, rolled on wheels, with a roof of peculiar strength, which, from resembling the ridge of a hog's back, occasioned the machine to be called a sow. This, according to the old mode of warfare, was thrust up to the walls of a besieged castle or city, and served to protect from the arrows and stones of the besieged a party of soldiers placed within the sow, who were in the mean while to undermine the wall, or break an entrance through it with pickaxes and mining tools. When the countess of March saw this engine approach, she made a signal, and a huge fragment of rock, which hung prepared for the purpose, was dropped down from the wall upon the sow, whose roof was thus dashed to pieces. As the English soldiers, who had been within it, were running as fast as they could to get out of the way of the arrows and stones from the wall, Black Agnes called out, 'Behold the litter of English pigs!' The earl of Salisbury could jest also on such serious occasions. One day he rode near the walls with a knight dressed in armour of proof, having three folds of mail over a leathern jacket; notwithstanding which, one William Spens shot an arrow with such force that it penetrated all these defences, and reached the heart of the wearer. 'That is one of my lady's love-tokens,' said the earl, as he saw the knight fall dead from his horse: 'Black Agnes' love-shafts pierce to the heart.'

"On another occasion, the countess of March had well-nigh made the earl her prisoner. She made one of her people treat with the besiegers, pretending to betray the castle. Trusting to this agreement, the earl came at midnight before the gates which he found open, with the portcullis drawn up. As Salisbury was about to enter, one John Copland, an esquire of Northumberland, pressed on before him, and, as soon as he passed the threshold, the portcullis was dropped, and thus the Scots missed their principal prey, and made prisoner only a person of inferior condition.

"At length, the castle was relieved by Alexander Ramsay of Dalwolsy, who brought supplies, by sea, both of

men and provisions. The earl, learning this, despaired of success, and raised the siege, which had lasted nineteen weeks. The minstrels made songs in praise of the perseverance and courage of Black Agnes. The following lines are nearly the sense of what is preserved:

'She kept a stir in tower and trench,
That bawling holst'rous Scottish wench;
Came I early, came I late,
I found Agnes at the gate.'

"A royal adventure is amusingly related.—"When James V. traveled in disguise, he used a name which was known only to some of his principal nobility and attendants. He was called the Goodman (the tenant, that is) of Ballengiech. Once upon a time, when he was feasting in Stirling, he sent for some venison from the neighbouring hills. The deer were killed and put on horses' backs, to be transported to Stirling. Unluckily they had to pass the castle gates of Arnprior, belonging to a chief of the Buchanans, who had a considerable number of guests with him. It was late, and the company were rather short of victuals, though they had more than enough of liquor. The chief, seeing so much fat venison passing his very door, seized on it; and to the expostulations of the keepers, who told him it belonged to king James, he answered insolently, that, if James was king in Scotland, he (Buchanan) was king in the district of Kippen. On hearing what had happened, the king got on horseback, and rode to Buchanan's house, where he found a strong fierce-looking Highlander, with an axe on his shoulder, standing sentinel at the door. This grim warder refused the king admittance, saying, that the laird of Arnprior was at dinner, and would not be disturbed. 'Yet go up to the company, my good friend,' said the king, 'and tell him that the Goodman of Ballengiech is come to feast with the king of Kippen.' The porter went grumbling into the house, and told his master, that there was a fellow with a red beard, who called himself the Goodman of Ballengiech, at the gate. As soon as Buchanan heard these words, he knew that the king was there in person, and hastened down to kneel at James' feet, and to ask forgiveness for his insolent behaviour. The king, who only meant

to give him a fright, forgave him freely, and, going into the castle, feasted on his own venison which Buchanan had intercepted. Buchanan was ever afterwards called the king of Kippen."

In the second series, although the approach to a more civilised period may be supposed to render the incidents less romantic, the stories are still interesting. The author seems to be "quite at home" in describing the perturbed and unsettled state of the borders, of the Highlands, and the Western Isles. The following is a striking picture of vindictive cruelty, and of wild manners, not untinctured with generosity.—"Some of the Farquharsons having killed a person of the Gordon clan, the marquis of Huntly summoned his dependents to vengeance.—"That none of the guilty tribe might escape, he communicated with the laird of Grant, a very powerful chief; and it was agreed that, on a day appointed, Grant, with his clan in arms, should occupy the upper end of the vale of Dee, while the Gordons should ascend the river from beneath, each party killing, burning, and destroying, without mercy, whatever and whomsoever they found before them. A terrible massacre was made among the Farquharsons; almost all the men and women of the race were slain, and, when the day was done, Huntly found himself encumbered with about two hundred children, whose parents had been killed. What became of them, you shall presently hear. About a year after this foray, the laird of Grant chanced to dine at Gordon-Castle. He was, of course, received with kindness, and entertained with magnificence. After dinner was over, Huntly said to his guest, that he would shew him some rare sport. Accordingly, he conducted Grant to a balcony, which, as was frequent in old mansions, overlooked the kitchen, perhaps to permit the lady to give an occasional eye to the operations there. Grant then beheld all the remains of the victims flung at random into a large trough, like that out of which swine feed. While he was wondering what this could mean, the master cook gave a signal with his silver whistle; on which a hatch, like that of a dog-kennel, was raised, and there rushed into the kitchen, some shrieking, some shouting, some yelling—not a pack of hounds, which, in number, noise, and tumult, they greatly resembled—but a huge mob of children,

half naked, and totally wild in their manners, who threw themselves on the contents of the trough, and fought, struggled, and clamoured, each to get the largest share. Grant was a man of humanity, and did not see in that degrading scene all the amusement which his noble host had intended to afford him. 'In the name of Heaven,' he said, 'who are these unfortunate creatures that are fed like so many pigs?'—'They are the children of those Farquharsons whom we slew last year on the Dee side,' answered Huntly. The laird felt more shocked than it would have been prudent or polite to express. 'My lord,' he said, 'my sword helped to make these poor children orphans, and it is not fair that your lordship should be burthened with all the expense of maintaining them. You have supported them for a year and a day—allow me now to take them to Castle-Grant, and keep them for the same time at my cost.' Huntly was tired of the joke of the pig-trough, and willingly consented to have the undisciplined rabble of children taken off his hands. He troubled himself no more about them; and the laird, carrying them to his castle, had them dispersed among his clan, and brought up decently, giving them his own name; but it is said their descendants are still called the Race of the Trough, to distinguish them from the families of the tribe into which they were adopted."

The notice of the death of James I. calls forth these pointed remarks on the fate of the Stewart family.—"In the year 1625 James died. He was the least dignified and accomplished of all his family, but, at the same time, the most fortunate. Robert II., the first of the Stewart family, died, it is true, in peace; but Robert III. sank under the family losses which he had sustained: James I. was murdered; James II. killed by the bursting of a cannon; James III. (whom James VI. chiefly resembled), was privately slain after the battle of Sauchie-Burn; James IV. fell at Flodden; James V. died of a broken heart; Henry Darnley, the father of James VI., was treacherously murdered; and his mother, queen Mary, was tyrannically beheaded. He himself alone, without courage, without sound sagacity, or that feeling of dignity which should restrain a prince from foolish indulgences, became king of the great nation which had for ages

threatened to subdue that of which he was born monarch; and the good fortune of the Stewart family, which seems to have existed in his person alone, declined and totally decayed in those of his successors."

THE QUEEN DOWAGER OF WURTEMBERG.

THE virtues of this princess secured for her the esteem of the strangers to whom her marriage introduced her, and her amiable disposition conciliated their regard. The death of such a personage could not be expected to pass without marked expressions and strong testimonials of sorrow and regret. Her obsequies were solemnised in the cathedral of Stutgard in the most impressive manner, and a similar ceremony was performed on the following Sunday, in all the churches of the realm. The chaplain of the court preached on an appropriate text, "The memory of the just is blessed;" and, at the conclusion of his discourse, a memoir of the queen, composed by the command of the reigning prince, was read to the congregation. The substance of this biographical sketch may thus be given.

Charlotte Augusta Matilda, princess royal of Great-Britain, was born in the year 1766. In her early years a foundation was laid in her mind for the knowledge of modern languages and of history; and her attainments, being impressed by an extraordinary memory, excited in maturer years the admiration of those who had the honor of conversing with her. This love of study was chiefly encouraged by her father, whose inseparable companion the young princess was, and whom she amused in his leisure hours by reading to him. To her literary occupations was added a remarkable talent for the arts of design, which was cultivated under the superintendence of West the painter, and which, when among us, she applied with great taste in embroidery and other female works, as agreeable presents to her friends on various occasions, and as ornaments for the apartments of the palace.

By her marriage with Frederic, then hereditary prince of Wurtemberg, (Sept. 1797,) our country became her second home. Her life was divided between

this and her native country; thirty-one years she had passed in England, and thirty-one more among us. From her first arrival in Wurtemberg, she acquired the love of all persons by her affability and her extensive charity. She knew no greater pleasure than that of alleviating the distress of others, and she sent no one away without giving consolation and assistance.

In her private life the greatest activity prevailed; she was dressed early in the morning, and ready for various occupations. Her time was wisely appropriated, and employed partly in reading, especially religious and historical books, partly in writing letters, particularly to her family, to which she was tenderly attached, and partly in drawing and other female pursuits. To the king her husband she was wholly devoted, and painfully felt his loss. Every year she celebrated his birth-day by divine service, and afterwards visited the vault (which she often did at other times), to pray near the coffin of the deceased. Her health, which was visibly impaired after his death, never kept her from this ceremony: and often she went down to this solemn duty ill, and appeared to be strengthened when she came out again.

After the death of her husband, in 1816, she took up her abode in the palace of Ludwigsburg. This town and its environs, and Teinach in the Black Forest, celebrated for its mineral waters, were in an especial degree the scenes of her beneficence. God had placed in her hands the means of doing good, and also the love of it in her heart; so that she not only bestowed largely, but judiciously, and almost always contrived to multiply her benefits by the manner in which they were conferred. She did not give to poor people barren and often injurious alms, but made herself acquainted with their wants, and in general preferred paying their rents, in order, as she said, to help at the same time both the poor tenant and the landlord, and to preserve or restore harmony between them. Workmen who had fallen into decay, she relieved by employment, for which she paid liberally; and their work was again used by her for new benefits. Above all, she extended her generosity to the private support of respectable persons who had fallen into distress, and to the education of children, either

orphans, or those whose parents had not the means; apprenticed the sons of the indigent, and gave money to those who had behaved well in apprenticeship, to enable them to travel and improve themselves in foreign countries. She was also very liberal to public charities; and all this was done in the quietest manner, through the medium of various persons, and often through entirely secret channels. She expressly forbade any one publicly to praise, or even to speak of her benevolent actions.

The judgement with which she practised the art of relieving the distressed was equalled by the address with which she made presents to persons to whom she was attached, or to faithful servants.—In these cases, also, she preferred bestowing what was useful, never repeating the same gift, so that the new present was something which seemed wanting to complete a former one; and what would have been superfluous of itself, was only a link in the chain of her gratifying remembrances. Christmas was in particular a festival for her; she wished that every body about her, and especially children, should rejoice on that festal occasion. With the industrious kindness of a good mother, she remained at her work for days together, and spared no pains to complete every thing; and when the happy eve was come, she sat in the circle which she had collected around her, and looked with silent delight at the joy of which she was herself the author.

With this liberality to others, the queen was extremely simple and unostentatious, and in this might be a model for her sex. When those about her tempted her to incur any extraordinary expense, she would answer, "If I did not limit my own expenses, how should I have enough for others?" Her goodness of heart and condescension rendered all those who had the happiness to be near her so attached to her, that all did their utmost to anticipate her wishes.—She was most affectionately attached to all our royal family, especially to the king and queen, by whom she was beloved as if she had been their own mother. Meantime she preserved the warmest attachment to her native country, for whose manners, constitution, and welfare, she always retained a genuine British feeling; and, even when her health was very weak, she was induced, in 1827, by the desire of once

more seeing her family, to undertake a journey to England. She arrived there without any accident. The persons who accompanied her on this occasion cannot find terms to describe the landing in England;—the affectionate reception given her by all her august relatives, the delightful domestic circle into which she returned after an absence of thirty years, and the acclamations of the people, whenever they saw, even at a distance, the favorite daughter of George the Third. Her bodily sufferings appeared to be removed by the joy which she then felt.

The return home was destined to shew in the brightest light her strength of mind and her trust in God. On the second day after she had embarked, when she was very ill, and much agitated by the parting with her family, a violent storm, at the mouth of the Thames, threatened her and all on board with the most serious danger. In this trying moment her attendants could not sufficiently admire her unshaken courage. Her countrymen who accompanied her went to her cabin to console her; but they found her in no want of consolation: composedly lying on a sofa, she said to them, "I am here in the hand of God, as much as at home in my bed." That peril passed away; but, after her return to her palace, her bodily sufferings increased, and dropsy in the chest gradually manifested itself. At the same time, pains in the head, (to which she had been subject for many years), and other symptoms, gave reason to apprehend that her brain was affected. From the 30th of September she evidently grew worse; and on the 6th of October, in the afternoon, she expired without a struggle, gently and imperceptibly.

SHORT CRITICAL NOTICES OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Cursory Thoughts on Education, by the Rev. Brian Hill.—The subject of education has been so frequently discussed, that little novelty can be expected, except from radical reformers, or some of the professors of the London University. From them, indeed, we may expect new light, but not from a clergyman of the old school. Mr. Hill proposes, that even infants should receive moral and religious impress-

ions; that useful learning should be more attended to than the parade of ornamental erudition; and that, in the education of females, the art of pleasing, not by personal allurements, but by good sense and cheerfulness, should be diligently inculcated. — Referring to music, dancing, and drawing, he says, "They are letters of recommendation, and dispose us at first sight to think well of the possessor; but their influence extends no farther: unless they are accompanied by higher attainments, they produce neither esteem nor love. The most useful, and in my judgement the most bewitching accomplishment a lady can possess, is the only one which by common consent is left entirely to chance. Conversational talent is really essential, for it is wanted almost every hour of the day, and is not the less pleasing because it makes no pretensions. Beauty itself is not half so engaging as a soft and pleasing manner of speaking in a young woman, because it always indicates a gentle and amiable disposition; and, where it is combined with a beautiful person and a moderate share of intellect, it is absolutely irresistible. Strange as it may appear, it is frequently found by those who seek not for it, and is generally missed by those who wish to find it.

* * *

"Whether parents wish to make their children happy, or highly accomplished, they must lay the same foundation; they must endeavour to make them good. Root out of their nature every thought that rests in selfish gratifications, and let their happiness consist in pleasing God, and contributing to the happiness of their fellow-creatures. Do this, and you will make them cheerful, animated, and happy; you will heighten their charms if they should be beautiful, and throw a veil over their bodily deformities, if they should be otherwise. You will endow them with the highest and best of all accomplishments,—the power of making all men pleased with them,—and best fit them to distinguish themselves in the world by their talents, by giving them the power of keeping their thoughts under the control of their reason."

A Letter to Mr. Peel, on the present System of Medical Education in England.—As faults may be discovered in every system framed by fallible mortals,

it is the duty of the wise to suggest corrections and meliorations; but whether the ruling power is bound to interfere in every case of this kind, may be doubted. Such interference is sometimes mischievous; and many are therefore of opinion, that all improvements in education ought to be allowed to grow out of the experience, the necessities, and increased intelligence of the community: the best source of melioration is the collision of intellect attendant on the competition of an open market. The author's views of medical education are in principle sound; but some of the existing defects which he exposes are incidental to the present stage of society, and to the condition of its classes. The improvements which he suggests are often impracticable, and some of his views are too speculative. But the subject is important, and the letter deserves attention.

A Manual of Midwifery, or a Summary of the Science and Art of Obstetric Medicine, by Michael Ryan, M.D.—A work which tends to obviate and diminish the dangers and secure the health of the fairest part of the creation, tends also to promote the comforts and happiness of men; and, therefore, although some are of opinion that nature ought to be left to itself in the cases of advanced pregnancy and parturition, or that an old woman will be as useful on those occasions as the most skilful professor of the healing art, we thank Dr. Ryan for the judicious hints and instructions which form his Manual. He ably investigates every branch of the subject; but, as we cannot be expected to follow him in his course, we shall merely quote some of his remarks on the supposed influence of the imagination during pregnancy.—"It is extraordinary (he says) that the human female, who is endowed with so many ebullitions, and also with a great love and tenderness for her offspring, should be capable of producing monsters among her issue by her imagination. The thing is unnatural and ridiculous. The female passions, we know, act on the body, by accelerating the circulation of the blood, or by exciting or depressing the nerves; but there is no direct circulation or nervous communication between the woman and her offspring. The great question is, whether the attention of the mother's mind to a certain object can cause a deten-

nate or specific effect on the body of the unborn infant, without any exciting force or violence; and whether the application of the mother's hand to any particular part of her body, although accidental and not premeditated, can work the same by sympathy, and induce an organic change on the same part of the fœtus. Most of the middle and lower classes believe the affirmative of these questions; yet they are contrary to reason, to anatomical science, and to genuine and unsophisticated experience, and are discredited by every person of information and common sense. The theories of the *imaginationists* have varied in every age; and it is impossible that experience can support such contradictory assertions. Thus the supporters of the doctrine are not agreed as to the person whose imagination is excited, when it is excited, or the exact extent of its influence. For example—Pliny was of opinion, the imaginations of both sexes were reputed to imprint or contound the similitude. Others asserted, that it was the fœtus that caused the longings; and, where they have not been duly gratified, the wise woman, thinking that the infant was in want, have supplied all deficiencies after birth, by making it suck a bit of roasted pork, as a certain panacea to supply all former disappointments. This custom still prevails among the vulgar; and, no doubt, is rather obscurely consonant with physiological science, with fair logical deduction, or with the due connexion between cause and effect.

“Every obstetric practitioner could give a long catalogue of pregnant women, who had had ungratified longings—who had been frightened by dismal objects—and even met with dreadful accidents, and yet their infants have been perfect, and without any marks or blemishes. In fact, no woman can arrive at the end of gestation in this, or any other crowded city, without encountering some of these longings, frights, or accidents, and yet how few deformed children are produced! Again, look to the reports of our lying-in hospitals, and see the small proportion of imperfect or monstrous births—scarcely one in five thousand. Is not this an unanswerable argument against the assertion, that the imagination is the cause

of them? We know the imagination to be exerted in almost every case, but not followed by the reputed result; here we have a constant cause, but not a constant effect. If we inspect the bills of mortality in the different nations, we must observe how few cases of monstrous births are recorded. If we examine the repeated cases detailed by Dr. Turner, and others, we shall in every instance discover the credulity of the witnesses, the inconclusiveness of the evidence, and the absurdity and folly of the narrations.

“Women have been said to have their children marked with frogs, mice, rats, lizards, &c.; yet thousands of women are now daily frightened by these animals, and no marks appear on their infants. Marks and deformities often exist on the offspring, without any previous imagination. Conception is independent of the mother's will and pleasure. How many women are desirous of children, and yet have none; while others, not only conceive, contrary to their wishes, but go to their full time in despite of the various means they wickedly and designedly employ to destroy the fœtus. Again, the nutrition and growth of the infant go on according to the laws of nature, whether the woman wishes or not. It is also out of the mother's power to choose a boy or girl—to have one or more children at a birth—to cause the infant to be fair, dark, large or small, weak or strong, or to give it her own or the father's features. If, then, women cannot, by imagination or will, promote or impede conception, how can any one believe, without derogating from the power and wisdom of God, that they can disfigure the infants, and injure the works of nature?”

Christmas, a Poem, by Edward Moxon.—Hailing the return of the festive season, we think ourselves bound to take notice of this and another publication connected with that anniversary. Mr. Moxon's poem has some merit; but it certainly is not of a high order. He describes the attractions and mirth of the season, sometimes in a pleasing, but at other times in a vulgar and too familiar manner.—As he would probably, however, wish us to exemplify his merit without the formality of criticism, we shall quote his description of the approach of the *jolly king Christmas*.

"Stately he comes; crowds cheer the way,
 With shouts enlivening the day.
 There, foremost, Plenty, glad we see,
 With gen'rous Hospitality;
 Devotion, calmly kneeling bright
 Beneath her own celestial light;
 Next these, the Heaven-born sisters three,
 Faith, Hope, and smiling Charity;
 In union come the lovely Graces,
 Good-nature pictur'd in their faces;
 While Youth and Beauty join the scene,
 The latter robed as a queen;
 Grace'ul her figure, as she moves
 With mien that modesty approves:
 Delight sits thron'd upon her brow,
 Which fairer is than Ida's snow,
 While from her eyes, those twins of light,
 Streams pleasure, eloquently bright.
 Her tresses, black as raven's plumes,
 A starry galaxy illumines,
 While on her cheek health finds repose,
 Nor summer sweeter paints the rose.
 Music is ev'ry word she breathes,
 And bliss it were those lips to kiss;
 There smiles are playing,—fancy weaves
 In Heav'n no greater joy than this.
 Masque, mirth, and laughter, close the scene
 With garlands mattle of ever-green,
 While youthful voices joyous halloo,
 And swell the pompous train they follow."

The Yule Log, being a Christmas-Eve's Entertainment after the ancient Custom.—Mr. Wilson, the dancing-master, has here given us a homely but pleasant dramatic piece, which has been performed at his rooms by his pupils.—The master of a family, having permitted his servants to amuse themselves, makes his appearance among them, and thus addresses the merry party.—"Ladies and Gentlemen, you know that the ancient Romans held their Saturnalia at this season of the year, during which festival liberty of speech and other privileges were given even to their slaves, who were allowed to assume familiarity with their masters. Since the establishment of Christianity, this season of the year has been throughout Christendom devoted to mirth and hospitality: even princes would formerly unbend themselves with their tenants and domestics; now therefore, in compliance with old custom, let us lay aside all distinctions, and join in an old country-dance with these honest people, before we go to supper. I'll take Sally for my partner; you, lady Freeman, shall stand up with Andrew; Sir William, I will introduce you to Phoebe, for I know you love a pretty girl under the rose; butler, you know where to help yourself, and, as

Jenny wants a partner for life, I shall couple her with honest Barnaby.—Pedro, as you are master of the ceremonies, call up the dance, and let us have that good old English dance, "Sir Roger de Coverley; and, when the dance is done, we'll all go and partake of a real good old English supper, and have plenty out of the wassail bowl."

The Telescope for the Year 1829.—This is a more useful volume than the highly-embellished annuals, though less agreeable to the eye of taste; and even this is not destitute of ornamental appendages, for, beside a frontispiece from Teniers which reflects high credit on the engraver, it exhibits a considerable number of well-executed wood-cuts, representing animals, rural scenes, antiquities, &c. The scientific parts of the work are correct, and it is, at the same time, a very pleasing repository of varied literature.

NOTICES AND OBSERVATIONS FOR NOVEMBER AND DECEMBER.

November 19.—New Light.—We are not so attached to old habits or so influenced by old prejudices as to condemn or oppose the spirit of invention or improvement: but, when danger attends

the novelty of practice, the remonstrances of caution are at least expedient, however unpalatable they may be to the eager advocates of every thing that is new. We do not object to *new light*, but we wish to connect with it the assurance of safety.

The effluvia of oil gas having for some time greatly annoyed the audience at Covent-Garden theatre, preparations were made for the substitution of coal gas, which (instead of being made like the former within the house) was to be supplied by a chartered company: but, in clearing away the residue of the oil gas, a common lamp was imprudently used; the gas being mixed with atmospheric air, the light came in contact with it, and ignition and explosion ensued. Two respectable members of the theatrical establishment (Douglas and Fennell) were killed by the shock, and Mr. Cooke, a scientific stranger, was so severely injured, that he survived only for a few days.

December 22.—In Interview between a great King and a little Queen.—Although our gracious sovereign has done nothing to promote the cause of legitimacy among his old allies, the Portuguese, but has rather connived at a base and flagrant usurpation, he has lately condescended to grant an audience to Maria da Gloria, not merely as princess of Brazil, but as queen of Portugal. A journalist says, "The young queen was received at Windsor with all the honors becoming her rank,—with all the regard and friendship due to centuries of political alliance, and with all the sympathy and kindness inspired by her youth and situation. To render the ceremony more imposing, the king was surrounded by the princes of his family and his ministers. The efforts which he made to please his fair and youthful visitant, were such as became rather his gallantry and kindness of disposition toward her, than his regard to his own very delicate health. He led her from the entrance stairs, and exerted himself to walk with her round the apartments. He assured her that the delay in receiving her was not his fault, but that of his health; he conversed with her affably; he drank to her, at the collation which was given, as his young ally, and exhibited every symptom of an interest in her fortunes. In drinking his health in return, the princess said, with amiable gratitude, that in giving that toast she only gave one

which she drank every day at her own table.

What may be the effect of this reception, time will show. There is reason to believe, that the king would support, in an authoritative manner, the pretensions of the young queen, if he did not apprehend that his interference might lead to a war, which, in the present financial circumstances of the country, ought studiously to be avoided.

The Catholic Question.—As we noticed the great meeting on Penenden-heath against the catholics, we are bound by a sense of impartiality, to state that the friends of those sectaries triumphed in their turn, if the votes in a comparatively-private assembly can be supposed to preponderate over the declared sense of the county of Kent. When the friends of civil and religious liberty lately had a dinner at Maidstone (for nothing of importance can be settled in this country without a great dinner), the earl of Darnley presided, and the stream ran in favor of the catholic cause. These meetings, we think, are unnecessary and useless. There is no doubt that the parliament, soon after its re-assembling, will take this question into consideration; and the storm, we hope, will then subside.

There is a schism between the catholics of Great-Britain and Ireland at this crisis. The former, headed by the duke of Norfolk, are willing to grant securities for the good behaviour of the sect; but the latter, influenced by O'Connell, oppose all demands of that kind, and vehemently insist upon unconditional emancipation. The prating barrister, the rash agitator, has declared that he will soon demand a seat in the house of commons as member for the county of Clare; and he hopes to intimidate the assembly by expressing his confident hopes of being attended in his expedition to England by 300 gentlemen; but, by this silly boasting and idle parade, he will only excite the ridicule of some and the scorn of others.

On a subject in which all are interested, the observations of lord Colchester are worthy of notice. They are indeed appropriate and judicious, whatever may be said of the bigotry of that nobleman by the intemperate advocates of the catholic claims.

"According to the British constitution, as established upon the double basis of the Reformation and the Revolution, it

appears to me that the government and parliament must ever be wholly protestant, that no political power can with safety to the state be conceded to his majesty's Roman-catholic subjects, that, against the misuse of political power by Roman-catholics in our protestant representative constitution, there is no effectual security but their exclusion; and that the elective franchise, prematurely granted to the forty-shilling freeholders of Ireland, must be withdrawn and withholden, until they can be rescued from their present slavish subjection to their clergy, and until by improved habits of life, resulting from a sounder education and regular employment in profitable labour, they shall become an independent, industrious, and peaceable yeomanry, like those of their kindred class in the rest of the United Kingdom.

"To me it appears also, that the allegiance of the Roman-catholics cannot be sufficiently ensured for the welfare and tranquillity of the state, unless their hierarchy, and the ecclesiastical jurisdiction exercised by their church over that portion of his majesty's subjects, be brought under the same legal control which the sovereign holds and exercises over the rest of the people; and, to accomplish this object, resort must be had, not to any co-operation of foreign aid, or tortuous negotiations at home or abroad, but to direct independent domestic legislation, removing out of the realm all institutions, monastic or others, which are ruled by authorities residing in foreign countries; subjecting all the secular clergy of every degree to the control of the crown; and duly regulating their intercourse with the See of Rome.

"With these fixed and unalterable principles, to be limited in their extent by the necessity out of which they arise, it will be due however to the catholics as to all other classes of our countrymen, that whatever else of protection, honor, privilege, or emolument, can be safely granted, should be granted freely and spontaneously to all. Their religious worship, if they need it, should have farther protection from disturbance, with a due check nevertheless upon the unnecessary parade of ostentatious processions endangering the public peace in our streets, and also upon the power of spiritual excommunication. Their marriages, accord-

ing to the rites of their own church, should be acknowledged as valid by our courts of law, without constraining them to a conformity with the rites of the protestant church, to which their modes of faith are opposed. At the bar, precedence should be granted to Roman-catholic barristers, by the same rules of estimation which apply to all others of the same profession. In the revenue, and other branches of civil service, the same objects of employment and emolument, which are accessible to others, might be justly placed within the reach of their attainments, industry, and merits. But, in leaving their admissibility to naval and military rank as it now stands, it must never be supposed that the public exercise of any other form of worship than that of the established church can be permitted in our camps or fleets.

"Entertaining these views, I have long regretted that the Roman-catholics should have rejected every minor advantage which was within their reach; but it has hitherto appeared, that, unless they can lay their hands at once upon the helm of the state, they disdainfully reject all smaller benefits. Such at least was the conduct of their leaders in the year 1813; and such, if their claims are now to be renewed, we are told, will be the only ground on which they will consent to put the issue at the present crisis. For this crisis we must therefore now prepare, &c."

From a letter lately addressed by the duke of Wellington to the catholic primate of Ireland, no real light is thrown upon this subject. His grace says, "you do me justice in believing that I am sincerely anxious to witness the settlement of the Roman-catholic question, which, by benefiting the state, would confer a benefit on every individual belonging to it. But I confess that I see no prospect of such a settlement. Party has been mixed up with the consideration of the question to such a degree, and such violence pervades every discussion of it, that it is impossible to expect to prevail upon men to consider it dispassionately. If we could bury it in oblivion for a short time, and employ that time diligently in the consideration of its difficulties on all sides (for they are very great), I should not despair of seeing a satisfactory remedy."

A SCENE NEAR PERTH ;

with an illustrative Engraving.*

As the death of an individual amidst the fury of a riot leads to a judicial inquiry in all regular governments,† the well-disposed people of Perth are represented, in the *Canongate Chronicle*, as desirous of an investigation of a case of murder, although some of the inhabitants are inclined to revenge it by similar violence.—‘What is to be done, Bailie?’ cried the multitude.—‘That, my friends, (he properly replied) your magistrates will determine for you, as we shall instantly meet when Sir Patrick Charteris cometh here, which must be anon.’—The bailie then calls for Smith:—‘The knave (he said) is ready enough in tumults, when his presence is not wanted; and lags he now when his presence may serve the Fair City?—Bring him to the Council-House.’—The people, led by the Glover and the Smith, proceed to that seat of municipal administration, and de-

* This engraving is the vignette which appears in the title-page. The principal copper-plate given in this number represents the Fair Maid recovering from the rude shock which her frame sustained, as related in our review of the tale.

† Some may say that no regular government existed at that time in Scotland; yet the Scots then had a king and a parliament; and, when nations enjoy such advantages, every thing may be expected or supposed to proceed in regular order.

mand justice* of the provost.—‘This officer was arrayed in complete armour, presenting a remarkable contrast to the motley mixture of warlike and peaceful attire exhibited by the burghers, who were only called to arms occasionally.’ An inquiry is made into the cause of complaint, and it is declared to be more than probable, that the guilt of the murder rests with Sir John Ramorny and his dependents. The town-clerk then proposes that the king should be requested to allow the proof by *bier-right*.

According to this custom, all suspected persons were obliged to pass before the bier of the murdered individual, and call upon God and his saints to bear witness that they did not in any way occasion his death. If they should refuse to submit to this test, they were required to appeal to the ordeal of combat; and, on declining both, they were to be pronounced guilty.

When the case is stated to the king, he gives orders for a combat. Bonthron, the creature of Ramorny, is defeated on this occasion by the Smith, and then falsely accuses the prince of Scotland of the murder. He is hanged, taken down too soon, and recovers by the aid of the knight’s confederate, the base apothecary, but is afterwards effectually put to death.

Fine Arts.

Panorama of Paris.—This view of a celebrated and much-frequented city, the seat of arts and politeness, is calculated to interest the admirer of striking exhibitions and fine sights. On the right, as the spectator enters the circle, are the Chamber of the Deputies and the Hospital of the Invalids; in moving toward the centre, the bridge of Jena appears; in the front may be seen the garden of the Tuileries, the roof of which partly rises above the trees; on the left, the Admiralty and the Champs Elysées, with a distant view of the summit of Montmartre; and behind, the road to St. Cloud, with the village of Passy in the distance. The painting appears to us to be too small and limited for the subject; but it is, perhaps, more highly finished than any of Mr. Burford’s former productions. When the weather is favorable, the spectator will not fail

to notice the vivid effect which the artist has given to all his objects, bathed as they are in the golden light of the declining sun.

It is impossible for any one, without a close examination of the original, to form a correct judgement of the accuracy of this panorama; but those who have frequently seen Paris allow that the view is executed with apparent fidelity and truth.

Picturesque Antiquities of the English Cities.—We take pleasure in announcing a work of considerable merit and attraction. It is intended by Mr. Britton to be a supplement to the fine series of views of our cities, executed from Robson’s designs, and he expects to complete the publication in six numbers; but we hope that he will be induced, by public encouragement, to make at least twelve numbers. In that

part which has already appeared, we find eleven representations, eight of which relate to the city of York alone. J. Le-Keux has etched, with great skill, the view of the Porch of St. Margaret's Church.

The delicate workmanship bestowed upon this rich piece of masonic antiquity, and the beautiful gradations in the shading of the interior, are worthy of this ingenious artist. The same praise is due to his etching of the Ruins of St. Mary's Church. The west end of the same building is also ably etched by Woolnoth. Micklegate Bar

almost aspires to the dignity of a finished line-engraving. The figures in the foreground of Bootham Bar are uncouth and slovenly, and the back-ground of the interior of Clifford's Tower is tame and flat; but the nearer objects are spirited and vigorous. The western side of the walls, and the Keep-Tower of Lincoln Castle, are two etchings by Le-Keux, which have afforded us no small gratification. The church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, with the street in continuation, is also an accurate piece of perspective, and well executed in other respects.

Drama.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

AN operetta, borrowed from a French piece, has been favorably received at this house. It is styled *Lovin Frinkles*, in imitation of the French title, *La Vieille*. Mr. Rophino Lacy, the adapter of it to the English stage, has amplified not only the story given by Scribe and Delavigne; but also the music of M. Fetis, so as to extend the piece from one to two acts. The plot is of the following tenor.—The Russian countess Sterloff, the young wife of an old and wealthy general, follows him through the campaign until he falls, at the battle of Borodino, a victim to his country's cause. She then sets off on her return to her late husband's castle; but, in order to secure herself against the dangers of traveling through a country rendered unsafe by the events of war, she disguises herself as an old lady. She is soon met by a party of French fugitives, who are disposed to treat her with little ceremony; but, on appealing to their young colonel, count Adolphe, she receives from him all the protection due to her sex. The French are, however, soon after attacked and dispersed by a horde of Cossacks, and Adolphe is left by them wounded on the field. The countess, who remains at his side, is moved by compassion, and cannot suffer her late protector to perish in the midst of the snowy wilderness. She has him placed in her carriage, takes him to her castle, and, by her constant care and kindness, he recovers soon after from

his wounds. She then requests him to make her house his home, and their daily intercourse establishes an intimacy between them, which, on the part of the lady, who continues to keep on the garb of old age, ripens into ardent love. An order arrives that all French prisoners shall be sent to Siberia, and Adolphe has no other means of evading the doom than by accepting the offered hand and fortune of the countess; by doing which, according to the laws of the land, he acquires all the rights of nationality.—The countess, however, proposes, that, as the union is only to be resorted to as an alternative, under the pressure of circumstances, a clause shall be introduced into the marriage contract, whereby it shall become null and void on the subsequent expression of the wish of either to that effect. But a meddling and busy major-domo, into whose hands the contract falls, finds fault with the annulling clause, and of his own accord applies to a magistrate for its revocation. Meanwhile the nuptials take place, and it is after their celebration that the discovery is made of the steward's contrivance. Adolphe becomes almost distracted; but he resolves to bear his fate with resignation, and to remain the friend as well as husband of the supposed old lady. On the wedding-night the countess retires with her women to adjust the business of her toilette, while he remains in the room, and takes up a manuscript volume, in which he finds an exact history of his own adventure, and makes amusing comments whilst he reads on,

not aware that he is the hero of the tale. Occasionally, however, he casts a glance on his wife, and observes various youthful appearances in her which she gradually discovered to his view. His amazement increases, until the countess rises in all the *éclat* of splendid dress and youthful loveliness. She then offers him his liberty, with a part of her fortune, if he is unwilling to abide by the contract of marriage, such as it had been made through the officiousness of the steward; but the offer is instantly rejected, and the marriage is happily sanctioned by mutual consent.

The characters of the count and countess were ably sustained by Braham and Miss Love. The lady's style of singing, whilst accompanying her youthful lover, the tremulous shake of seventy-three, and the occasional melodious swell which even old age appeared not to have entirely subdued, were most exquisitely given and loudly applauded. The music of the piece, without being deeply scientific, is very pleasing, and some of the airs, we think, will be popular. The dialogue is lively, and several of the situations are ludicrously striking.

A farce from the pen of Mr. Lunn, called *Rhyme and Reason*, deserves to be more frequently performed than it has been. The chief characters are Sir Simon Snatterall and Mr. Helicon Heeltap. The former is a mixture of Sir Abel Handy and Marplot. He is completely versed, as he affects, in all manner of arts, and, by his propensity to find out and to adjust the affairs of others, he is led into various scrapes.—Heeltap is a retired shoemaker, and a manufacturer of vile rhymes; his great ambition is to be elected a member of a literary institution, formed in the village where he resides; and, to effect his object, he enlists in his service Sir Simon, whose success in carrying the election in favor of the son of Crispin is to be rewarded with the hand of the amiable Harriet Heeltap; but Sir Simon's meddling disposition overturns the shoemaker's scheme. He unwittingly advances the interests of Marcourt, the favorite lover of Harriet, and, by his blundering, causes his intended father-in-law to lose his election. The piece concludes with the union of Harriet and Marcourt, to which Sir Simon, who is as good-natured as he is eccentric, will-

ingly assents. • There is a great deal of pleasant *cquivoque* and ready humor in this farce; and strict justice is done to it by the efforts of Liston, the supporter of the claims of *Reason*, and Farren, the dabbler in *Rhyme*.

A drama, entitled *Charles XII., or the Siege of Stralsund*, has been very successful. The author (or, as some say, the borrower) is Mr. Planché. The story is by no means uninteresting. Major Vanberg has been accused of treasonable correspondence with the unfortunate Livonian, Patkul, who was delivered up by Augustus, king of Saxony, to Charles XII. in violation of the law of nations, and cruelly put to death. Through the influence of an enemy high in the council of regency, Vanberg is condemned, during the absence of Charles, to perpetual banishment; but, trusting that he shall be able to prove his innocence on the king's return to Sweden, he re-crosses the frontier, and takes refuge in a sequestered village in the island of Rugen, where his foster-brother, Adam Brock, resides, who sends privately for the major's daughter, Ulrica, and, to baffle suspicion, sets them up in the little inn of the place. Charles at last returns from Turkey, and repairs to Stralsund, where he is besieged by the Danes and Prussians. The former threatening a descent on Rugen, the king secretly crosses the strait of Gelex, and, unknown to any of the inhabitants, arrives at the village where Vanberg has turned innkeeper, and takes up his abode in the house. Charles, having been absent ever since the age of seventeen, is scarcely recollected on his return by any of his subjects; and this circumstance involves him in a series of whimsical adventures, which end in his being arrested by a meddling burgomaster, as the traitor Vanberg. His rank, however, is discovered, and he is joined in the field by Vanberg, by whose efforts his life is saved in the ensuing battle. A full pardon is then granted to the major; and his friend Mervelt is promoted, and rewarded with the hand of Ulrica.

Mr. Farren, in his looks and dress, resembled the royal Swede, as represented in several paintings. Liston, as Brock, was a laughter-loving and good-hearted farmer. Miss Ellen Tree gave interest to the character of Ulrica, and Miss Love not only acted the part of the

farmer's daughter with great vivacity, but sang in a very pleasing style.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

THE story of Patient Griselda, which Chaucer's "Clerk of Oxenford's Tale," as well as less worthy versions of it, have made familiar in England for a long period, has been dramatised with some address and ability. The title given to the present production is *Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience*. The piece opens at that part of the narrative where the duke of Saluzzo puts in practice his project for divorcing his duchess, and sending her back to the obscure station from which his passion had drawn her eighteen years before. They have had one child, a daughter, who in her infancy had been stolen, as was supposed, by robbers. This daughter had been educated at the court of Bologna, and her undiscovered father now solicits her hand. The duke of Bologna, who is acquainted with his real design, accedes to his request, and sets out for Saluzzo with his young ward. The duchess is divorced in open court, lays down her royal state at the duke's feet, and retires to her father's cottage. Here the duke, after a short time, seeks her, tries her patience by informing her of his intention of taking another wife, and requests her to be present at the ceremony of his marriage, to initiate his inexperienced bride in the duties of her new station. To these unreasonable requests, the patient Bianca (the name of Griselda is, for no good reason, dropped) consents. He begs her to come in the rustic garb for which she has exchanged her royal robes, and to this also she yields. The last trial is that in which he places the daughter on his throne, and desires Bianca to say whether the bride is not beautiful. She replies still with a constant and enduring spirit. Then comes her triumph; he reveals to her that this young princess is her own long-lost daughter, and that he has put her affections to this severe test merely to be sure that they were fixed upon himself alone—upon his person, and not upon his state.

Mr. Kemble played the duke, and Miss Jarman was his most patient consort. He acted, notwithstanding his apparent illness, with considerable spirit, and did every thing for the part,

which indeed is worthy of his exertions. In the scene of divorce, he kept up a dignity in his moodiness, which was well imagined, and without which the outrage on his lady's feelings would have seemed too gross. In the scene in which he tries her by his most unreasonable requests, the contrast between his assumed indifference and his real affection,—his hope that she may stand the trial, and his fear that she may falter,—was managed with a very delicate and masterly skill. Miss Jarman also distinguished herself as the duchess. She displayed a dignified simplicity, and great sensibility, which made her part very effective, and procured for her very general and merited applause. Mr. Warde acted Aurelio, a brother of Bianca, a character which is introduced to relieve the tediousness of the action, which otherwise would depend entirely on the duke and duchess. He is an impetuous young man, whose affection for his sister induces him to remonstrate somewhat unceremoniously with the duke for his treatment of her. There is a good scene between him and the duke, in which the latter replies to his passionate reproaches by cool sarcasms, until he is thrown off his guard by a hint from his angry antagonist that his lost daughter has been murdered.—The burst of passion with which the duke repels this insinuation was admirably given by Mr. Kemble. The dialogue is good, very smooth and fluent, and occasionally rises to poetry. A speech in which Bianca takes her leave after the divorce, and a description which a courtier gives to the duke of her return home, are very well written. The dresses and the scenery are appropriate and elegant.

Mr. Kean has attempted a new character, for which some pretended that he was unfit. He lately performed the difficult part of Virginius, and, in the progress of his task, was encouraged by loud applause. He was, perhaps, as perfect in the words of the part as we ever remember him to have been in any; and, as a whole, he played it nearly as well as he would have done in the meridian of his glory. Yet his performance was inferior to the masterly portrait stamped upon our hearts by Mr. Macready. That gentleman's personation of Virginius is allowed on all hands to be his *chef d'œuvre*. He has made the character his own, and we

have no hope of seeing an approach to his excellence in it: but, when Mr. Kean's *Virginus* is called a failure, we think the term harsh and inapplicable. He has not failed in the part; but he cannot act it so well as Mr. Macready. He has, however, afforded us this gratification—the proof that he is still able to study a new part, and execute it in a style worthy of his established fame.

The musical farce of the *Sultan*, in which Mrs. Jordan figured as the English slave, has been transformed into the *Sublime and Beautiful*; but the new version does not improve the piece either in the wit and interest of the dialogue, or in the effect which the

several incidents are calculated to produce. The principal alteration consists in the introduction of some tolerable music by Mr. A. Lee, and in the assignment of the melody to the keeping of Madame Vestris, Miss Hughes, and Mr. Wood. Keeley had a comic part assigned to him,—that of prime minister of the *Seraglio*, into which he infused a large portion of his extraordinary humor. Madame Vestris sang and played with her accustomed sweetness and animation, and Miss Hughes, although she did not act remarkably well, distinguished herself by her musical skill and taste. One of the airs allotted to this lady we subjoin.

“ 'Twas in the winter dreary,
Young Cupid, wet and cold,
With flagging wings quite weary,
His piteous story told.
The sun of hope is gone,
And left me all alone ♪

For hope alone can warm, Love,
And point his thrilling dart;
Despair alone can harm, Love,
Or chill a lover's heart.

Then plume thy wings again, Love,
Hope's sunny rays I feel:
In this fond bosom reign, Love,
And all thy sorrows heal.”

THE ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.

SOME of the pupils in the Royal Academy of Music having evinced dramatic capabilities in addition to their musical attainments, Signor de Begnis has repeatedly brought them forward at this house for the gratification of the public. He gave to his young friends an example of talent by acting the part of Figaro; and they performed the other characters in the opera with a spirit more than juvenile. *L'Inganno Felice* was the next piece which he selected for

representation; but he thought proper to extend it from one act to two, and his additions answered the purpose of displaying more effectively the abilities of the youthful *dramatis personæ*. Miss Childe, as Isabella, not only sang well, but exhibited an ease in her deportment, and an expression in her acting, which the audience readily applauded. The orchestra was conducted entirely by the pupils of the academy, who evinced their proficiency in instrumental execution.

Fashions.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ENGRAVINGS.

EVENING COSTUME.

THIS dress consists of a frock of white *crêpe-Aerophane* over a slip of pink satin; it is bordered with a white gauze flounce, spotted with pink and headed by a *ruche* of blond *en festons*. The body is quite plain and is of pink satin, with a pointed zone, edged round with white. The sleeves are very short and full, with

mancheron ornaments *en jabots*, formed of two frills of blond. Across the bust of the corsage, is a drapery *à la Sevigné*, with an antique ruby brooch in the centre, set round with pearls. A dress hat of white crape is crowned with large flowers of the convolvulus species, full-blown pink poppies, and hare-bells: on the left side is a rosette of blue satin riband, and on the right, under the brim next to the hair, are several pink satin leaves clustered. The necklace is of pearls, fastened in front by an antique brooch of jewels: the ear-pendants are of gold, and very broad bracelets of the same are fastened by a medalion, set round with pearls. A drapery scarf, of the same gauze as that which composes the flounce, is occasionally worn with this dress.

CARRIAGE DRESS.

THIS, with some becoming alterations, is the Witzchoura-pelisse; and that which we have the pleasure of presenting a *faç-simile* of to our readers, is of light lavender satin, with a very broad border of ermine. The sleeves are *en gigot*, moderate in size, and terminated by a cuff of satin, with a row of small buttons, set close together on the outside of the arm. The body is made plain, without any collar; but a double colerette-pelerine, in Vandyck points, and of very fine lace, falls over the shoulders and bust, and is separated from a narrow triple lace ruff by a *sautoir* of blue silk. The hat worn with this dress is of lavender *gros de Naples*, bound with vermilion-colored satin, and tastefully trimmed in long loop-bows of variegated ribaud, the strings of which float loose.

MONTHLY CALENDAR OF FASHION.

FASHION often abounds in seeming novelty; yet, like our habitable globe, she revolves on one axis, and wheels round, from one century to another, the modes of past ages: some of our present costumes bear a strong resemblance to those of the ancient Gauls, and to the more refined kind of attire worn by the Roman ladies. The records of Fashion seem therefore to border more on classical history, than a subject, apparently futile and whimsical in itself, might lead us to expect.

Cachemire shawls, clokes, and silk and cloth pelisses, are the favorite envelopes for out-door costume; and a fashionable promenade dress, for young persons especially, is a gown of fine merino, of a bright ruby or other rich colour, made partially high, with a Russian mantelet-pelerine of valuable fur, generally the black Moscovy fox or lynx. The dress is trimmed at the border of the skirt with three broad bias folds, and these are stiffened with buckram; the sleeves are in the ancient chivalric form.

The black velvet bonnets now worn are most elegant; no gaudy flowers, no hearse-like plumes, nod over them; they are simply and becomingly trimmed with bows of black satin and velvet. They are not immoderate as to size, and, when well put on, rather on one side, they are highly becoming.

Though colored lats and bonnets are little worn, we saw one of the latter lately, on the head of a lady of fashion, which we much admired; it was of slate-colored velvet, lined with pink; and satin ribands of the same color, sewed to bias strips of velvet, were formed into bows, and disposed about the crown with much taste. Green velvet hats, adorned with satin puffs of Parma violet, have sometimes appeared in carriages.

The mildness of the weather, during a great part of December, rendered the chintz dress still a favorite article for the fire-side. It is an expensive dress, but it does not look so well as a silk of the slightest kind and lowest price. So very fashionable is satin, that many ladies who can afford it, have high dresses of this beautiful material for home costume; but very different are the satin dresses for the splendid dinner or evening party; they have either short sleeves or long white sleeves of the richest blond, and are cut away from the shoulders, so that there is nothing seen of the robe except what constitutes the corsage and the skirt.

The tasteful caps *à la Psyché*, continue to enjoy a high degree of favor. There are not many faces to which they are adapted; they require much expression and vivacity of countenance, features rather strongly marked, a long and gracefully-turned neck, and a tall

good figure. The grand requisite, therefore, is to know how to put them on with taste; otherwise they are the most crazy-looking things which can be imagined, and the wildness is increased, which may seem extraordinary, if they are not placed very much on one side; but, when these essentials are combined, with the hair well dressed, a few rose-buds peeping out among the curls over each ear, they form a captivating head-dress. They are of white blond, and the butterfly-wings of that fine material, as they spread their fan-like ornaments on each side of the cap's summit, are so light and zephyr-like, that, over a pair of bright eyes, the fair wearer appears indeed like Psyche—all soul.

Turbans, of a very neat kind, having the appearance of a dress-cap, are worn by matrons, both in full and half-dress; we should like them better if they were more in the Turkish form; but the newest we have seen are rather in a pyramidal shape. They are made of white gauze, richly striped or figured in various hues: the stripes are of satin, and the flowers in brocade. A kind of cap, without a caul, is very fashionable; this is like the Psyche cap, placed much on one side. Long strings of very broad riband, or lappets of blond or gauze, are worn dependent from all caps; and many ladies wear them on turbans, although this practice in a great measure destroys the effect of that pleasing head-dress. Caps for home costume are chiefly of blond, trimmed with puffs and bows of colored gauze riband; many of these have colored cauls of satin. When young ladies wear only their hair, it is generally arranged in ringlets *à la Vandeyck*, or in rich clusters of small curls on each side of the face: the long hair behind is firmly plaited, and then wound round in a circle, and fastened at the back of the head, *à la Cleopatra*.

The prevailing colors for dresses, mantles, and pelisses, are olive-brown, sage-leaf-green, milk-chocolate, ruby, fawn-color, and silver-grey; for turbans, hats, and bonnets, amber, ethereal blue, slate-color, pink, and marshmal-low-blossom.

MODES PAUVRIENNES.

SCARF shawls are worn at the Institut and other public meetings, with boattippets of marten's skin. Many ladies

have their tippets of this kind, of swan's-down: marten, however, appears likely to prevail during the winter. The Cachemire shawls are worn crossed over the chest. Clokes are very general.

Bonnets are of *gros de Naples*, plush silk, and velvet, and some are ornamented with flowers or feathers. Black satin hats are trimmed with ponceau ribands striped with black; the loops are very long at the bottom of the crown, but diminish gradually as they approach the summit. A hat of yellow satin has been seen with a border of branches of palm, embroidered at the edge of the brim, in ponceau silk; a broad bias band surrounded the crown, fastened by rosettes of satin. Hats of black velvet prevail much; they are sometimes trimmed with colored riband, with very long strings of the same.—When flowers are added, they are very small.

Dresses of spotted poplin of pomegranate-red are very fashionable; the corsage is made with a point, *à la Marie Stuart*, and the border trimmed with two flounces. Poplin dresses of a ponceau color are generally bordered with two flounces of white blond. Dresses of fine white India muslin are worn at concerts by very young ladies. Some are made low, and much cut away from the shoulders; others are partially high. The sleeves are long, and *à la Marie*, with the fullness confined in three places at equal distances. Japanese gauze dresses, both striped and plain, are much in vogue for balls and evening-parties; they have several bias folds at the border, reaching as high as the knee: the sleeves are short.

Dress hats of white satin are adorned with two white *esprit* feathers, and also with those of the heron. Black velvet hats, with long white ostrich plumes, are worn at the theatres. Ladies who wear their hair uncovered, have it elegantly arranged without flowers, and, in full dress, they adorn it with pearls, diamonds, and cameos. Arrows, formed of various precious stones, are favorite ornaments on the hair. Velvet toques of a pomegranate hue are decorated with fire-colored feathers. Large berets of the same tint, placed very backward, and much on one side, exhibit a long white feather, fastened by a button of gems. White gauze ribands, with colored patterns, are often mingled among the hair.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTHS.

A SON and heir to the countess Gower;—sons to the wives of the rev. R. L. Adams, the rev. G. Fielding, Mr. J. H. Foley, M.P., Mr. C. R. Cole, Signor Veroni, Mr. W. G. Skene, Mr. Richard Kirwan, Mr. Charles Morgan of Ruperra, captain W. Childers of the army, and captain Hewett of the navy.

Daughters to the countess of Kinnoul and the ladies Braybrooke and Suffield, and to the wives of the rev. Dr. Jones, the hon. C. Langdale, Sir C. Smith, Mr. G. Morgan, M.P., the rev. W. H. Wilkinson, the rev. H. E. Graham, Mr. R. Crosier Sherwood, Mr. Ford Barclay, lieutenant Corneek of the navy, Mr. T. Duffield, Mr. H. de Paiva, and Mr. R. Butler Mac-Kenna.

MARRIAGES.

Mr. Manners Sutton, speaker of the house of commons, to Mrs. Home Purves.

Lord Perceval, to Louise Marie, youngest daughter of the count d'Orselet.

Mr. J. Forbes, M.P., to the daughter of Mr. H. L. Hunter.

Mr. D. C. Wrangham, private secretary to the earl of Aberdeen, to the second daughter of the late Mr. W. Fawkes.

Mr. H. Maxwell, M.P., to the daughter of lord Le Despenser.

Lieutenant-colonel Sir W. Herries, to Miss Mary Frances Crompton.

The rev. Dr. Jermyn, to the second daughter of the rev. Dr. Fly.

The rev. P. Hewett, to the youngest daughter of general Duff.

The rev. S. Evans, to Miss Phillips of Dulwich.

The rev. T. Nicholl, to the widow of the rev. H. Kett.

DEATHS.

In his 50th year, Hans Francis, earl of Huntingdon.

Sir G. East, at the age of 65 years.

Sir J. Thomas, in his 84th year.

Mr. Curwen, member of parliament for Cumberland.

Major-general Ambrose, formerly O'Farrel.

The rev. Mr. Dymoke, the king's champion.

The rev. C. Le-Fevre.

The eldest son of colonel Gore Langton.

In consequence of a fall down stairs, Dr. Pearson, the physician.

Lady Harriet Anne Barbara Sullivan, in her 69th year.

At the age of 93 years, the mother of Mr. W. H. Fellowes, M.P.

Mrs. Woodthorpe, wife of the town-clerk of London.

The niece of the rev. John Wesley, founder of the sect of Methodists.

Julia, daughter of the late Sir James Lamb.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fisher, sister-in-law to the late bishop of Salisbury.

The widow of alderman Combe.

Mrs. Fane, daughter of Sir B. Hobhouse.

At St. Alban's, Mrs. Harrison.

At South-Lambeth, the wife of Mr. W. C. Hood.

Mr. Luke Hansard, the bookseller.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE verses "to the Memory of Miss Rolls" are sufficiently interesting to claim a place in our miscellany; but they cannot be inserted before a new year dawns upon our labors.

We are willing to admit "Tell me not," on the condition stated by our correspondent E. D.

If we could, with all our acuteness, make sense of the verses of Reginald Augustine, we would introduce his "Bridal Flowers" to the notice of such of our readers as expect or wish to become brides.

Mr. Lacey's Wintry Sonnet will not be out of season, if we find a place for it in our next number.

The Triumph of Temper, by Serena, too nearly resembles Hayley's poem on that subject.

The Yellow Dwarf is accepted on the proposed terms.

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